ANGEROUS WOMAN—A Mystery Novel of a Blonde Terror by WALTON GREEN

OCT. 27,
1934

Liberty

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WHY NOBODY LOVES A POLITICIAN

A Revelation

By **H. L. MENCKEN**

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Rittenhouse Square has that ripe warmth and full, mellow richness you naturally associate with established position. It is a fine, smooth whisky . . . every drop straight rye of 100 proof. Its price is exceptionally reasonable for such outstanding quality.

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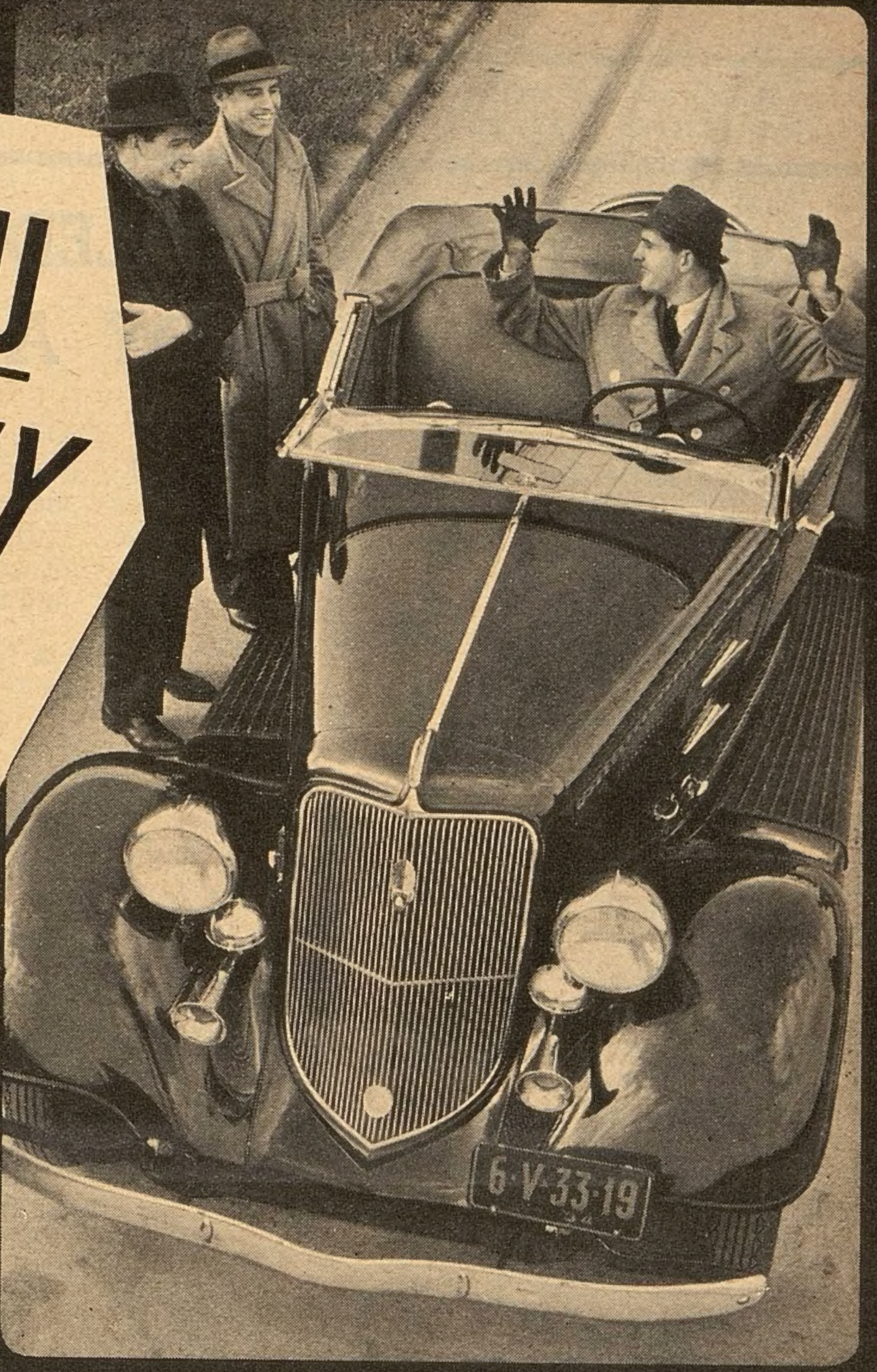
COULD YOU STOP SAFELY LIKE THIS?

That depends on the Kind of Brakes you have!



YOU MIGHT CALL THAT MAN in the picture a "crazy driver." But, the fact is, he's doing a mighty sensible thing.

He's finding out for himself whether the claims he has heard about Hydraulic Brakes are true. He has taken both hands off the wheel to learn whether those brakes will grip *without making the car turn out of line!*

Make this test in "All Three" leading low-priced cars yourself. You'll discover that it *does* take Hydraulic Brakes to stop smoothly, without swerving. And you'll probably wonder why.

You don't have to be an automobile mechanic to understand it. Hydraulic Brakes are self-equalized. When you stop, there is no swerving to left or right. YOU STAY IN YOUR TRACKS!

If Plymouth were the only car that had these safer brakes, you might doubt their importance. But most of the high-priced cars have them, too. It's in the low-price field that you won't find them on any car except Plymouth.

Likewise, Plymouth is the only low-priced car that has the kind of Individual (knee-type) Wheel Springing that high-priced cars use . . . plus Floating Power engine mountings . . . and a Safety-Steel Body for added protection.

Each of the other leading low-priced cars has but one of these features.

This might lead you to believe that these cars cost something less than Plymouth does. But that's not true. *There are practically no differences whatever in the prices of "All Three"!*

So leave price out of your considerations entirely . . . and think only of what you're going to *get* for what you have to pay. This time, don't let habit and past reputations sway your judgment. Ride in a Plymouth before you decide. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will gladly arrange it for you.

• • •

PRICES AS LOW AS $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe models start at $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, subject to change without notice. Convenient time payments to fit your budget. Just ask your dealer for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

PLYMOUTH SIX $485 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

OCTOBER 27, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 43

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

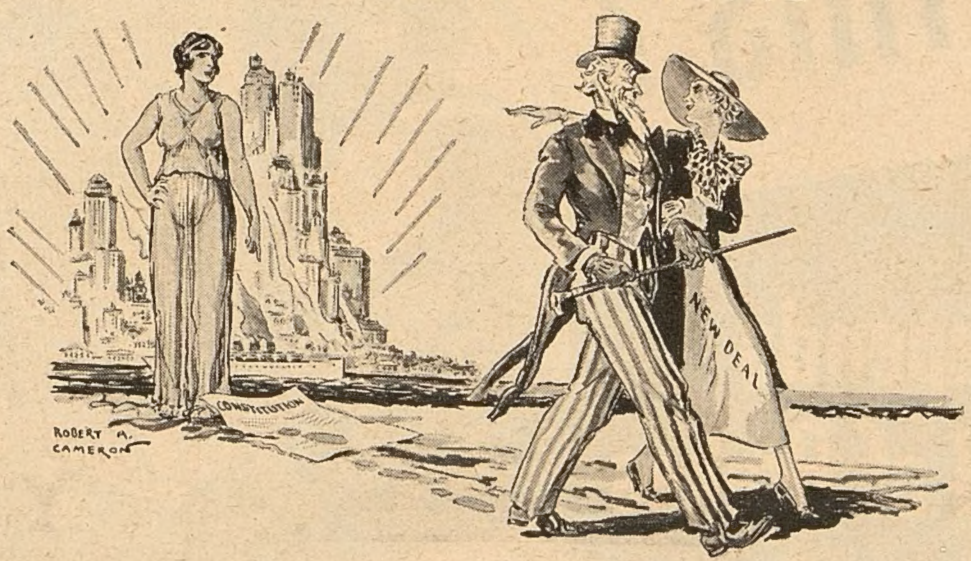
HONESTLY CONTROLLED CAPITALISM GIVES EVERYBODY A CHANCE

FREEDOM is the one goal that we all seek.

The pioneer settlers of this country came here seeking the liberty that had been denied them across the seas, and a government was formed which gave our people equal opportunities.

Out of this small beginning has grown a great nation. Every man had an opportunity to build a fortune for himself. What he acquired through his own efforts belonged to him.

STILL EXPERIMENTING



When we create a country offering equal opportunities to every citizen we are governed by the laws that create capitalism. Every man who owns anything is a capitalist in a sense. It is capitalism that protects one in the rights of individual ownership. And there is no other form of government that gives one such protection.

In this country every man has a chance to reach the highest rung on the ladder of success.

Ford was an ordinary mechanic; Edison a telegraph operator. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and nearly all our financial leaders began at the bottom.

For a hundred and fifty years this country grew with amazing strides. We were envied by people everywhere throughout the world. Here was freedom. Here was equal opportunity to the extent that government is able to extend such favors.

And freedom was found here until rotten politics created grafting officials who sold themselves and their supporters to the highest bidders.

There is nothing the matter with honestly controlled capitalism. There is nothing the matter with an honestly controlled democracy.

It is the rascals and crooks that creep into power who are to blame for all the faults of which we complain at this time.

We enjoyed all the privileges of a free country until they came into being. Even honest capitalists then saw the necessity for protecting themselves from unjust governmental restrictions.

And there are crooks among capitalists just as there are in other walks of life. And these men naturally sought governmental privileges that would help them make a fortune.

In the past our country has been sold out. The soul of true democracy was put on the market for a price and the very men whom we depended upon for protection turned traitors. In wartimes such men would be shot, and no war has ever brought us a more dangerous situation than we are facing now.

Money has acquired too much power. Dishonest capitalists have bought governmental officials.

During almost a century and a half we have boasted of our form of government. And now, simply because rotten politics have crept in and eaten away the very foundation upon which our governmental principles are built, many of us propose radical governmental changes.

There is nothing the matter with the American Constitution. There is absolutely nothing the matter with our original form of government. The principles which made us a great people are as valuable today as ever.

But we have to clean house. We must kick out the crooks and the grafters. That is the only fault of our government at the present time. It is the cause of the prolongation of the depression and of the murderous strikes that have occurred throughout this nation.

Rigid law enforcement is our great need, and this is impossible without honest and courageous officials.

Government ownership would mean the enslavement of the people. It would mean the elimination of equal opportunities. We would be ordered around by governmental officials like a lot of slaves. Government ownership as a remedy for the present situation would extend control of rotten politics from government to business.

Honestly controlled capitalism, the form of government that we had in the building of our nation, is the remedy for the present situation. And that means government officials who are rigidly honest—who will conscientiously assume the duties required of them. And every disloyal official who ignores his sacred trust should be penalized severely.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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keep your Hair healthy and handsome

THE FAMOUS 60-SECOND WORKOUT

● **50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE...** Rub Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp. It tingles with new life—gives new health and lustre to your hair!

● **10 SECONDS TO BRUSH...** Comb your hair. Brush it. It is perfectly groomed, rich-looking. No trace of that "patent-leather" slickness!

Attractive Hair wins admiration—use the 60-SECOND WORKOUT!

YOU can't blame a girl for being attracted to a man with handsome, well-groomed hair. A good-looking head of hair deserves admiration—it's a definite plus to any man's appearance.

Day in and day out more men are discovering that the way to healthy, rich-looking hair—hair that is always handsomely in place—is Vitalis and the famous 60-Second Workout.

Vitalis with Massage wakes up your Scalp

Tight, dry scalp is a common cause of hair that looks dry, thin and sickly. And Vitalis and massage rouses your scalp—stimulates the circulation—releases the natural, nourishing oils that mean hair health. Loose dandruff disappears, your hair looks healthier and is healthier, and is much more responsive to your comb and brush. It stays neatly in place—with not the slightest trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask your barber about Vitalis. Or get Vitalis from your druggist. See how this 60-Second Vitalis Workout helps *your* hair.

ASK YOUR BARBER

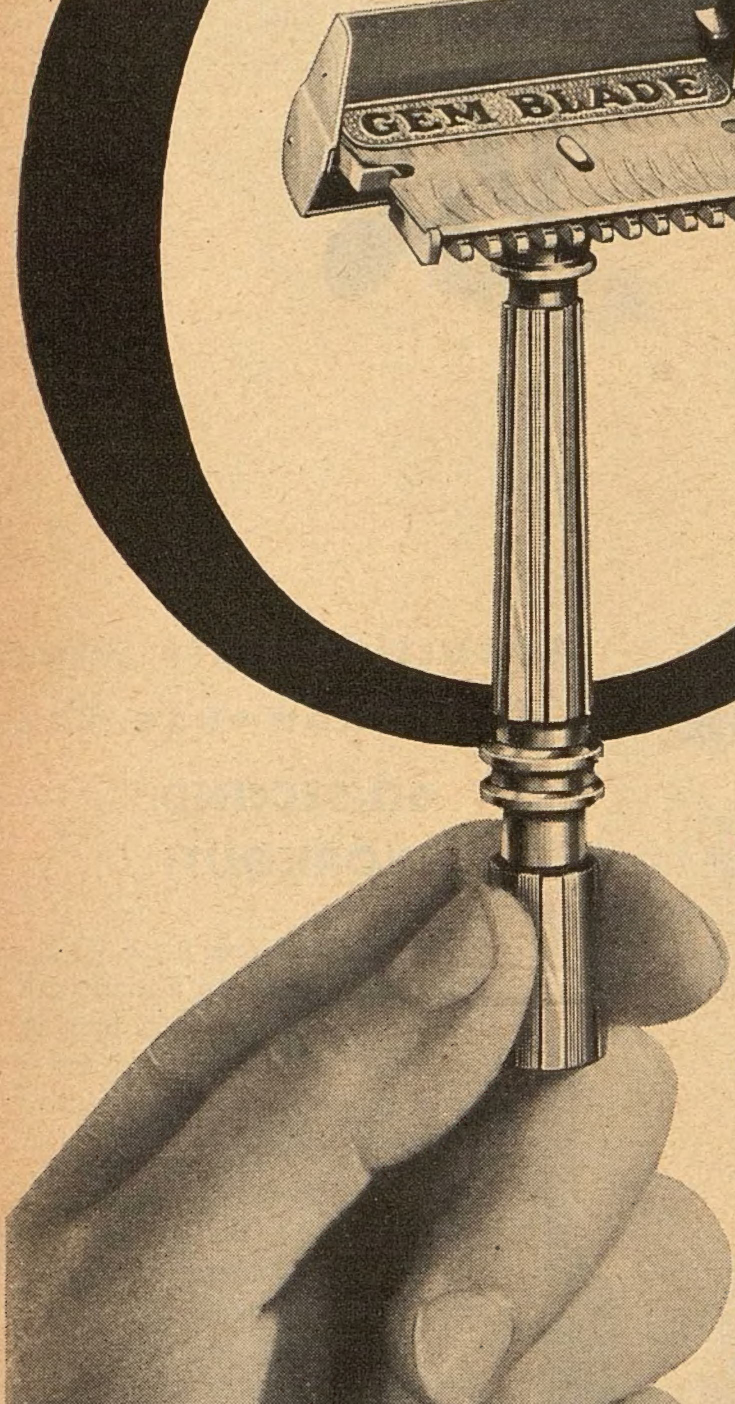
He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis for your scalp and hair.

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

Gem

The world's simplest, strongest, least complicated razor. One piece. No removable parts. Life-guaranteed mechanism protectively concealed in the extra long, non-skid handle. One finger-twirl opens the lid. Another twist sets and locks the blade.



THIS modern, self-adjusting razor will *instantly* teach you the expert barber's tugless stroke.

The flat, slanted head tightens slack tissues and compels correct shaving at the *only* angle which gets *all* the beard with a once-over. Gem *alone* can do this. And *only* Gem will keep a tender skin on friendly terms with harsh, dense, heavy stubble.

50% thicker Gem Blades (Singledge or Doubledge) are so *much* sharper and tougher that they may be *repeatedly* used on whiskers that soon dull all thinner, flimsier substitutes. That's because Gem Micromatic Blades are built of rigid, surgical steel, tempered to withstand the 4840 separate stroppings that give Gems their incredible and *lasting* keenness.

Dual Alignment (exclusive patent) makes possible the *safe* use of these *inimitable* blades. They simply can't scuff or rasp because a single finger-twirl positions edges uncreepingly against the guard and locks 'em fast at five different points. They never slip or miss a hair in dimples, wrinkles, or skin folds.

Quit wasting money on obsolete holders and inferior blades. Avoid their choppy, mauling action. Switch to Gem's real barber-shop stroke and protect your skin forever.

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Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

BEGINNING

DANGEROUS WOMAN

by WALTON GREEN

AUTHOR OF LITTLE SOLLY, CORSAIR, ETC.

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

THE "Baroness" Koloff, removing her gloves with listless deliberation, frowned slightly at the man who sat in the swivel chair across the desk from her. Her manner, cool and detached, implied that she was conferring a favor. It is reserved to those of a patrician spirit to seek favors with the air of bestowing them.

"Well, Mr. Hawks, what do you say?"

John Hawks, the young president of the much marauding and much respected Ventura Oil Company, stirred uneasily in his swivel chair. It was disconcerting, distinctly so, to have this distinguished-looking girl emerge from the past to remind him of the buccaneering origin of his present fortunes.

A MYSTERY NOVEL OF A BLONDE TERROR

“But what can you do, Sophy? You’ve no business training. Your previous experience is—er—scarcely of the kind to fit you into business life. You—”

The girl interrupted him:

“I’m not looking for an office job, Mr. Hawks. What I figured was maybe you might use me down in Ecuadonia. I know those banana republics some, and I speak Spig a lot better than I do French. I most always travel foreign baroness anyway, you know.”

“I hadn’t thought of that angle,” admitted Hawks. “As a matter of fact we have a couple of—er—observers down there now.”

“Meaning Red Gilman and Joe Finlay? Yeah—so I’ve heard tell. And a sweet pair of lobbygows those two are.”

“They came to me highly recommended by the Department of State,” observed Hawks.

The “baroness” permitted herself a faint smile.

“If you’re counting on pulling off your revolution in Porto Piña after the rains, you’d better give those birds the air,” she observed dispassionately.

“Look here, Sophy—just what do you know?” snapped Hawks. “Are you trying to shake me?”

A rising flush on the girl’s cheek bespoke her mortification.

“Absolutely not! Listen, Bigger John. I’ve spent the last of my split from Slim and I’ve got to work. The old mob’s gone, and I just can’t—well, what I mean is, I thought maybe I could go legitimate like you’ve done. Go legit in a small way like you’ve done in a big way.”

Hawks considered. The girl was extremely able, he knew, and utterly loyal to her kind and to her standards. Yes—he might well make use of her. Better have her down in Ecuadonia anyway.

“SORRY, Sophy,” he conceded handsomely. “That shake-down remark was uncalled for. If you’re really going straight, perhaps I can fit you in after all. Now here’s the set-up. The key to my whole problem in Porto Piña is a certain General Pasco Alvoles. He’s one of the best little revolutionists south of the Rio Grande. We’re supplying arms, of course, and half a dozen bombing planes. He’s to establish his own government—then grant us the concession to the Pinduric Oil Fields. You follow me?”

“Absolutely.”

“The only hitch is that the general is holding out for a substantial royalty on every barrel of oil we take out—this on top of the lump sum we’ve agreed on. My directors won’t stand for that. Now here is where you fit in. Alvoles is amenable to persuasion, especially to persuasion on the part of a clever and—er—attractive woman.”

“You mean I should make a play for this dirty little Spig?” asked Sophy with calm.

Hawks was disturbed. In common with bankers and the criminal classes, he had an aversion to direct expression.

“I wouldn’t put it quite that way,” he said stiffly. “How you handle the man will be a matter for your own—er—feminine discernment. There should be no necessity of—of any eventualities, so to speak.”

“I get you.” The girl’s tone was dangerously sweet. “You mean I should vamp this man out of millions maybe, and then hold out on him, what? Well, mister, I’m just not taking any. When I get down to where I got to hire out my body for money, I’ll think it decenter to deliver the goods. Get me? I been a thief all my life, but I’m no crook.”

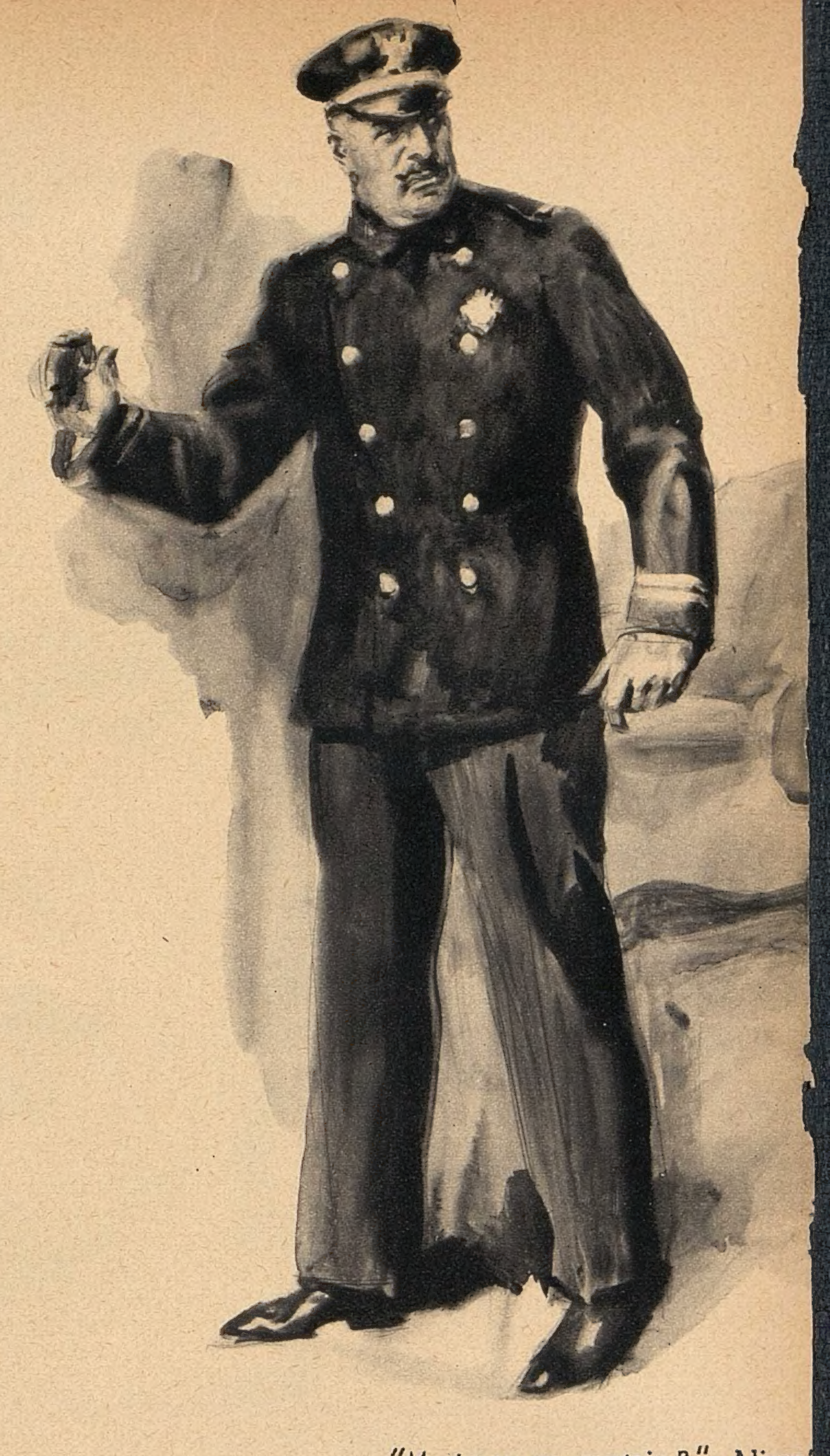
Miss Koloff arose and began to draw on her gloves. She was still contained and aloof. Between her speech and her bearing there was a startling incongruity. John Hawks too arose.

“As you like,” he said shortly. “You asked for work. I’ve suggested nothing that I would not suggest to any woman of the world of my acquaintance.”

Miss Koloff, with her hand on the door, turned back. There was a sardonic gleam in her broad gray eyes.

“I guess that I’m no woman of the world,” she said slowly.

She closed the door behind her and walked through the corridor of the outer offices. Her head was high and she took little note of her surroundings. A small dark woman who sat in the waiting room glanced up casually—then with the quickened interest of recognition. But the small woman had no time to speak. The “Baroness” Koloff had reached the door.



“Must you go, captain?” Alison’

A moment later a secretary stood at John Hawks’s desk.

“Mrs. Hawks to see you, sir.”

The small dark woman entered the room.

“Hello, John. Wasn’t that Sophy Koloff I passed in the hall?” She sat down in the visitors’ chair and reached a proprietary hand across the desk. “Let’s have a cigarette.”

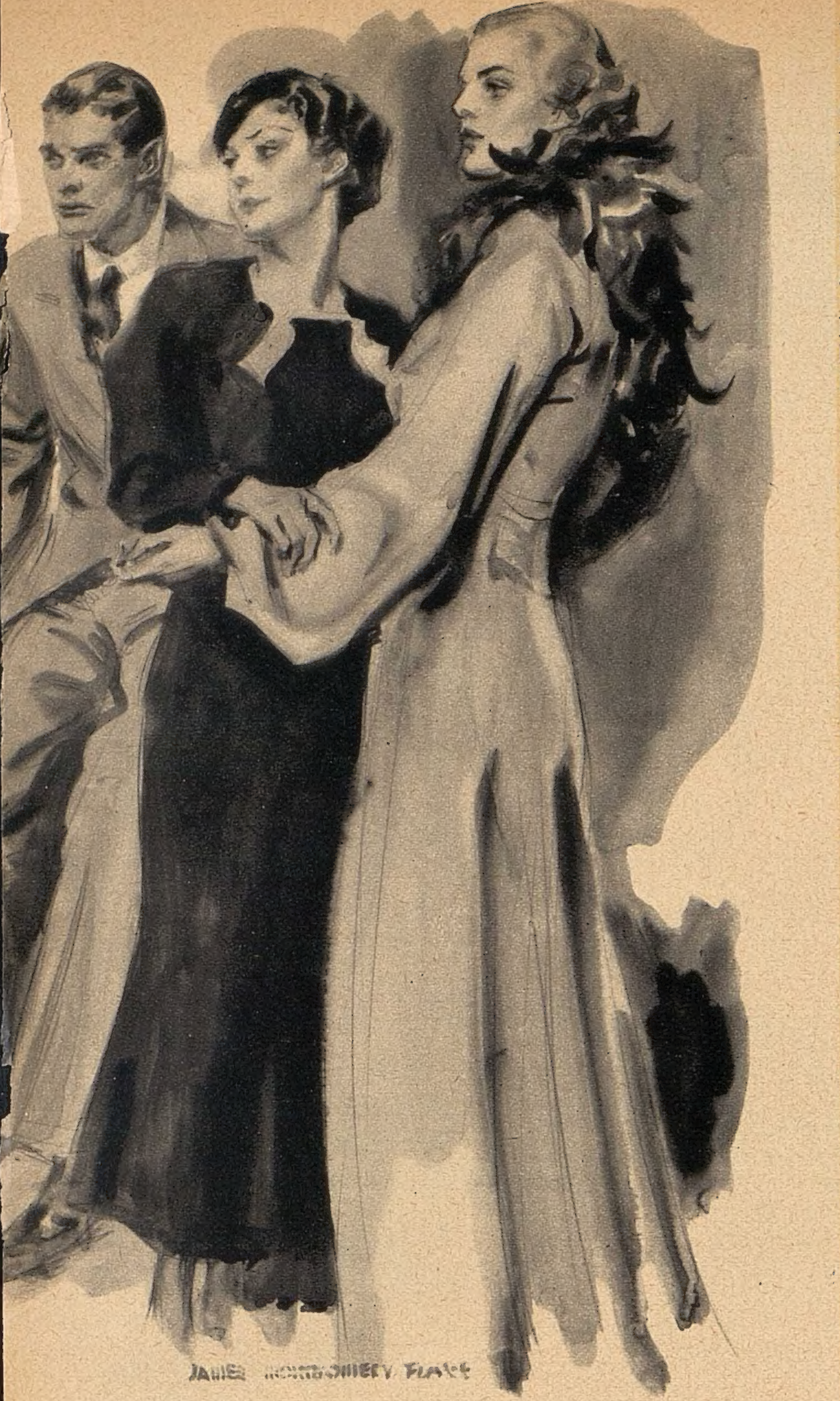
Hawks tossed over a cigarette and lighted one himself.

“Yes—it was Koloff,” he admitted.

“I thought so. It must be all of two years now. I’ll never forget how splendid she was on that last cruise of the old Nosila. What brought her here?”

“Wanted a job. Look here, Alison. I wish you wouldn’t keep harping back to all that business. I’m not ashamed of it, understand. But it’s a chapter in my life that’s a closed book.”

“A chapter can’t be a book,” murmured Alison, irrepressible as ever. “Besides, I don’t want it to be closed. It was the finest part of our lives, John. You’re sancti-



ce was freighted with solicitude.

monious and respectable and rich now, old dear, but you're not half as honest and straight-hitting as you were in the good old hijacking days when you did your stealing direct and without a lot of lawyers and banks and boards of directors to hide behind. Well—did you give Sophy a job?"

"I offered her an excellent opportunity in our field organization. She turned it down."

"Too crooked for her, probably," observed Alison. "Is she broke? I suppose you offered her money?"

HAWKS flushed. Then he laughed ruefully.

"Damned if I understand you modern women. Yes, she's broke. No, I didn't offer her money. Apparently I'd already insulted her."

"You would, my dear—and with the best intentions in the world. Well, tell me all about it."

He told her.

Alison listened thoughtfully. After a while she interrupted. She spoke seriously for once, and without her customary shield of cynicism.

"John dear, don't you see that a woman who's lived a life like that may have developed a higher sense of personal ethics than people in our crowd? If she has any principles at all, they're bound to be better principles. There's no halfway house in the underworld. In our world we all live in a halfway house. Oh, dear—it's all so mixing!"

"Not at all," said Hawks firmly. "To me it's simple enough. I play the game as I find it, and like a sportsman, I hope."

His wife smiled enigmatically.

"Well—come on out to lunch. That's what I dropped in for. The only thing I do know is that we've got to look out for Sophy Koloff. If you won't, I will. That girl risked her liberty and her life for you time and again —and her lover got killed trying to save your ship. I know all about her from Hopping. She's got real stuff in her, and we can't let her give us lessons in sportsmanship. Have you got her address?"

Hawks nodded and pushed over the card which lay on the corner of his desk.

WHILE this conversation was in progress Sophy Koloff was descending to the street from the offices of the Ventura Oil Company. She stepped into Broad Street and proceeded north. Her glance encompassed the loitering plain-clothes men—as obvious to her trained eye as if they had been harness bulls with brass buttons and night sticks. One of the men flicked an appraising eye at her. Sophy turned up Wall Street, crossed to Rector, and climbed the stairs of the north-bound elevated. In the act of dropping her nickel in the box, and without turning her head, she spoke in a conversational tone:

"No use wasting time on me, Donahue."

The detective pushed through the turnstile and ranged wheezily alongside.

"Durgin is looking for you, Sophe," he said.

"Durgin's always looking for me. Tell him I haven't worked in two years. Anyhow, I'm leaving town. Here's where I'm flopping, if you've really got to know." She gave him a card and waved a languid hand in dismissal.

Sophy boarded a train. Half an hour later she had reached her flat, an old-fashioned semifurnished walk-up apartment on the third floor back of a brownstone house in Fifty-third Street just off Madison.

She made herself some very strong tea and drank it scaldingly and gratefully without sugar or cream. She was out of sugar, and had been buying no cream lately in any case.

Then she drew a hot bath, which cost her nothing, and threw into it a handful of bath salts—which cost her a lot. And the soap with which she presently lathered her long slim body came in boxes of three from London. A woman of contradictions. Sugar and cream she could deny her belly, but her body demanded the scrubbed fragrances of a well kept bride.

Ten minutes later, dressed in a tea gown that had been quietly smart a year ago, she sat by a window table in her living room. It was still light enough to read, and the chunky book in her lap was Lewes's Biographical History of Philosophy. Her brow was slightly knit in concentration. On the table beside her stood a glass and a bottle of Scotch whisky. An austerely furnished room, a sweet-smelling ex-thief of grave deportment and great beauty, a whisky bottle, and a fusty volume of outmoded philosophies.

Sophy dropped the book with a frown and looked at her watch. Quarter past four. He'd be here any minute now. She heard the creak of floor boards in the hall, followed by a discreet and purposeful knock on the door. Sophy smiled and crossed to the door.

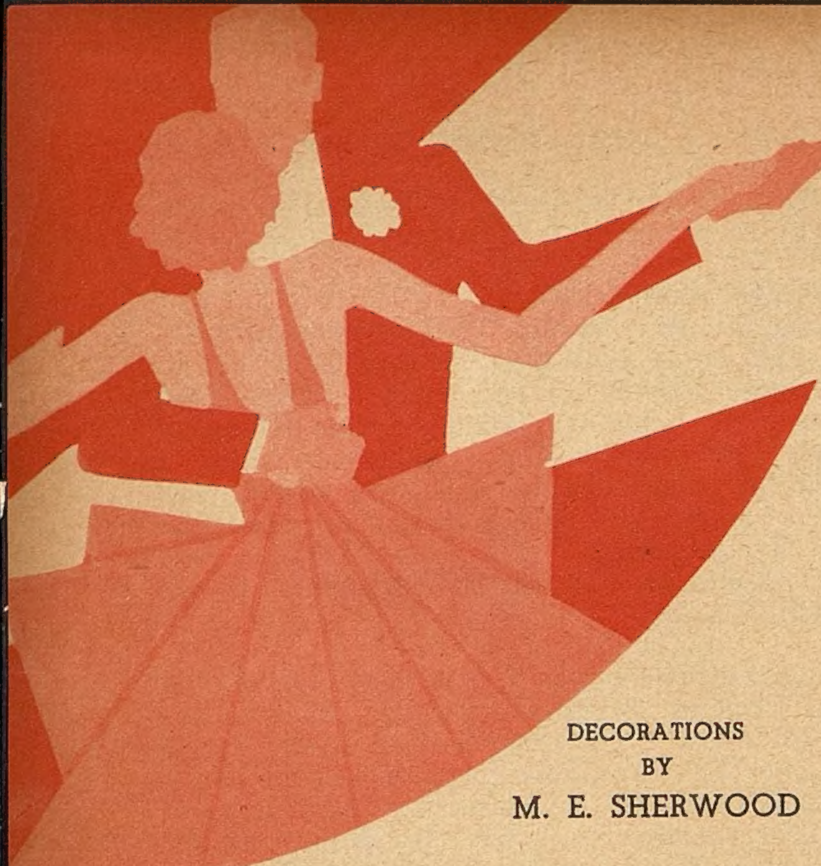
"Hello, Durgin," she greeted him. "What kept you so long?"

Captain Felix Durgin of the H precinct stepped into the room and closed the door gently behind him. He was a fine figure of a man. His curly black hair, pleasantly sprinkled with gray, was varnished back from his forehead in the very best manner of his world. In his day Captain Durgin had cut a wide swath among the women. If he was trying to stretch his day and widen his swath to include Sophy Koloff, that was not to the discredit of his discrimination at least.

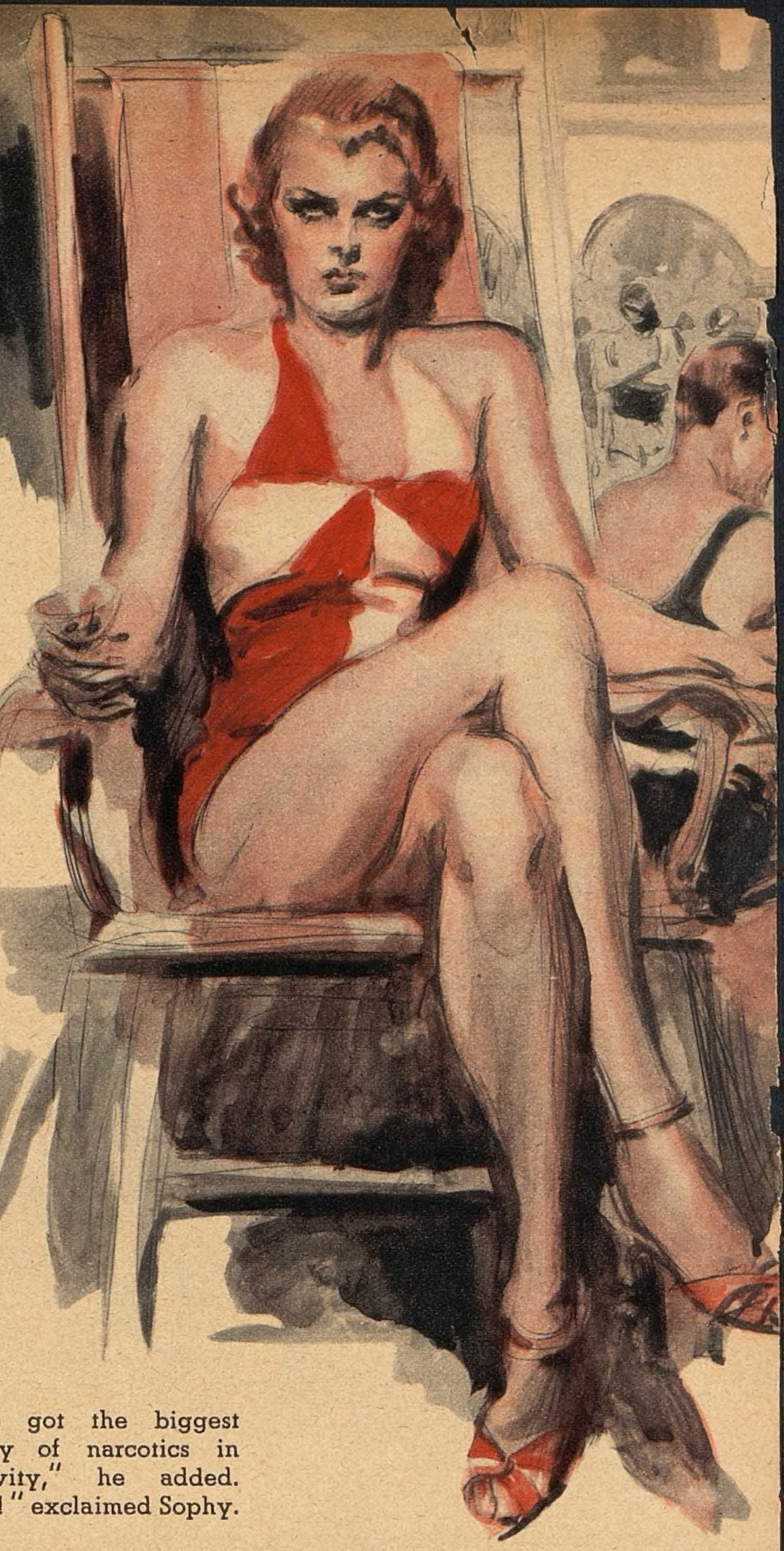
"Where you been keeping yourself all this time, Sophe?" he began, easing himself into a chair.

"Right here."

"And me thinking you was still on the lam! That's a



DECORATIONS
BY
M. E. SHERWOOD



"I've got the biggest supply of narcotics in captivity," he added. "Oh!" exclaimed Sophy.

good one. Last I heard you was with the Bigger John Braughan liquor mob. What's come of him since he pulled out?"

"Search me."

"Well, leave it lay. What you workin' on now, Sophe?"

"I'm not working."

Durgin smiled and changed his tack. "What's the matter, Sophe? Broke?"

She made no answer.

"Well—that hadn't orter last long. Listen, girl. It's lucky Donahue made you downtown today. Soon as Donahue wised me, I says to myself, says I, 'That's the girl that'll just fit the picture.' 'Cause why? 'Cause I got a deal on that's made to order for you and me. You'll not be forgetting the Maxime job four years back?"

"I'll not. And I'll not be forgetting who got the holdout on the insurance split."

"It wasn't me, so help me Gawd. When have I ever crossed you, Sophe?"

"When have you had the chance?"

Durgin digested this—with the aid of three fingers of Scotch, and proceeded to enlarge his theme.

"Maxime—Imelbaum that was, and as slick a muzzler as they is in the racket—is working the big-time stuff direct from Amsterdam. Max knows diamonds, and he knows the game from a to izzard. We're all set with retail outlets here in New York. And we got a couple of birds riding the steamers and running the rocks for us. But they's special lots every now and then—big stuff we wouldn't trust to nobody lessen a girl like you. What d'you say, Sophe?"

Sophy lighted a cigarette with cold preoccupation.

"Nothing doing, Durgin."

"Expenses guaranteed and two grand the round trip. Mebbe later on—" He paused, touched his mustache to reassure himself. "Myself, I'm thinking of running over for a few weeks' leave. Later on mebbe, if you come to see things like I want, I'll fix it for you to have a piece of the gross take."

Sophy laughed—one of her rare short laughs, as sharp and humorless as cold steel.

"Meaning again you want me?" she demanded. "Thought we'd washed that out long ago, Durgin."

The police officer quite lost his temper.

"Who the hell are you to set yourself up? Mean to tell me you weren't Slim Hermann's moll—huh?"

"Yes," said Sophy slowly. "Four years—until he was rubbed out. And proud of it, Durgin—you rat!"

"And since then, from what I hear, this reformed John Braughan—or Hawks or whatever he calls himself—has been your sweetie."

"That's a lie anyway!" flashed the girl. "I ain't laid eyes on him from two years back until today. I—" She caught herself—too late.

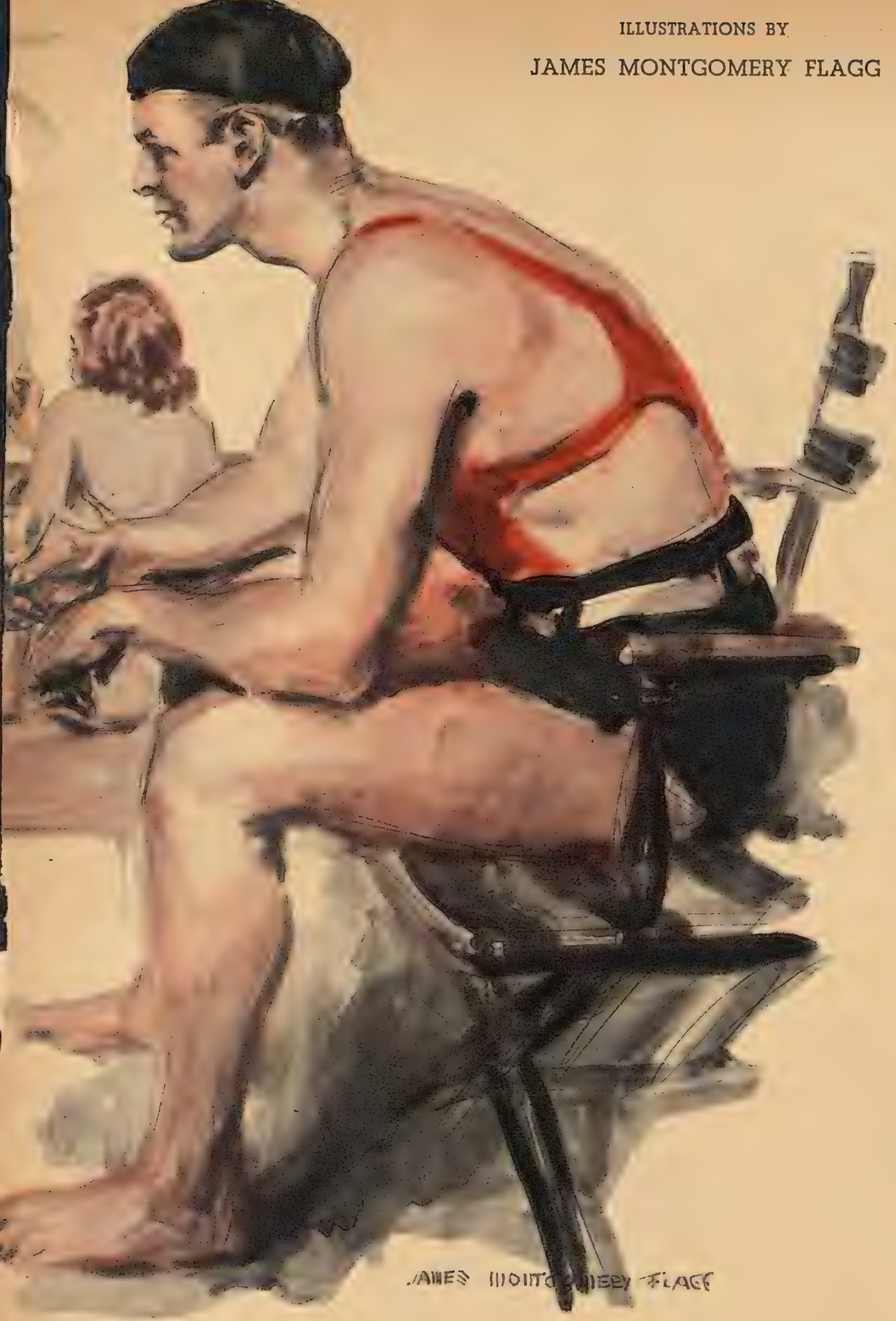
Durgin set down his glass. There was a shrewd look in his eyes. His tone changed abruptly.

"So that's where you was today," he observed mildly. "I had a hunch, too. Trying the grand shake on the big business man, what?"

Durgin's devious mind was already formulating a counterplan. A minor plan, to be sure, but one with possibilities of quick and safe profit. And Durgin wanted money even more than he wanted Sophy. He stood up and recovered his hat and coat.

"Well, I'll be going along, Sophe." His tone was conciliatory. "If you change your mind on the diamond business, give me a ring at the station house."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



He descended to the street and went about his business. He was off duty until night, but his off-duty hours were often his busiest—and his best. He walked to Park Avenue, entered one of the great new hotels, and repaired to the telephone booths. He looked up a number, wrote it down, and wrote a message beneath it. Then he approached the girl at the switchboard, handed her the slip of paper, and dropped a negligent dollar bill among her terminal plugs.

"Say, girlie, call that number and read that message just like I've written it."

MEANWHILE, in her apartment, Sophy Koloff was sitting quietly by the window. She was trying to make up her mind what to do next.

Sophy's dilemma, be it understood, was not a moral one. She was experiencing no aversion from criminality as such. Her two-years association with the Hawks-Hopping liquor syndicate had taught her that the ethical standards of people who were indubitably gentlefolk were neither different from nor higher than her own. Gentlemen, she had learned, lost caste only if caught.

On the other hand, she liked gentlemen, and she liked the easy cynicism of the Long Island smart tribe. Only the cheaper fringe of this had she penetrated, to be sure. With the exception, of course, of the Cornings, who were distinctly of the elect. Above all she admired Alison Hawks, née Corning—admired her for her assured contempt for anything and everything in the world, herself included.

Sophy wanted to go straight, to "work legitimate" as she put it, because she found herself more comfortable in the upperworld environment—because she felt the call of her kind. She was an aristocrat reared on a dunghill, an aristocrat seeking her level. A matter of taste and not of ethics.

SOPHY arose from her chair and stood looking from the window. What to do next? Her rent was paid two weeks in advance, but her cash was literally down to a few dollars. Perhaps she had been too high-hat with Mr. Hawks's offer. She hadn't been really insulted, because she'd worked a build-up on many a man before this and then taken him for his roll. But she'd never yet deliberately played the sex stuff. And the way Bigger John had put it up to her had somehow hurt her pride.

She turned from the window and sighed. It was dusk of the afternoon, and she had eaten nothing since breakfast, with the exception of the tea. She wanted hot food. She would walk down to Forty-second Street and eat off the arm in a quick lunch.

Sophy changed into street clothes, pulled her glove-tight hat over the straw-colored hair, and fared forth. She did not return until after nine that night.

John Hawks, in the meantime, had spent a busy afternoon. It was a quarter of six before he got rid of his last caller; then his secretary entered.

"The lady that was in this morning, the Baroness Koloff I think it was," the secretary said, "phoned to ask if you could call at her apartment this evening after eleven. She said it was very important and you would understand."

Hawks frowned wearily.

"Call her back and say I can't make it."

"She stated that she would not be at her apartment until late, sir."

"Oh, Lord! Well, call my house and ask Mrs. Hawks what we have on for tonight."

"Mrs. Hawks has already left word for you, sir, that she is dining with the Twylby-Joneses and going on to the symphony."

"Damn," said John Hawks. "All right, Saunders; that'll be all, thank you."

It was about eleven fifteen when

Hawks entered the vestibule of the old brownstone house. He walked up to the third floor back. Sophy's card was on the door. He knocked and waited. After some moments he knocked again. It was all of three minutes before the door was gingerly opened. Sophy, clutching a silk wrapper about her pyjamaed figure, peered out with some truculence.

"Oh—it's you, mister." She recognized him and tried to smooth the unwelcome from her eyes. "I was asleep. What is it?"

John was annoyed. He closed the door behind him and deposited his hat and stick. The day-bed, unfolded from the wall and with the coverlet hastily pulled up to hide its recent occupancy, bulked large in the bare room.

"You said after eleven," he began stiffly.

"I said—wh-a-t?"

"Your message said to come after eleven," he repeated sharply. "Or—perhaps it wasn't tonight? Anyway, now I'm here, you'd better tell me what's on your mind."

Sophy sat down on the edge of her day-bed and motioned abstractedly to a chair.

"What's it all about, mister? I didn't send any message. Just what do you mean?"

He repeated the message from his secretary. He was growing angry. Koloff listened intently. Her gray eyes narrowed; she turned a little white.

She jumped to her feet and ran noiselessly toward the door.

"Listen, Mr. Hawks. There's something phony here. You'd better get out quick. If it's that rat Dur—"

There was a heavy squeaking of the floor boards in the hall—then a peremptory rap.

WALTON GREEN

lawyer, newspaper editor, major in the A. E. F., clubman, chief prohibition investigator—these are some of the activities that have provided Walton Green with material for his novels. The two most popular—Little Solly and Corsair—appeared in Liberty.

Hawks turned a little white too. "Open the door," he said quietly.

Koloff obeyed. Captain Felix Durgin, dressed in full uniform, stood in the doorway. At his back were two more men—a plain-clothes man and a blue-coated patrolman.

Durgin surveyed the scene with professional imperturbability. He spoke over his shoulder to his men.

"Youse two kin wait downstairs," he ordered meaningly, and closed the door. He took out his notebook.

"Lot o' complaints lately about this building," he observed. "You there, sister—put on your clothes. You're going down to Night Court."

"Damn you, Durgin—I'll get you for this."

Durgin ignored her.

"You there, young feller—what's your name?"

"John Jones," said Hawks. Durgin, standing above him, slipped a hand into Hawks's coat pocket, glanced at the envelopes he had withdrawn, and handed them back.

"John Hawks, 37 Broad Street," he jotted in his notebook. "Humph!" he continued reflectively. "Are you the John Hawks of the Ventura Oil Company? Too bad, too bad! But I got to go through with it now."

JOHN was on his feet.

"This is a damned outrage!" he snarled. "I've known this lady for years. I'm here on business."

"And then some," agreed the captain with a glance at the disheveled bed. "Tell it to the judge."

"Do you mean to tell me I'm to be dragged into court and disgraced on a lot of circumstantial evidence?"

This was Durgin's cue.

"Well, Mr. Hawks," he asked mildly, "what do you want to do about it?"

"Do about it! I protest—"

The Koloff broke in with slow contempt:

"It's a shake, Mr. Hawks—just a shake. I know this rat Durgin. How much cash you got on you?"

"What's that?" snapped Hawks. He stared at the girl. "A shake, is it? Yes—and a frame-up too. A frame-up that started in my office today—"

"Ah, rats!" Sophy threw back her head as though she had been struck.

There was a knock at the door. Durgin moved across the room and opened the door. Alison Hawks entered. Alison, a spot of color in her small dark cheeks, walked straight to Sophy Koloff.

"Sophy, my dear, it's *so* good to see you again." She threw her arms about the tall girl and kissed her.

Alison turned to her husband.

"Sorry to be late, John, but I didn't find your message till I got home." For the first time she appeared to notice the police officer. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed brightly. "If it isn't one of the Finest. Introduce your boy friend, Sophy, there's a dear."

Hawks intervened.

"This is my wife, Captain Durgin," he said grimly.

Durgin, beet-red, reached for his uniform cap. His eyes looked venomous.

"*Must* you go, captain?" Alison's voice was freighted with solicitude.

DURGIN went. All three listened to the creak of descending boots on the stairs. Finally Sophy laughed. Alison joined in.

"You were wise to a frame-up when you came in, weren't you, Mrs. Hawks?" asked Sophy.

"I had a hunch," said Alison simply. "I passed the two policemen on the landing, and I've been reading the papers lately. Tell me, Sophy—did John behave guiltily?"

"He wasn't much help," Sophy admitted. "In fact, he thought I was in it."

"I'm sorry, Sophy," Hawks said. "This is the second time today I've had to apologize."

"Forget it," said Koloff.

"Well," offered Alison cheerfully, "I didn't come here just to save you two from a life of sin. I've other fish—"

Hawks frowned. Sophy came near giggling. Funny how she took to Mrs. Hawks. Always had, she reflected. Talked the same language, did Mrs. Hawks. Nothing up-stage—and just as human as anything, even if she did have steam yachts and one of the richest old geezers in the country for a father.

"John," continued Alison, "I forgot to tell you, but we're driving down to Washington for the week-end with Susan Budlong. And, Sophy, we want you to come along. Don't we, John?"

"Yes indeed. Delighted," agreed Hawks tonelessly.

"Oh," said Sophy.

Alison laughed.

"You don't sound awfully keen, my dear. But we'll show you a swell time. And I really want you to—please. Perhaps I have something up my sleeve. Leave it to me."

"I haven't anything to wear," Sophy objected.

"You don't need anything at Sue Budlong's. And I promise you won't have to seduce any sawed-off South American chocolate soldiers—unless, of course, John butts in again. How about it?"

"I think—I'd like to come," said Koloff slowly.

"That's settled, then." Alison reached for another cigarette. "By the way, I ran across an old friend of yours at dinner tonight. Chub Hopping. He's broke too. Or rather his father is, which is the same thing. But he's promoting something or other. Working hard."

Sophy's face bore a reminiscent smile.

"I just can't see that guy working."

Alison exhaled a stiff shaft of cigarette smoke and let her gaze wander to the other girl's feet.

"What lovely legs you have, Sophy." And then, carelessly, "Well, you'll have a chance to see Hopping soon enough. He's coming to Washington with us." . . .

Susan Budlong does not rule Washington society, because she is too lazy. She does not try to control her twin daughters, because she is too wise. She has no social secretary, because a social secretary would ask only the right people to her parties. And if there's one thing that the widow Sue hates more than the wrong people, it is the right people.

She has a house called Locust Hall which is on the hills to the west of Georgetown. It is a large house, very rambling and expensive, though its cost is cunningly played down by its low and tree-softened setting.

Here, on a softly *(Continued on page fourteen)*

This "Magic Brain" releases World-Radio's supreme thrills!

RCA Victor now introduces uncanny development—tone of far higher fidelity . . . far more stations here and abroad . . . far greater ease, accuracy of tuning . . . an exclusive "X" band.*

WHAT RCA VICTOR'S "MAGIC BRAIN" DOES!

As a maestro leads his symphony orchestra, so "Magic Brain" directs the performance of RCA Victor's all-wave radios. Human in its thinking, we compare it to the human brain. You choose the broadcast—from no matter where in the whole world. Then, watchman-like, it keeps out undesired radio signals. It concentrates on that one and makes it four times stronger. *Each* tone has higher fidelity . . . and you hear, directed and blended by "Magic Brain", the fullest possible performance from the set—in a quality reception heretofore unequalled!

ALL who hear it are agog! All who hear it say, "Never did I think all-wave radio could be so entrancing!" And all who *see* RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" say, "Well, no wonder these radios outperform!"

Yes, it's this unique "Magic Brain", first developed by RCA Victor engineers, that puts radio on a new high plane. It is like a master mind placed in the center of the all-wave chassis. There it directs, selects all reception. It reaches out across oceans, continents, seas . . . to far distant lands. Or gets you favorite domestic stations. Or police, amateur, aviation signals. Cleverly it shuts out unwanted programs, as cleverly picks up and amplifies four times the sound of the world or domestic broadcast you want!

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Added to all this is the exclusive RCA Victor "X" band. This separate wave band brings you complete hourly government weather reports and forecasts...the reports aviators hear as they fly! Think of this thrill! You *must*, without delay see this achievement in new-day radio. See the "Magic Brain", hear what it does, note the exquisite, modern cabinets . . . and discover prices are those you can afford!

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A radio and a price for everyone! RCA Victor Instruments priced from **$18.75** to $375.00 including Standard Receivers, Auto Radios, Air-Cell Battery Radios and Radio-Phonographs. All RCA Victor Instruments equipped with RCA Micro-Sensitive Radio Tubes. All prices F.O.B. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Any short-wave radio performs better with an RCA World-Wide Antenna.

MODEL 262—5-band "Magic Brain" Superheterodyne. Tone Control, automatic volume control...all short and standard wave broadcasts. De luxe cabinet. **$149.50.**

TABLE MODEL 128. "Magic Brain" Superheterodyne. Domestic, foreign, police, amateur wave bands. Superb cabinetry. $69.95

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* The "X" band is in all sets of 8 tubes or more.

RCA Victor Radio

RCA VICTOR CO., INC., ONE UNIT OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA . . . THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO ORGANIZATION. OTHER UNITS: NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO., INC., R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC., RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC., RADIOMARINE CORPORATION OF AMERICA

(Continued from page twelve)

warm afternoon in early autumn, was gathered one of Susan's self-entertaining house parties. The Hawkses were there, with Charles Hopping from Boston, and the Baroness Koloff, lately arrived from abroad.

The Baroness Koloff sat on the edge of the swimming pool, idly dangling her fine bare legs and trying to make up her mind to jump in. The pool was full of people. In the center, on a small artificial island, reposed a tray of glasses and two cocktail shakers.

Beside Sophy, but with their backs to the pool and idly watching the desultory field hockey which a dozen people were playing at on the lawn terrace, sat Alison Hawks and Charles Hopping, Jr.

Presently a husky man who had been tending goal detached himself and approached the group at the pool.

He shook hands with Alison and Hopping, and launched his own introduction at Sophy without giving the others time to intervene:

"I'm Arthur Merriman, very much at your service," he chuckled, "and you're Baroness Koloff—staying with Susan Budlong. And I'm asked for stand-up supper tonight—to meet you."

He chuckled again. Deep-set twinkling blue eyes—very boyish and unsophisticated, Sophy decided, and decided to like him.

"Yes," continued the husky man. "I saw you all up here and decided the swimming pool didn't need you any more than the hockey goal needed me. How about going up to the house and getting some tea? I'm hungry—aren't you?"

"Oh, yes—I think so," said Koloff. "But I did not apprehend that one could secure tea. I haf seen only wine."

"Swell people in Washington still take tea. Sue Budlong's one; I'm another."

Sophy permitted herself to be led toward the house. But as they reached the upper terrace they were overtaken by a group of people hurrying from the hockey field.

"Homers coming in," called out Sir Arthur Runcival as he trotted past.

Sophy looked her query.

"Homing pigeons," explained Merriman. "Racers. Mrs. Budlong is one of the leaders of the fancy in these parts."

"But of course—the pigeon racing!" exclaimed Sophy. "In Belgium they have it. And from where are they racing?"

"From Richmond, I believe. Very sporting event."

THEY had reached the stable yard with the rest of the crowd. The pigeon loft occupied the second story over a narrow wing of box stalls. A pigeon materialized from nowhere over the north wood lot, plummeted for the stable yard, flattened out and banked in a graceful curve, and came to a perfect two-point landing on the bird walk outside its cote.

The official timer, standing somewhat importantly apart, snapped his watch and slipped it back into his pocket. Then he made an entry in his notebook and proceeded to the loft to check the number on the bird's leg band.

"That's all," observed Merriman. "Except for some of these people to pay their bets. Pigeons may be important; but so are fleas—when they're on a dog. Next thing we know, the hectics will be staging flea-jumping Marathons in Madison Square Garden."

Sophy smiled.

"I think—that you have right. There are so many things of unimportance that people of importance do."

They had tea on the upper lawn outside the conservatory. Merriman attacked the pâté sandwiches and cakes with a gusto which went far to account for his figure.

"I think I shall also haf an apéritif," said Sophy. "I am a leetle cold. You do not drink yourself, Mistaire Merriman?"

"Sure I drink." He signaled to a footman. The man wheeled up a peripatetic bar. "Sure I drink. But I don't take drink as a narcotic, like a lot of our friends here. I know too much about narcotics. I suppose that I've got the biggest supply of narcotics in captivity," he added.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sophy Koloff. Instantly she was carried back to her former life. Her initial impulse of liking for the husky man suffered a revulsion. There mounted in her the old cold contempt which the decent-lived thief feels for the drug vender.

"Oh!" she murmured. "Eet ees becoming late. I theenk I shall go to my room and rest before ze dinnaire."

She finished her sherry-and-bitters and stood up. Merriman—a slow twinkle in his eyes—made no attempt to dissuade her.

"Well, see you later, baroness. Guess I'll take a swim before dinner."

MOUNTING the stairs to her room later, Sophy met Hopping coming down. The little man looked even more mournful than usual. Sophy experienced an access of friendliness, almost tenderness. Hopping represented something definite from the past, something dependable and wholesome in this strange new world. She looked around to make certain that no one was within earshot.

"Say," she whispered, "I just been hobnobbing with a big-shot dope dealer. And believe me—"

Hopping, scarcely listening, had his own grievances.

"I don't doubt it. And turning a cold shoulder on all your old friends—and—"

"Meaning *me?*" demanded Sophy in astonishment.

This was a new aspect of the Chub whom she had thought she knew. Was it possible that he was actually jealous? She felt a queer twinge of pleasure.

"I"—she hesitated, then hurried on—"I hear you've lost a great deal lately. I sure am—"

"Yes, quite a lot. Forty-two pounds, to be exact. Don't you think I look nice, Sophy?" His mood had quite changed.

"I meant—money," said Sophy.

"Oh, *that!*" He waved it grandly aside. "My old man went on the rocks, yes. But I'm working, you know. That is, I have a big idea. A—ah—revolutionary idea, I might say. A sales idea, to be precise. I am seeking to interest some of the great manufacturing concerns in my idea. That requires seeing a lot of people and doing a lot of talking and all that sort of thing."

"Just like when you're doing nothing," suggested Koloff demurely.

"Not at all," he said firmly. "This time I expect to be paid for it. For the first time in my life I'm—I'm—"

"You're sweet," said Sophy, waving her hand over the banister. Then she disappeared into her room.

On her way down to dinner she met Alison Hawks.

"Hello, Sophy. What did you think of it all? I saw you giving Arthur Merriman a good time this afternoon."

Sophy's brows drew together.

"I—what sort of a racket is that guy in, Mrs. Hawks?"

"Arthur Merriman?" Alison's tone was careless. "He's United States Commissioner of Narcotics. Good chap—and keen as mustard, my dear."

"Oh," said Sophy blankly, and continued on downstairs.

They entered the drawing-room together. Alison espied Merriman and went over to him.

"What did you think of her?" she demanded.

"Clicks with what you told me," replied Merriman. His manner was casual and noncommittal. "She has no use for hop-heads or dealers—that much I found out."

"I told you that."

"You did, my dear. But in this business I'd check on my own mother."

"Are you going to give her a job?"

"I am—after I've had my dinner."

The United States Commissioner of Narcotics had childlike blue eyes and a bland and innocent manner.

A strange character is Sophy Koloff—thieving adventuress by profession; socialite by natural desire. What plan had Alison Hawks in mind in introducing her to Merriman? Next week's installment finds the "baroness" embarked on that plan, a dangerous mission on which she must match her wits against the suave agents of the most sinister business known to mankind.

"It is an entirely *new* *'strain'* of Yeast... much stronger, *quicker-acting!*"

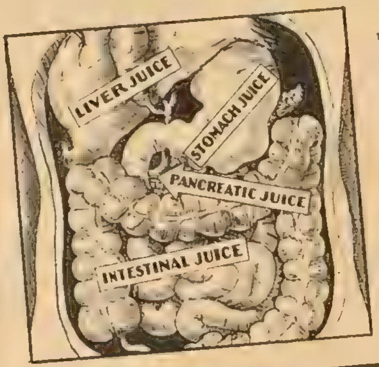
explains

DR. R. E. LEE

—prominent Director of Fleischmann Health Research

DR. LEE, authority on Yeast for Health, is in touch with medical scientists the world over. He says: "This *new* yeast amazes doctors."

. . . speeds Digestive Juices, strengthens "Insides"—important tests show!



In 25 leading clinics in America and Europe, the new, "XR" Yeast has been tested on hundreds of stubborn cases. Doctors report: "Never before such results from yeast!" "Remarkable!" "Patients often felt better *in one to two days!*"

The reason is: Hormone-like* substances abundant in this new yeast stimulate vital digestive juices and the muscular action of your entire digestive tract!

DR. G. ROSENTHAL, noted physiologist, says: "'XR' Yeast *twice* as effective."

Corrects constipation, indigestion and related skin troubles far faster. Rich in hormone-like* substances. (Newly added Vitamin A helps combat colds, too!)

HAVE YOU TRIED IT? Everybody is talking about the new, "XR" Yeast. From the hundreds of questions, Dr. Lee answers these:—

1. Just what is "XR" Yeast?
It's a new, stronger "strain" of fresh yeast—a new *variety*—discovered by a famous bacteriologist in a great U. S. medical college. It acts more vigorously . . . *faster!*

2. What is its Importance to Health?
A majority of common health troubles come from a slowing up of your digestive juices (see chart) . . . and digestive action.

*"XR" Yeast, through its richness in hormone-like substances (natural body "activators") *stimulates* these juices to flow faster and *strengthens* the digestive muscles from the stomach on down.

Your food is thus better "churned," digested—moved through your body faster. Indigestion, "stuffed" feeling after meals—constipation—run-down condition usually soon go!

3. Does it contain any Drugs?
No! It's a *food.* Entirely *unlike* cathartics, which act by irritation! The new, "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you . . . corrects constipation, etc., naturally.

4. Will it clear the Skin quicker?
Yes! By clearing you out "inside," it purifies your blood—and this means a healthier skin and complexion! Actually, your skin gains "tone." Pimples, etc., disappear *in much shorter time.*

5. Do Colds occur less frequently?
"XR" Yeast combats colds by cleansing the system—*and* by supplying newly added Vitamin A, the "infection-preventing" vitamin! Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is also rich in Vitamins B, D, G—*four* vitamins!

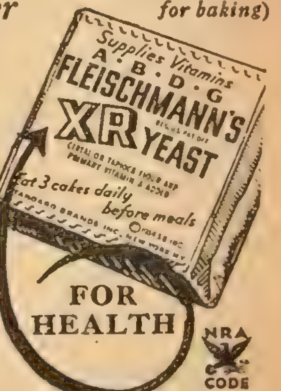
START TO EAT IT NOW!

. . . 3 cakes a day—plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Eat Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast regularly and after you've got quick results . . . until you're *thoroughly* well! Buy 9 cakes (for the first 3 days) and start now.

"Acts Quicker!" says Mrs. Kinneer

"It *is* more efficacious," writes Mrs. Mabel Kinneer, Staten Island, N. Y. "Several years ago my doctor prescribed yeast to 'regulate' me . . . my improvement was remarkable. Lately, I felt sluggish and nervous again. I ate the *new*, 'XR' Yeast . . . now feel wonderful. It acts *quickly*."

(As good as ever for baking)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FLEISCHMANN'S
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Eat 3 cakes daily before meals
FOR HEALTH

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Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

Why Nobody Loves

A Penetrating Revelation of
Mostly Think of Our Ruler

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

NEXT to kidnapers, politicians seem to be the most unpopular men in this great republic. Nobody ever really trusts them. Whatever they do is commonly ascribed to ignoble motives. The country is always glad to see them humiliated, as when Congress is forced to dance as the White House whistles.

I fear I must add, as a moral theologian of thirty years' practice, that this ill fame is pretty well supported by the known facts. It may not be deserved in all cases, but it is surely deserved in most. Politicians as a class radiate a powerful odor. Their business is almost as firmly grounded on false pretenses as that of the quack doctor or shyster lawyer. What really concerns them first, last, and all the time is simply their own jobs. Get close to them, and they will admit this frankly.

Imagine a professional politician in a very tight place, with 100 votes standing between him and his job, and then imagine him getting news that 110 voters on the other side have suddenly turned cannibal, and are full of enthusiasm for their new fad. What will he do? He will begin to see cannibalism in a new light, and to find a lot of good in it. I do not say that he will take the stump for it—at least not so long as it polls only 110 votes—but certainly he will not take the stump against it. And neither will his opponent.

The American people learned a great deal about politicians during the Prohibition Reign of Terror. To be sure, there were some dry politicians who were actually dry; but the votes that maintained the Anti-Saloon League in power at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue came largely from men who cheated at every chance, and some of them ranked among the most assiduous lushers ever seen in Washington, a town always eminent for a hundred years for its passionate guzzling.

These babies, as every one will recall, turned a series of magnificent flipflops when the wet cyclone hit them. Their rubber knees and shockproof backbones worked perfectly, and they landed squarely on their feet, panting and lathering for repeal. I could give you a list of them, with statistics of their speed and tankage. They were mainly so stupid or so far gone in liquor that they didn't see the cyclone coming, and when it struck them suddenly at Chicago, where they had gathered for the national conventions, they were thrown into such a panic that some of them actually sobered up. They came to town hiccuping for law enforcement and they left ten days later hiccuping for repeal.

Such dizzy somersaults are all in the day's work of a politician. The Democratic professionals at Washington, not to mention many of the Republicans, got converted to the New Deal overnight, and they will be unconverted with the same expedition when it blows up.

One hears sometimes of politicians who claim to have lost something by "entering the public service." Usually they say they could have made more money outside and led happier lives. But this is true only once or twice in a blue moon. The typical politician does far better in politics than he could have done at anything else.

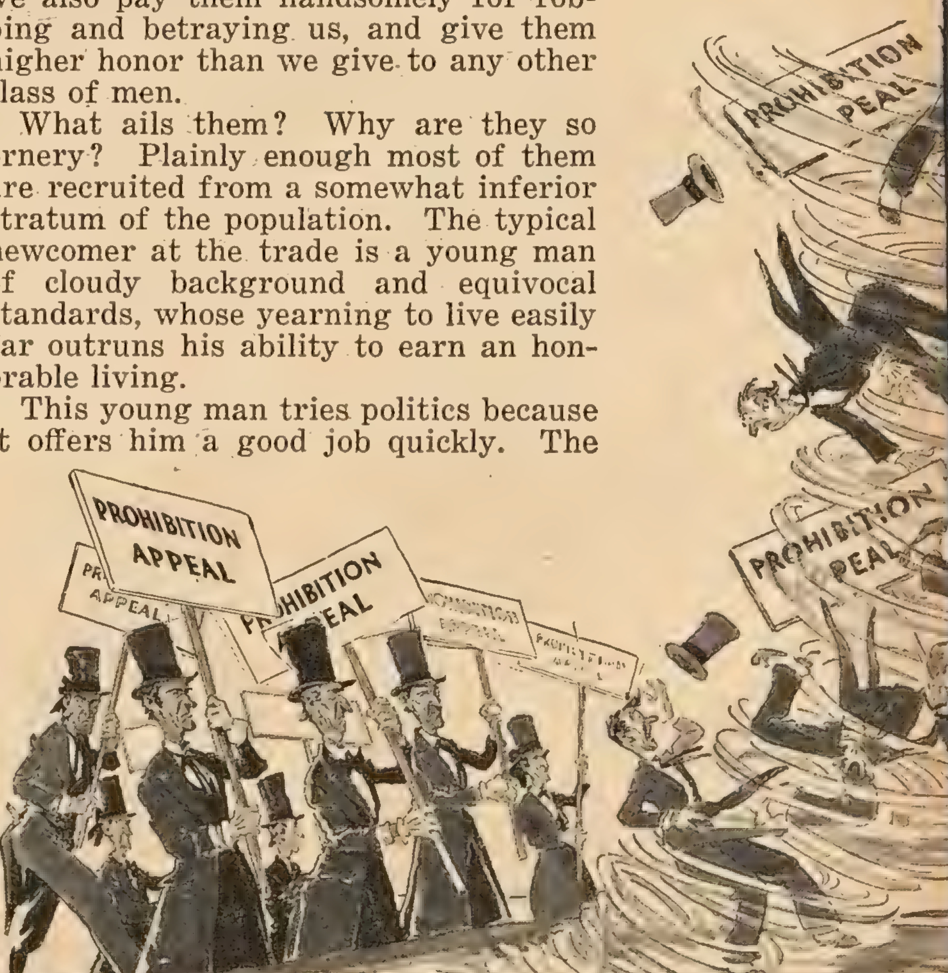
Now and then, of course, a man of genuine ability and integrity blunders into a governor's chair, or into Congress, or into some other political place, but he seldom lasts very long. The average American Congressman is about on a level, intellectually and morally, with a bartender in a second-rate saloon or a head barber in a third-rate shop. As for the governors, they are so low-down that two or three of the forty-eight are always being impeached for grave crimes and misdemeanors and there is always at least one who is on his way to the hoosegow. During the past fifteen years no less than twenty governors have been charged with downright felonies, and four or five have actually gone to prison. The rest, though maybe honest enough, are mainly only demagogues and mountebanks. It would be hard to find any other class of presumably reputable men who show so high an average of rogues and charlatans.

The most nearly decent fellows in politics, in all probability, are the fanatics—at least at the start of their careers. But even the fanatics, if they last long enough, usually turn into professional politicians.

The picture that I draw is a dark one, and there may be some who will protest that it is too sad. If so, then I can only reply that they do not know politicians. Every one who has actually lived with politicians, including all those members of the fraternity who have reformed and are trying to lead honest lives, will tell you substantially what I tell you. It is precisely such men as I have described who make and execute the laws of this imperial nation and are the lords of us all. No one in his sober senses would trust them in any other place of responsibility calling for sound skill and common decency. A doctor who was so plainly a suspicious character would lose all his patients, and a lawyer on the same level would have only thieves for clients. Yet we not only hand over our lives and property to their keeping; we also pay them handsomely for robbing and betraying us, and give them higher honor than we give to any other class of men.

What ails them? Why are they so ornery? Plainly enough most of them are recruited from a somewhat inferior stratum of the population. The typical newcomer at the trade is a young man of cloudy background and equivocal standards, whose yearning to live easily far outruns his ability to earn an honorable living.

This young man tries politics because it offers him a good job quickly. The



Reasons for What We

Why Not Choose Them by Lot? Asks **H. L. MENCKEN**

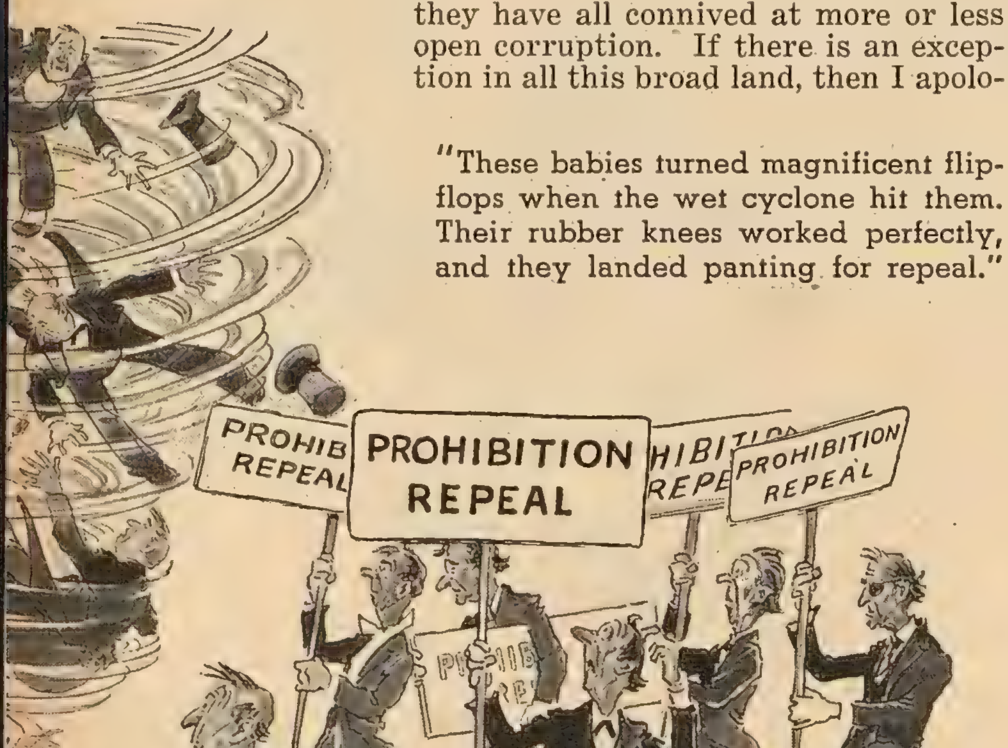
a POLITICIAN

talents that push him ahead are not those of a diligent and able man; they are those of a cheap-Jack. The tricks that he has to master are the tricks most useful to a corn doctor at a county fair. The most dangerous thing he can do is to tell the truth.

I haven't the slightest doubt that many a youngster makes his first venture into politics full of laudable resolve to avoid all this buncombe and skullduggery. But if he has as much as a single electron of cerebral tissue in his head, he discovers very quickly that all the virtues he dreams of practicing are handicaps to him, and that he must either purge himself of them or give up all thought of a political career.

In brief, the rules and hazards of the game run implacably against indulgence in any such rectitude. It is a luxury for rich men's sons who crave only a term in the legislature between Harvard and despair—not a diet fit to nourish professionals. The beginner who really wants to get on must grasp the bitter fact that votes are never won in any substantial numbers by the devices taught in Sunday schools. They are won by far more realistic artifices, of which two are salient. The first is to go out into the highways and byways and there flatter and enchant the boobs with blah. The second is to come to terms with the herdsmen who keep droves of boobs in corrals ready to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

What is to be remembered is that virtually all the politicians in the United States have wallowed in their time in those two mud holes; if they hadn't they wouldn't be where they are today. They have all talked balderdash from the stump, they have all throbbed to the huzzas of morons, they have all promised what they knew they couldn't deliver, and they have all connived at more or less open corruption. If there is an exception in all this broad land, then I apologize to him most humbly. But I have never met him and never heard of him.



"These babies turned magnificent flip-flops when the wet cyclone hit them. Their rubber knees worked perfectly, and they landed panting for repeal."

Try to imagine what would happen to a doctor who had to get his patients by scratching their backs, and kissing their babies, and attending all their raffles and birthday parties, and marching in all their parades. Certainly the effect upon his professional integrity would hardly be salubrious. Now imagine him obliged to go to the saloon keeper at the corner for permission to practice at all, and giving the saloon keeper, in return for his permit, the right to dictate his prescriptions. Surely it would be asking too much of human nature to expect him to remember his Hippocratic oath. If he kept out of jail he'd be doing enough.

Well, every politician, whether large or small, is in that boat, or has been in it in the past. Even the mightiest of them, frowning down on the world from his glittering balloon, has yielded his neck to some boss in his day, whether openly or behind the door, and done his share of fawning over idiots, and discharged his five million words of hooey. In so far as he is a man of any sense whatever, he has got on by flattering and fooling his inferiors. A suspicious character from the start, by virtue of his trade, he has gradually bent himself this way and that to fit every suspicion, and so he emerges at last as a kind of chartered public enemy, safe from the police so long as he is reasonably careful, and living on the troubles of the people.

HOW are we to improve him—or get rid of him? The first, I believe is a sheer impossibility. So long as we want to enjoy the excitement of democracy we must be prepared to endure its curses, and one of them is the fact that when two men stand up before a mob, the one honest and the other a fraud, the mob always prefers the fraud. He is always longer on promises and readier with soothing, and hence can be more charming to persons incapable of thought. Years ago I proposed a way out that got no attention at the time but maybe had some merit. It was based on a question: Why should there be any politicians at all? Why should we hand over our affairs to men so palpably dubious and chosen so ridiculously? Why should we assume that the capacity to enchant and hoodwink ignorant and credulous people is the capacity to serve the whole community? Why not get rid of the difficulty by abolishing politics altogether and choosing our rulers by lot? Why not take away all the rewards of public office and make the holding of it not a privilege but a duty?

The scheme may sound crazy at first sight; but if we are content to choose men at random and against their will to go into a jury box and decide the gravest matters of life and death, then why shouldn't we be willing to trust the same men with other matters? If they are fit to execute the laws, then why aren't they fit to make them? That making laws requires any special knowledge is surely not a fact, for it is done today mainly by amateurs, and the professionals intermingled with them are more often than not incompetent or dishonest. The only real difference between the amateurs in a jury box and those in a legislature is that the former have no private interest in the case before them.

I offer my plan to the Brain Trust. If it is adopted before Congress meets in January the professors will have a much easier time than they now seem likely to have.

THE END

My Brother's

A Story Alive with Thrills: of a "Perfect Crime" and a Dead Man's Revenge—A Murder That Struck in the Sky

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

JIMMIE CALDWELL was leery about Flight 13 before the take-off. But then, he had always objected to it on the general principles of one who carries a lucky penny and shies at black cats. Jimmie is the finest of transport pilots; but, like many of his ilk, he salutes cabala in numbers, rabbits' feet, and looking at the moon over the correct shoulder. His main argument pointed out the indisputable fact that no first-class hotel has a thirteenth floor, and no crack railroad runs a train thirteen. There must be a reason for it! If the Southern Air Transport wanted to tempt fate by running a Flight 13 from New York to Atlanta (when they could just as well have made it Flight 14) that was their business. But Pilot Caldwell would dodge that particular night hop every time he could get away with it!

I grinned at Jimmie, glum of face, when he meandered into the press room with a solemn wag of his head. I was just closing shop for the night. Locking the window a moment before, I had seen a trimotor ticking over in the flood lights. So when Jimmie appeared in uniform, I knew he was booked for Flight 13.

"What's the matter, Jimmie?" I asked. "Walk under a ladder?"

Caldwell was morose. "Smart guy, eh, Scoops? One number's as good as any other number. Oh, yes? This flight's jinxed—hoodooed and voodooed!"

"Nothing's happened to it so far," I pointed out.

"Yeh, but there's always a first time. Look outa the window."

The trimotor was still there. But the propellers were motionless, and I saw a tractor creeping out of the gloom.

"What's up, Jimmie?"

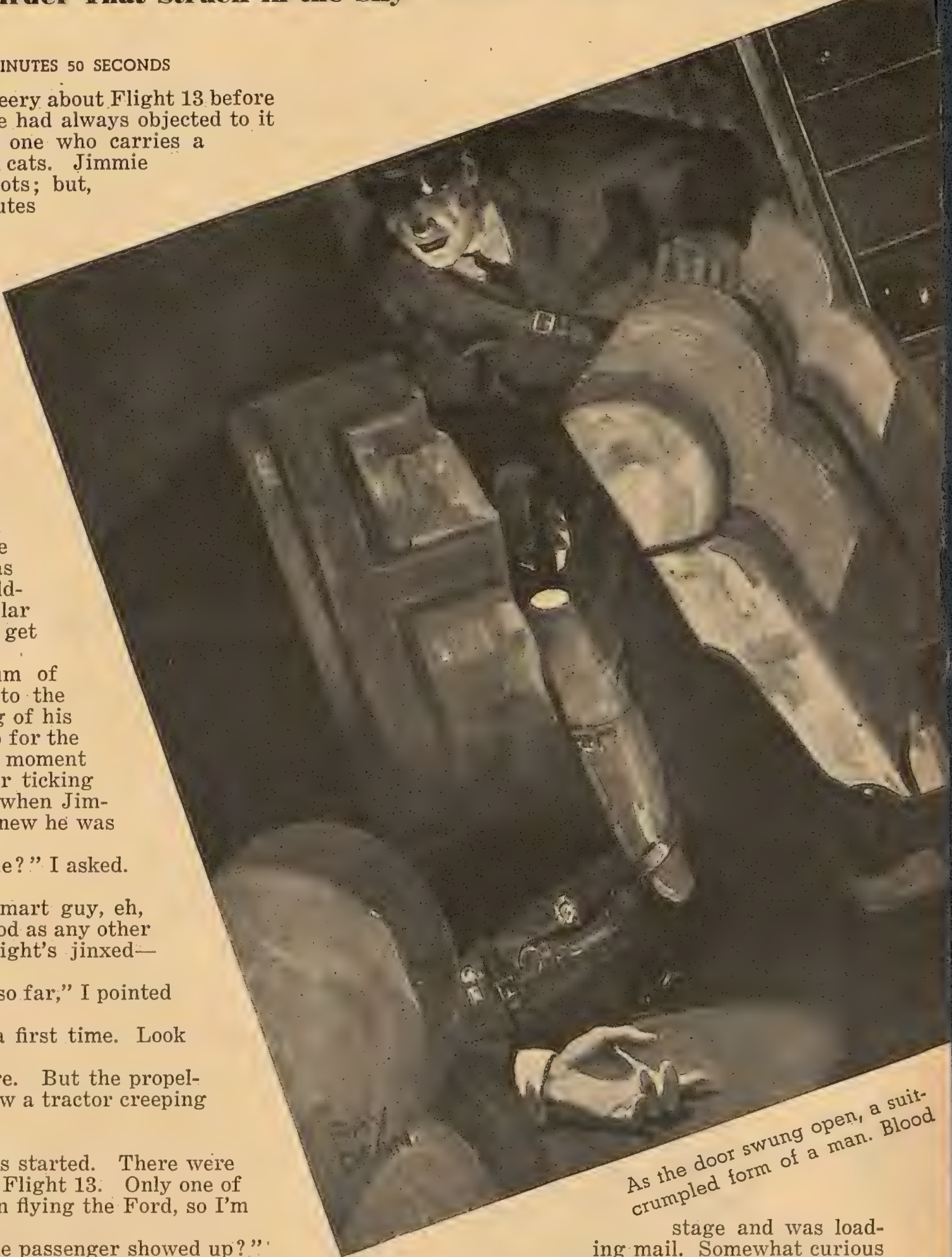
"Nothing, only the jinx has started. There were twelve passengers booked for Flight 13. Only one of 'em's showed up. No sense in flying the Ford, so I'm taking a Lockheed."

I was impressed. "Only one passenger showed up?"

"Yep." Jimmie ground his teeth. "And that's not all. Two passengers got on the bus at the bus depot, but only one arrived at the flying field. The other bozo just plain vanished! And to make it worse, it's a lousy night with a thousand-foot ceiling to Camden."

I sensed a story, at least in the disappearance of the passenger. Telling Jimmie to keep his tail up, I started for the operations office.

Jimmie's plane had just been towed to the landing stage and was loading mail. Somewhat curious about his lone passenger, I ducked under the canopy out of the rain. As the fare emerged from the depot, followed by a porter with a suitcase, I got a good look at him. He was a small man, the kind one describes as wiry. I placed him at about thirty years of age. Though I couldn't see his eyes, something hard about him made me think they were steely gray. He was dressed neatly enough, but the stripes in his blue suit suggested a pen-



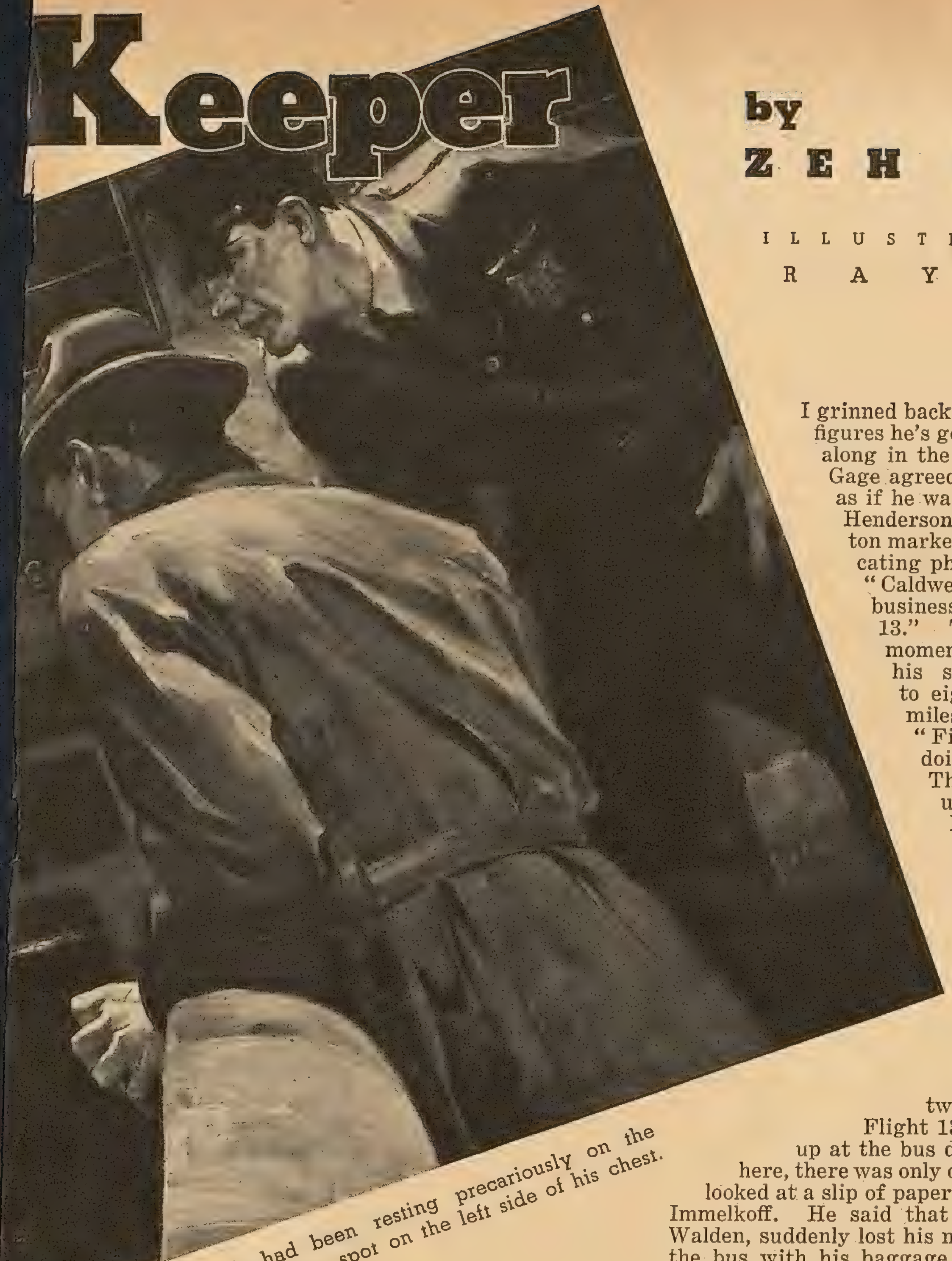
As the door swung open, a suit-
crumpled form of a man. Blood

Keeper

by

ZEH BOUCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY DEAN



ase toppled forward. It had been resting precariously on the
was still oozing from a spreading spot on the left side of his chest.

chant for loud clothes. He glanced to the right and left as he walked down the carpet, and once again as he stepped into the plane.

I waved a grin at Jimmie in the cockpit up forward, and turned away. On the concrete apron outside the operations building I stopped again to watch Jimmie take off. Some subtle fascination held me. The night perhaps, or a subconscious acceptance of Jimmie's gloom. I waved once more, for no useful reason, as the plane thundered overhead.

Somehow I was relieved to find Grant Gage in the office with Henderson, the traffic manager. Grant—Sergeant Gage—is chief of our flying cops stationed at the airport. Grant and I've been close friends ever since the days when he was one of the cleverest dicks attached to the Homicide Bureau and I was a cub reporter detailed to night court. When the commissioner organized the aërial patrol, it came out that Gage had run away from college to fly with the Royal Air Force. They made him chief instructor and gave him a gold shield.

Grant waved to me. "Hi, Scoops! You haven't seen eleven missing fares walking around, have you?"

I grinned back. "No—but Jimmie Caldwell figures he's got their ghosts or astral selves along in the Lockheed."

Gage agreed. "Caldwell sure didn't look as if he was going on a picnic."

Henderson frowned and pushed the button marked RADIO on the intercommunicating phone.

"Caldwell's an ass with this Flight 13 business. Get me a report on Flight 13." The report came through a moment later, and he shrugged his shoulders. "Ceiling's down to eight hundred. Visibility two miles."

"Find out what the passenger's doing," Gage suggested.

The three of us waited in silence until the traffic manager spread his palms. "He's writing a letter."

Grant snickered and I asked him for the low-down on what had happened.

"I haven't the remotest idea," confessed the sergeant. "It seems that—"

Henderson interrupted. "We don't want any adverse publicity on this, Scoops. There's really no story to it. Just that twelve fares were booked for Flight 13. Only two of them showed up at the bus depot. When the bus arrived here, there was only one passenger"—the manager looked at a slip of paper—"chap by the name of C. A. Immelkoff. He said that the other passenger, a Mr. Walden, suddenly lost his nerve about flying, and got off the bus with his baggage when they were stopped by traffic on the other side of the Holland Tunnel. It's a pretty rotten night, and the driver was watching traffic. So he didn't notice when the passenger got off. There are two doors in the bus—one up front and one quite a ways back. Ordinarily they're opened and closed simultaneously by the driver, but there's an emergency catch on them permitting them to be opened separately. That's all there is to it, Scoops. Of course it's kind of funny about the other ten not showing up. But there's no story to it—"

The door opened, admitting a cold clammy breath of mist—and a man, pale and shaking. I knew instinctively he was the bus driver. His mouth moved wordlessly as he beckoned to the sergeant. We followed him out into the night over to a hangar where his bus was parked. The driver stepped on the running board, swallowed hard, and found his voice.

"I—I—I was just cleaning up. I seen somethin'. Come on in."

The bus was a large one—a miniature Pullman. The driver led an unsteady way toward a luggage locker in the rear and pointed to the floor. I could see a glistening blot of black. Gage focused a flash light, and the spot turned red!

"Blood," said the sergeant in a matter-of-fact tone. "Let's open up this locker."

As the door swung open, a suitcase toppled forward. It had been resting precariously on the crumpled form of a man. Blood was still oozing from a spreading spot on the left side of his chest.

"Mr. Walden, I take it," observed the ex-sleuth of the Homicide Bureau, feeling for the man's wrist. "One hundred per cent dead." He turned to the bus driver. "Lock up the bus, stay here, and keep your mouth shut." To Henderson and myself: "Let's hot-foot it to the radio station."

"Good God, Gage," the traffic manager gasped as we raced along the concrete, "when could he have done it?"

ZEH BOUCK *knows flying, as he has spent over a thousand hours in the air. Was one of the crew of the first plane to fly to Bermuda in 1930. Went on the first flight in a land plane around South America, but cracked up on one of the Bahama islands. Now lives at Middleburg, N. Y.*

"He shot him as they went through the Holland Tunnel. Plenty of noise and nasty driving, so the driver couldn't possibly hear or see. Time enough to stow the body, too."

The radio operator plugged in a loud-speaker, and the moment a routine report was cleared from Albany, Sergeant Gage took the microphone.

"Hello, Caldwell. Hello, Caldwell. Hello, plane two eight six. Newark calling."

Jimmie flashed back. "Hello, yourself. Ceiling low, visibility lousy. Hoping you're the same."

"Cut the comedy. What's your passenger doing?"

"He turned the light out ten minutes ago. He's probably— What the—" Jimmie tailed off in a string of profanity. Then: "I think he's bailed out—wait'll I get my flash. Oh boy, oh boy! If you ever catch me on Flight 13—Yep—he's jumped. I felt the plane yaw as he opened the door. Now what?" Jimmie clicked off the air.

"Maybe he's in the lavatory," Gage suggested.

"Maybe he is. But that wouldn't yaw the plane. Anyhow, you'll have to come up here and find out. I'm not leaving the controls on this bus at eight hundred feet!"

"O. K., Caldwell. Return to Newark—and give her the gun. All stations, attention please. Strict secrecy must be observed concerning the conversation you just heard between Newark and plane two eight six! Clear."

Henderson gave orders to continue Flight 13 from Camden. A traffic report started from Boston, and the operator pulled the speaker plug. We followed the traffic manager into his office.

Henderson broke the moment of silence: "How do you figure it out, Gage?"

"I'm not quite sure. Immelkoff—C. A. Immelkoff. It seems to me I've heard that name somewhere. Where was he booked for? Camden?"

The traffic manager nodded.

"How about the rest that didn't show up?"

"Walden had a through ticket, meeting the Miami plane at Atlanta. The other ten, peculiarly enough, were all for Camden."

Gage nodded. "Sure—the shortest and cheapest hop. Immelkoff bought them, hoping to get the plane to himself."

"I can find out in the morning," said Henderson.

GAGE shook his head. "Which won't get you anywhere. He probably bought them through different ticket agencies and hotel porters. Walden apparently had already bought a ticket, and the only way of getting rid of him was by the process of elimination already observed. Tell me, Henderson, if you're sold out on a flight, don't you put on extra planes?"

"On our day schedules, yes. But not on our night passenger flights. They're still more or less experimental and we haven't the equipment."

"How about your planes? You never fly Stinsons or Fairchilds, do you? Or any other plane where the pilot's in the passenger cabin?"

"No. Just Fords and Lockheeds—with the pilot up forward in the office."

"Then a person who knew a little bit about flying perhaps, or who made inquiries, might know that if he bought all the tickets for Flight 13 he'd have the cabin to himself—probably a smaller plane, seeing that no one else would show up—without a co-pilot or a hostess."

Henderson nodded. "We never run hostesses on the night flights anyway."

Sergeant Gage lit a pipe and puffed meditatively. "I'm still trying to place this guy Immelkoff. Somehow, I think he had something to do with flying. But even so, the logical theory is full of holes."

It all seemed plain enough to me, and I said so. "Immelkoff wants to commit suicide, and wants the plane to himself. He buys all the tickets he can, and bumps off Walden so that he can't keep him from jumping."

Gage shook his head slowly. "If he wants to commit suicide, why not shoot himself, without murdering an innocent stranger? And why tonight? He must have bought those tickets a couple of weeks in advance with this purpose in mind. Why couldn't he have waited another couple of days, until he could get the plane all to himself without the necessity of murder? Why—"

THE phone buzzed on Henderson's desk. The radio operator announced that Jimmie was over Elizabeth and coming in. Out on the apron the drizzle was still falling, the concrete glistening black in the floods. The red obstruction lights burned dimly with pale halos around them. To the west, two brighter flashes came to life as Jimmie blinked his landing lights. His motor alternately roared and idled as the plane turned into what little wind there was, leveled off, and settled to the runway.

As the plane taxied up to the apron I could see Jimmie in the office, pale, a cigarette drooping from his lips. He swung the plane so that the lights flooded in through the windows. Gage sprang to the step and threw open the door. The cabin was empty, except for a suitcase with a sheet of paper tucked under a strap. The sergeant lifted out the suitcase, glanced at the paper, then opened the door to the lavatory. The compartment was vacant.

Jimmie switched off the motor and climbed down into the cabin. As he saw me, he grimaced triumphantly. "I told you he jumped. What a nice sweet flight—number thirteen! Some one gimme a drink."

The press-room locker is the nearest thing to a bar on a well regulated flying field, so we repaired to my desk as soon as Gage had given his O. K. for the mail transfer to another plane. Caldwell poured himself a stiff hooker and downed it over Henderson's protest. "Phooey on you," said Jimmie sweetly, "and phooey on the regulations. And I'll take another for a chaser. Two is my lucky number, and make believe I'm not sold on numbers!" He shuddered and wiped his mouth.

Henderson grunted, "Supposing you tell us what happened."

Jimmie shrugged his shoulders. "You know as well as I do. I took off and was just about past Elizabeth when Newark calls and asks what my passenger was doing. I opened the door and looked in and saw him writing a letter. About ten minutes later he comes up and opens the door to the office and wants to know if it'd be O. K. for him to turn out the light. I told him sure. A lot of people like to do that. They can watch the lights below better, and sometimes they want to sleep. I was just this side of Trenton when Newark calls again, and Gage, here, wants me to check up on the passenger once more. Just then I felt the plane yaw. I thought for a second that the fin had busted loose. I gave her rudder, and a moment later she yawed back and was O. K. Then I knew my passenger had forced open the door. When I shot my flash back into the cabin and couldn't see him, I was darn' sure he'd bailed out. Then Gage tells me to come on back, and here I am."

"Where's that letter he was writing?" demanded Henderson.

Gage handed the traffic manager the folded paper he had found under the suitcase strap. Caldwell and I crowded behind

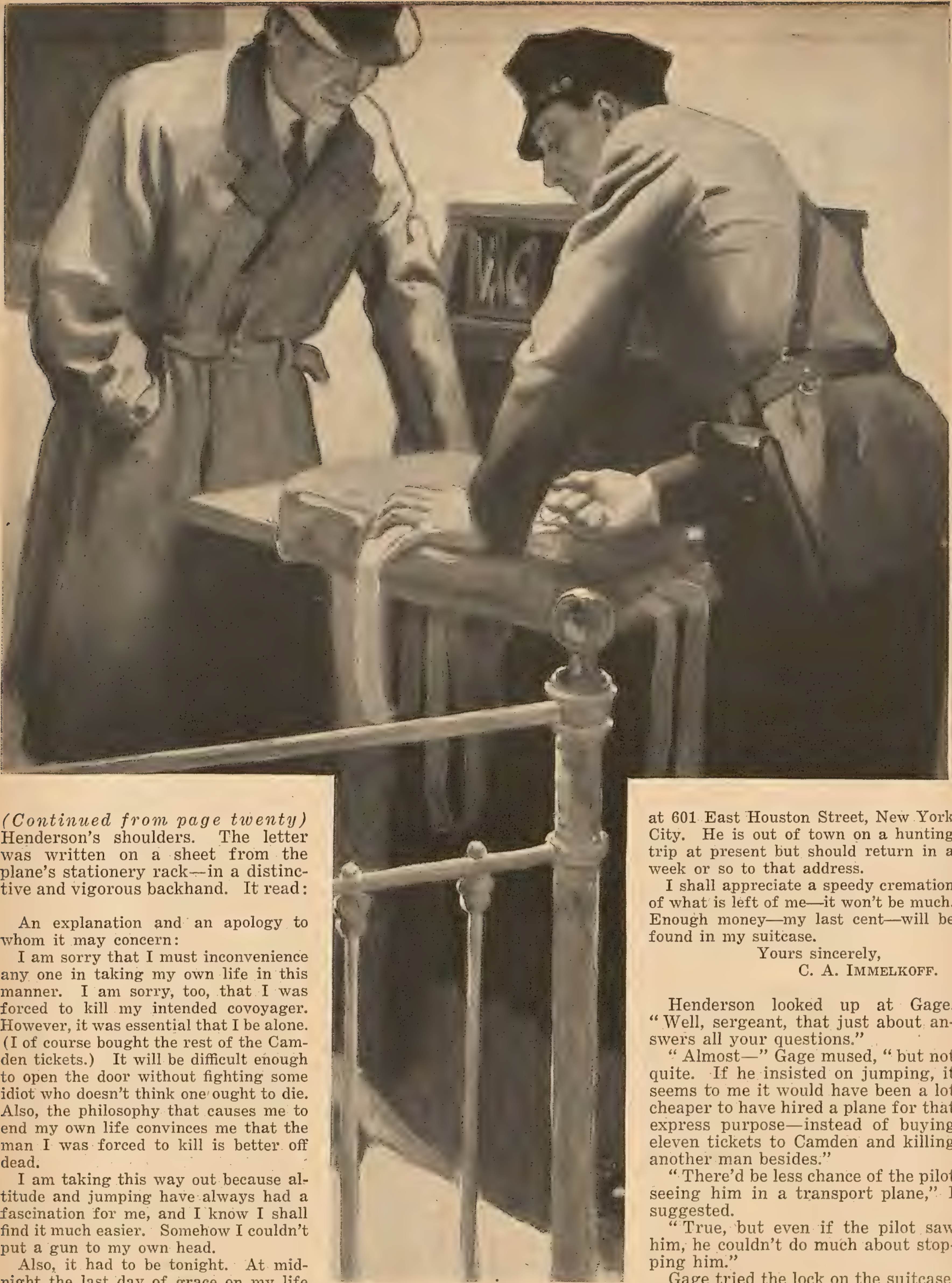
(Continued on page twenty-two)

FALL *IS HERE!*

THE weather may say no, but the calendar says yes. Fall is officially here. That means housecleaning and a host of necessary new things.

So we suggest you take stock today. Does the house need painting, shingles, storm windows? What about the furnace? It's not too late to put it in first-class order even if you have already started the fire. Look well at the dining-room rug, the living-room furniture, the paper on the walls. Are they full worthy of you—especially when visitors call? And the car? Soon it will need anti-freeze and a general tuning up after a Summer of hard use. The lawn may need seeding (Fall is the ideal time) and the flower beds their winter covering. And you yourself need clothes.

All these things are easy to choose and easy to buy by personal visit or by telephone. Just read the advertisements in this publication. They are safe guides to goods and services. Study them carefully, and you will be well repaid in quality and price.



Sergeant Gage laid the chute on the desk and tentatively tried the release ring. The release had been tampered with—somewhere in the cable! Sandow himself could never have pulled that rip cord!

(Continued from page twenty)
Henderson's shoulders. The letter was written on a sheet from the plane's stationery rack—in a distinctive and vigorous backhand. It read:

An explanation and an apology to whom it may concern:

I am sorry that I must inconvenience any one in taking my own life in this manner. I am sorry, too, that I was forced to kill my intended covoyager. However, it was essential that I be alone. (I of course bought the rest of the Camden tickets.) It will be difficult enough to open the door without fighting some idiot who doesn't think one ought to die. Also, the philosophy that causes me to end my own life convinces me that the man I was forced to kill is better off dead.

I am taking this way out because altitude and jumping have always had a fascination for me, and I know I shall find it much easier. Somehow I couldn't put a gun to my own head.

Also, it had to be tonight. At midnight the last day of grace on my life insurance expires. I cannot pay the premium. Dead I am worth considerable money—or rather my brother and beneficiary, Ivan N. Immelkoff, is.

My brother has been living with me for the past few weeks in my apartment at 601 East Houston Street, New York City. He is out of town on a hunting trip at present but should return in a week or so to that address.

I shall appreciate a speedy cremation of what is left of me—it won't be much. Enough money—my last cent—will be found in my suitcase.

Yours sincerely,
C. A. IMMELKOFF.

Henderson looked up at Gage. "Well, sergeant, that just about answers all your questions."

"Almost—" Gage mused, "but not quite. If he insisted on jumping, it seems to me it would have been a lot cheaper to have hired a plane for that express purpose—instead of buying eleven tickets to Camden and killing another man besides."

"There'd be less chance of the pilot seeing him in a transport plane," I suggested.

"True, but even if the pilot saw him, he couldn't do much about stopping him."

Gage tried the lock on the suitcase. It snapped open at the first touch, and the lifted lid disclosed the interior half filled with a suit of clothes, military brushes initialed "C. A. I.," a wallet containing about a hundred dollars, and a revolver.

Gage sniffed the barrel and opened the cylinder. One shell was empty. "Which," said Gage, "accounts for Mr. Walden." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I guess we might as well call it a day. We'll fly down in the morning, Jimmie, and see if we can locate the body. You saw Immelkoff, Scoops, so you'd better breeze along with us."

However, the next A. M. we motored to the scene of the tragedy instead of flying. The body had already been discovered by the state police and tentatively identified by a letter addressed to C. A. Immelkoff. Chance contributed to the speed with which the police worked. Naturally enough they directed their preliminary search to cleared ground—of which there was next to none in the limited territory indicated by Jimmie's log—and the body was found in a deserted gravel quarry just off the main highway. The quarry had been used during the construction of the road, but could not be seen from the highway itself, the only approach being through an overgrown dirt road.

The medical examiner was on the scene when we arrived, and he placed the time of death anywhere from twelve to eighteen hours back—which checked O. K. with the schedule of Flight 13.

I COULDN'T help thinking of Immelkoff's own prophecy that there wouldn't be much left for cremation. He had landed on a pile of crushed rock headfirst—but there was no doubt about identification. I recognized the wide-striped blue suit, and, in addition to the letter, a signet ring and a watch were monogrammed with the dead man's initials.

Gage emptied the pockets, wrote out a removal order to the morgue, and we left—all of us, I think, a little squeamish above the belt. The sergeant was driving. Jimmie sat in the back seat scribbling something on a sheet of paper. He bit his pencil, gave a triumphant snort, and passed the paper over to me.

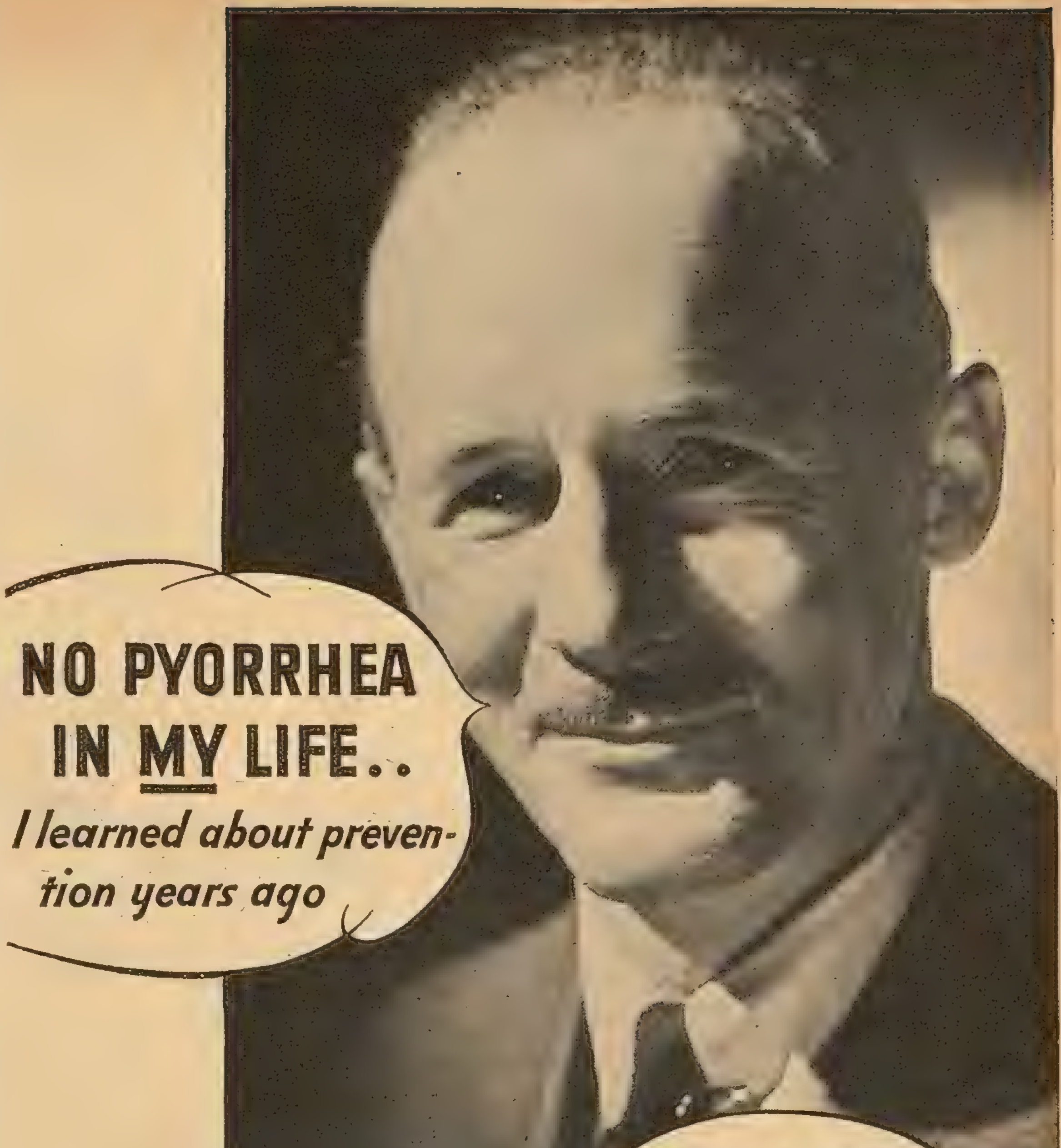
"So you don't believe in numbers, eh, Scoops?" Jimmie gloated. "Cast your eye on that. Take one for A, two for B, and so on. Then add up the numbers of Immelkoff's initials—C. A. I. you'll find it comes out exactly thirteen—no more, no less! I told you there was something fishy about this from the very start."

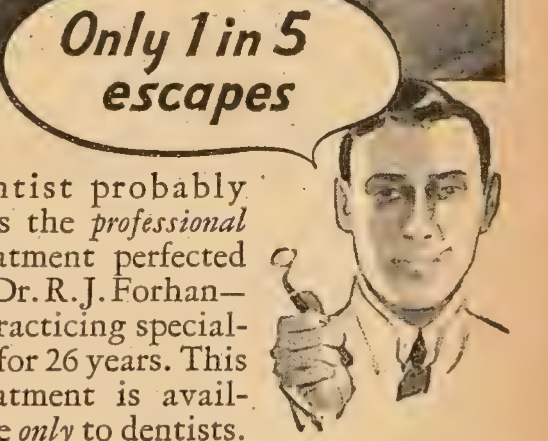
I waved the paper back to Jimmie. Gage raised his eyebrows, and jolted me considerably by observing:

"I think Jimmie's right, Scoops. There is something fishy about this."

I protested that much to my regret it was the most obvious out-and-out suicide a reporter aching for the mysterious had ever covered.

Gage reached in his pocket and handed me the letter found on Immelkoff's body. He said nothing but watched out the corner of his eye. The letter was postmarked at Sandusky, Ohio, about two months back, and addressed to C. A. Immelkoff. It started "Dear Chip," announced that


NO PYORRHEA IN MY LIFE..
I learned about prevention years ago



IT takes *foresight* to prevent serious dental trouble, but what a great satisfaction there is in knowing that you *have* prevented it! There is nothing like dental health to inspire bodily health. It gives you a sense of well-being all through your system.

But when we say "prevention," we mean *prevention*. We do not mean just cleanliness and a careful brushing of the teeth. Many of the teeth lost through pyorrhea are good, clean, sound teeth, as far as the eye can tell. Nobody but a professional dentist can detect a tendency toward pyorrhea. Give *your* dentist an opportunity to render this service—a real, *preventive* service.

What about your own case?

Have you ever discussed pyorrhea with your dentist? You will find that when this dreaded gum disease strikes, it strikes quickly. Previous to this, there has been of course a slow, insidious sapping over a long period of time. Sometimes pyorrhea takes five years to come to the surface, or even ten.

All these things, and more, your dentist will tell you. He will point out that four out of five Americans, beyond the age of 40, have pyorrhea, and yet the younger people go on hoping they will be the exceptions, the lucky 20%!

In the prevention of pyorrhea, your dentist probably uses the *professional* treatment perfected by Dr. R. J. Forhan—a practicing specialist for 26 years. This treatment is available *only* to dentists.

Double-duty toothpaste

The same dentists who use Dr. Forhan's treatment in their offices are recommending his *formula for home treatment*, embodied in Forhan's Toothpaste. It is a wonderful cleanser for making teeth white and beautiful, and it possesses a distinct plus value for the care of the gums. Young people especially should begin the use of Forhan's early in life. *Don't wait* for bleeding gums or other warnings. Use Forhan's twice a day. Use it faithfully. It is the double-duty toothpaste. The tube is big and lasts a long time. At all drug stores; start today. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

the writer would arrive in New York within the next few weeks, and was signed "Your brother, Ivan."

I glanced inquiringly at Gage. "Take a good look at the writing," he suggested.

Then it dawned on me—that I might make a fairly good reporter but a rotten detective. The letter was scrawled in the same powerful backhand as the suicide note written in the S. A. T. plane! There was no mistaking it.

The sergeant noticed that I had seen the light. "The question now is who committed suicide—Chip or Ivan? It appears that it was Ivan, because it was certainly Ivan who wrote the note in the plane. But why should he plant a letter he wrote on his person for purposes of identification, when it was almost certain that the identity of the two specimens of handwriting would be spotted? And if it was Ivan, why should he try to make folks think it was his brother? Jimmie, here, can probably figure out thirteen baffling whys that have this case all balled up."

Matters became still more complicated when Gage interviewed the janitress of Immelkoff's apartment. We had dropped Jimmie off at the airport, and I tailed along with Gage, first to headquarters for the necessary authority, and then to 601 East Houston Street—a dingy malodorous walk-up. The janitress said she cleaned for Chip Immelkoff twice a week, and so was pretty sure that Ivan had arrived about a month back, which checked with the letter found on the body. She hadn't seen Ivan since the day before, when he had left in the morning accompanied by his brother. Chip must have returned sometime later, because she saw him leave that evening with a suitcase—apparently for the airport. She described Ivan as a short wiry individual, which tallied well enough with the man I had seen enter the Lockheed. Then she added another straw to the already creaking burden of theories. Ivan wore a mustache; Chip was clean-shaven, as was Jimmie's passenger on Flight 13!

Gage lifted his shoulders hopelessly. We climbed upstairs and entered a small two-room apartment with the janitress's pass-key.

Gage first directed his attention to a battered walnut desk which, judging from the myriad of glass rings, had done double duty. The unlocked drawers presented a wild disorder of pipe cleaners, sealing wax, scrap paper, odds and ends. After a minute's excavation, Gage unearthed his first quest, the insurance policy. It was a straight life agreement, naming Ivan as sole beneficiary for one hundred thousand dollars. The policy had been in force for two years and was incontestable after the first twelve months, at which time the suicide clause was automatically terminated, along with the restrictions on travel, residence, occupation, military and naval service. The signature of C. A. Immelkoff appeared on the attached photostat of the application. It was a neat oblique hand, totally different from the vigorous chirography of Ivan!

"From bad to worse," was Gage's comment. "But if it keeps on getting more complicated, the case'll solve itself! All we have to do is dope one explanation that will reconcile all impossibilities. That's all."

A batch of canceled checks next came to light. These were signed by C. A. Immelkoff in the small fine hand that appeared on the policy. Then a miscellany of scribbled notes in the blunt backhand.

"Ah," murmured Gage, "brother Ivan again!" He thumbed through a date pad on the desk. "And brother Ivan has been here before." The date pad started with the first of the year—ten months back—and the sheets had merely been folded over from time to time, instead of being detached. There were notes as far back as April and May in Ivan Immelkoff's writing.

"Ink's darkened, too," the detective observed. "Probably written on the indicated dates. Funny the janitress didn't mention Ivan's previous visits."

Gage shoveled the débris back into the desk and started around the room.

It was very meagerly furnished; the walls were bare with the exception of one or two cheap prints and a framed newspaper clipping from the Sandusky Times Union. The clipping, yellow and faded, was a picture of two acrobats. I recognized one as the passenger on Flight 13. The other, from the mustache, I took to be his brother. A caption underneath identified the men in tights as "The Flying Immels."

"Interesting," Gage commented. He turned from the picture and opened a closet door, scattering several pairs of shoes, two suits, a dressing robe, and a dirty shirt. "The usual junk—except—" Gage fished out a khaki bundle and dangled it from heavy web straps. "A parachute! Chip Immelkoff. Now the name comes back to me. I knew he had something to do with flying outside of a trapeze. I remember seeing him in an exhibition jump at Roosevelt Field."

The chute, as could be guessed from the size of the pack, was a twenty-four-foot umbrella, the type carried for emergency in anticipation of trouble with the regular twenty-eight-foot exhibition chute. Sergeant Gage laid the chute on the desk and tentatively tried the release ring. He frowned and pulled harder. I ducked, expecting to see the chute fly open—but nothing happened. Gage unsnapped the flap and inspected the release. It appeared to be O. K., but pulling even vigorously on the ring did not take up the slack in the six-pound cord that held the pin in place.

The release had been tampered with—somewhere in the cable! Gage followed the cable with his fingers, down from the ring. Feeling underneath a riser, he raised his brows.

As he pushed back the webbing, I could see a drop of solder on the cable. The sheathing had been opened at this point and the cable soldered to the metal covering. Sandow himself could never have pulled that rip cord!

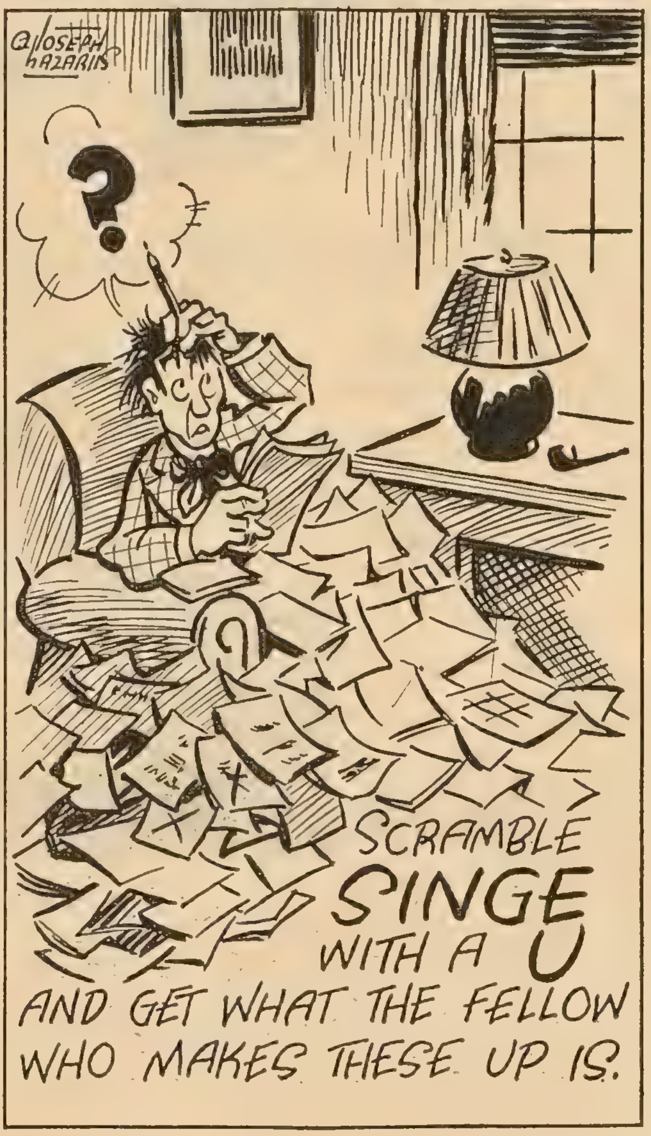
Gage whistled. "There's such nice people in this best of all possible worlds! Somebody apparently doesn't exactly love Chip Immelkoff. I think we'll take this with us and call it a day."

We saw the janitress again on the way out, and Gage asked her why she hadn't mentioned Ivan Immelkoff's former visits. The woman was either genuinely surprised or a good actress.

She swore that Ivan had never stayed with his brother on any other occasion. She was certain of it because she had been cleaning those rooms for well on two years.

As we drove off in Gage's car, he wagged his head solemnly. "She's either lying or we're all crazy. Ivan was here and he wasn't here. Chip commits suicide

Scrambled Words


©JOSEPH LAZARUS
SCRAMBLE
SINGE
WITH A U
AND GET WHAT THE FELLOW WHO MAKES THESE UP IS.

The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

The answer will be found on page 26

but his brother writes the note for him in the plane. I'm beginning to have a little respect for Jimmie Caldwell and Flight 13! I suppose we'll have to wait for Ivan to come back from wherever he is, if he is anywhere.

"About the only thing we can do in the meantime is to get a routine report from Sandusky—or let Jimmie juggle some more numbers for us!"

When Gage showed up in the press room the following afternoon his brow was puckered. He sat on my desk, legs swinging, and lit a cigarette.

"Scoops, you may get a story out of this yet. Got a report from Sandusky this morning. Ivan once applied to the police for protection against his brother, who, so he said, threatened to kill him. They organized a trapeze act known as the Flying Immels and went out on the road with it, and after a few years built up quite an act and made a lot of money. Then they got into a fracas over some woman, split, and the fun began. Chip wasn't satisfied with his end of the split and went to court about it. Ivan won, and then Chip got nasty. But nothing ever came of it, so far as the police know. Apparently neither of them kept their money very long, because Chip couldn't keep up his insurance and Ivan joined a circus last year. And what's more, that circus was on an Oriental and European tour from the first of this year until about two and a half months ago!"

I gave up. "So the janitress was right in saying Ivan hadn't been to the apartment before this visit!"

GAGE nodded. "Remember what I said about the case solving itself if it got too impossible? Well, that was the last straw. I got in touch with the insurance company. The last day of grace expired, as Chip wrote, at midnight. So the insurance is good. But what I wanted to find out was if the policy had ever been lost.

"It had been! A duplicate policy had been made up. That meant that Ivan had to sign away all rights on the first policy if it should ever be found—"

I began to get the idea, and broke in: "Which also means that Ivan knew there was such a policy."

"Right. And Ivan, knowing the insurance existed, and having no special love for his brother, might very well be capable of gumming up the rip cord on his brother's parachute. It might well be a gesture of self-defense. Don't forget Chip once threatened Ivan's life and perhaps Ivan suspected something sinister in the insurance business.

"For why should Chip make Ivan his beneficiary when he loved him like a rat loves poison?"

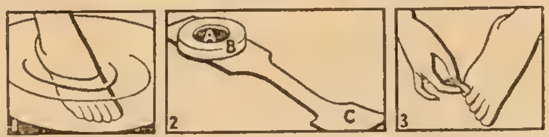
I got the drift. "Maybe Chip figured on stepping into Ivan's shoes sometime—and at the same time stepping out of his own."

"That's how I figure it," Grant

"WE GUARD OUR FEET as a concert pianist guards his hands"

American audiences had the privilege recently of seeing this charming and brilliant dancer, Lycette Darsonval, as Première Danseuse of the Lifar Russian Ballets. She comes from Paris, where she is Première Danseuse of the French Opera. In 1933, at Warsaw, Poland, she won the "Prize of Honor" at the International European Dance Contest, as the best woman classic dancer of the world.

Blue-Jay Scientific Method



1. Soak your foot for 10 minutes in hot water and wipe it dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay Corn Remover, centering the pad directly over corn. The pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.
3. After 3 days, remove the plaster, soak the foot and lift out the corn. It's so safe and gentle!

How Blue-Jay Works

a is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.
c is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

© The Kendall Company

● To a famous dancer, care of the feet is a matter of great importance. Such a person cannot tolerate for a minute the foot troubles that so many of us ordinary mortals put up with from day to day.

We put up with these troubles often from sheer inertia—at other times from ignorance of how to avoid them.

How? With Blue-Jay, the scientific corn remover. Of course, not *all* foot troubles can be removed with Blue-Jay. But the majority are simply "corn troubles." And corn troubles are ended in a jiffy with this safe, mild corn remover that has given millions of corn sufferers quick relief for 35 years. Apply Blue-Jay and the corn pain ends instantly.

Blue-Jay is the invention of a famous chemist. Made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. *25c at all druggists*—special sizes for bunions and calluses.

• • •

New Blue-Jay Radio Program! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tuesday and Friday afternoons NBC.

Free Booklet—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.
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Street..
City..

DOWN
GOES THE PRICE OF
SHAVING COMFORT

NOW
PROBAK
JUNIOR
25 blades
for 59¢

SHAVING comfort hit an all-time low in price with the announcement of Probak Junior—the remarkable new double-edge razor blade. Think of it! You get 25 keen, smooth-shaving blades, uniform in quality, for only 59¢. You'll wonder how such fine blades can be sold for so little money.

Probak Junior is the product of unequalled manufacturing methods and matchless skill. This blade is automatically tempered, ground, honed and stropped—gives you wonderful shaving satisfaction. Try Probak Junior and see for yourself. Get them today from your dealer.

Probak Junior fits all Gillette and Probak razors

TOONERVILLE DISCOVERS THAT...
DRYBAK
ADHESIVE PLASTER
Johnson & Johnson
F. Fox
IS ACTUALLY WATERPROOF

agreed. "They could pass for twins. A mustache was all Chip needed. Supposing—just supposing—he got Ivan away somewhere—maybe doped him and bashed him over the head, and shaved his mustache—in a stone quarry not far from Trenton, sticks a letter the dead man wrote on the body—a touch of irony—for identification, as Chip, not Ivan. The clothes? Well, the simplest way would be for Chip to change his own to something close to what Ivan was wearing.

"There was room in the suitcase Chip left in the plane for a parachute. And if I wanted to fake a suicide, I'd take a transport plane, such as we fly here, for there'd be less chance of the pilot seeing the chute, and I could be pretty certain that the plane would fly right over the spot where I'd planted the body to be identified as myself. And I'd kill another man if his presence threatened to upset my plans at the last minute.

"Then I'd disappear long enough to grow a mustache."

"It all begins to fit now, Grant," I admitted. "Except—"

"—for the handwriting—yes. But I think I can explain that too. Only I want to be certain about one thing first—and I'm almost certain now. Let's go for a little buggy ride."

Jimmie sat up forward alongside of the sergeant, who was piloting, with me directly behind. As the smoke of Trenton hazed the horizon, Gage throttled the motor and lost altitude.

We swooped low, hedge-hopping over the tree tops in a wide circle, cutting the radius slightly each turn. After ten minutes' flying I could spot the quarry, where the body had been found, as the center of our circle. Closing in on the only bit of cleared ground within miles, Gage held the plane in an almost vertical bank.

Then Jimmie's eagle eyes saw it—a blaze of broken branches down the side of a tree. Gage straightened out, took a bearing on the mark from the quarry, and headed for Trenton. We were back at the quarry with a police car in less than an hour. In another fifteen minutes the quest ended less than seventy-five feet from the edge of the rock pit.

It was a face contorted into a mask of terror. Still, I could identify it as Chip Immelkoff, the passenger on Flight 13. His fall had been broken by the trees, and the right hand still clutched the release ring of a parachute, the strain of rigor mortis tightening the talon-like grip into the similitude of his last frantic effort! The chute was packed. Gage bent down, pulled back the webbing just over the cable sheathing, and picked off a piece of excess solder.

Jimmie swallowed hard and backed away. "Lord," Jimmie whispered, "what an awful ten seconds he must have had! The irony of the thing—landing almost on top of his brother!"

"That's not half the irony," said Gage. "This gentle fellow had been planning this for years—planning to step into Ivan's shoes—practicing Ivan's handwriting until it came more naturally than his own. And so, when he writes his suicide note up in your plane, the stress of the moment opens the door for old man Habit, and he writes in the handwriting of a dead man—a dead man who was going to reach out from the other side and avenge himself in just about ten minutes!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What three ex-Presidents of the United States died on July 4?
2—When, where, and by whom was the Society of Friends (the Quakers) organized?
3—What is the proper way to dispose of an American flag when it becomes too ragged for use?
4—What causes a rainbow?
5—What is a railway beetle?
6—How did a tiara get its name?
7—A perron is what?
8—How did the term "doubting Thomas" originate?
9—*Felo de se* means what?
10—What is an Olympiad?
11—From what is mace obtained?
12—"Publicola" was the nom de plume of what great American?
13—What is the origin of the name Istambol?
14—What is the hardest wood known?
15—What name is shared in common by a fabled nymph who lived in a tree, a large venomous cobralike snake of the East Indies, and a baboon found in Arabia and Abyssinia?
16—What is the difference between an administrator and an executor?
17—What English Protestant clergyman ultimately became a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church?
18—Does the Constitution of the United States set the minimum legal voting age at twenty-one?
19—A child born in the United States whose parents are both unnaturalized aliens of different nationalities takes what nationality?
20—By what accident did Charles Goodyear discover how to vulcanize rubber?

(Answers will be found on page 29)

Answer to Scrambled Word on Page 24

Correct transposition with the added letter gives the word:

GENIUS

ANTIC, ROMANTIC, BOMBASTIC

Francis Lederer Scores in a Comedy Close to Perfection; Dick Powell Sings, and Edmund Lowe Talks His Way to Fame and a Girl

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ½ THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

THE PLAYERS: Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Walter Kingsford, Minor Watson, Adrian Morris, Barbara Barondess. Directed by Alexander Hall. From the play by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS is just about the slyest, most adult, and thoroughly enjoyable comedy we have seen this year.

The story is laid mostly in Connecticut during Revolutionary times (1776, not now), but don't let that frighten you. There is no flag-waving, no one gets heroic, and the players behave as naturally as if they were wearing ordinary business suits instead of costumes.

Francis Lederer shows to much better effect in this picture than he did in the highly ballyhooed Man of Two Worlds. He is in fact well-nigh perfect—why quibble? he *is* perfect—as the young Hessian who comes to America to fight for the English and winds up by pursuing happiness.

The pursuit of happiness, to the Hessian, boils right down to the pursuit of Joan Bennett, who plays the rôle with a simple straightforward charm. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland lend gleeful assistance as her dithering parents, and the rest of the cast—especially Adrian Morris and Walter Kingsford—are up to the standard of this surprisingly excellent film.

Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in the comedy, The Pursuit of Happiness.

The picture opens with Lederer's enforced enlistment in the Hessian army. Coming to America and finding himself in sympathy with the Revolutionists, he deserts the army to join them. Both mystified and charmed by the antics of the colonists, he discovers them to be much more interested in bundling than in the fight for freedom. Bundling is the Puritan form of necking.

For all its frivolous approach to a history-making era, The Pursuit of Happiness seems to be as accurate a reproduction of that time as the cinema is likely ever to give us. The players and dialogue sparkle, the photography is superb, the direction sure, and if you go to the movies but once a month you'd better not miss this one. It's close to perfection.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bundling was brought to colonies from Scotland, where it was known as "handfasting," and from Holland, where it was called *queesting;* at first it was practiced as a necessity—a simple domestic makeshift arising from shortage of beds, heat, and taverns in a new country. The practice was condemned in church and heaped with promises of brimstone and fire, but was condoned outside church and heaped with promises of spinsterhood for nonpracticing girls. Bundling became at one time topic equal to our prohibition and also was helped along in practice by severe fines for all young gents caught flirting. . . . Francis Pretty-Curls Lederer is the dream of every Brooklyn deb and flutterer of all hearts in the Hoboken area. Was born in a tenement in Prague. Worked in dry-goods stores and a bank. Got stage start after winning drama scholarship and biggest boost as Max Reinhardt favorite. Débuted in America in Autumn Crocus and arrived in Hollywood atop cross-country triumphal tour. This is his second picture in Hollywood, being dreadfully difficult to outfit with rôles, what with his fervent artistic preachments, ideals, and what nots. He would like to play Hamlet forever, alternating occasionally with some light rôle like Prometheus or Faust. Is very outspoken in his criticism of other actors' egotism; lives unmarried at the Hollywood Athletic Club; doesn't approve of bulging muscles on himself for fear of reaching such physical development that it would hinder his portrayal of sensitive rôles. Learned English in two months before leaving Berlin for London stage. . . . Wax-blonde Joan Bennett is of the Usual Bennetts, was

Josephine Hutchinson and Dick Powell in the rich-girl, poor-boy romantic picture, Happiness Ahead.

Gloria Stuart and Edmund Lowe in The Gift of Gab, which is featured by some good radio sequences.

I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF THAT SKIN OF YOURS
How soon can I have a date?

Nancy gets compliments __dates galore

She removes cosmetics Hollywood's way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

"BELIEVE ME, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting *Cosmetic Skin*. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"Naturally, I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with *stale* make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who *think* they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them . . . enlarge them, cause dullness, little blemishes, even blackheads. Warning signals of Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this the Hollywood way with Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*—every hidden trace!

At night, and before you put on fresh make-up during the day, wash with this gentle, white soap. This protects your skin, keeps it truly lovely!

LUX TOILET SOAP
Of course I use rouge and powder but I use **Lux Toilet Soap** so faithfully I'll never have Cosmetic Skin

MARGARET SULLAVAN
UNIVERSAL STAR

NRA CODE

married to Jack Fox, son of some gold mines, by whom a child. Now side-kicked to Gene Markey, artist-writer who loves her excellent-dearly. Gets about 2,500 per week. Markey travels thirty miles a day when Joan works, just to lunch with her. . . . Mary Boland knitted and did a cross word puzzle at the same inst. on Happiness set. She's a Detroit gal and was John Drew's favorite leading lady for years. . . . Charlie Ruggles hated the smell of drugs so much he gave up the wholesale ipecac business for the stage to become the great exponent of repressed characters, the whom he treats whimsically. . . . Barbara Barondess lived through the Russian Revolution. Niece of Gregory Barondess, Russian lumber king, she was born in New York during visit there by parents. Was wounded with father in 1917 revolt—she was eight. Later family escaped, penniless, to Poland, only to be arrested and thrown into jail for six months. When released they emigrated to America, where Barbara grew up to become a reporter, saleslady, etc. Was born on the 4th of July.

★ ★ ★ HAPPINESS AHEAD

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Josephine Hutchinson, John Halliday, Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Ruth Donnelly, Dorothy Dare, Marjorie Gateson, Gavin Gordon, and others. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Story by Harry Sauber.

THE cherubic Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson are the latest pair to give us a rich-girl poor-boy romance. This one, Happiness Ahead, while it introduces no novel plot development on the theme, still contrives to be an amiable and pleasant little piece. Mervyn Le Roy, the bright boy of the directors, has given it many splendid touches, and Dick Powell performs and sings with all his exuberant freshness.

Josephine Hutchinson is seen as an idle daughter of the rich, who, bored with formality, runs out on her stiff New Year's party. She meets Dick Powell in a honky-tonk café and their pick-up friendship gallops right along to love. Afraid her wealth will scare him off, she takes an assumed name and a cheap apartment and the entanglements follow rapidly. Powell suspicions her of two-timing him and of gold-digging other men to help him out in his window-washing business.

But these, along with all the other minor snags in their romance, are neatly ironed out, and Miss Hutchinson's father, suavely played by John Halliday, sanctions their love and sets up his son-in-law in business.

While Happiness Ahead never attains the giddy heights of The Richest Girl in the World, it's still one of the better pictures of its type. Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins stand out in minor parts, and Powell and Miss Hutchinson are ingratiating and somewhat more than capable in the leads.

VITAL STATISTICS: Josephine Hutchinson, who now has the longest name in pictures—one letter longer than Richard Barthelmess—makes her début as an adult actress in this one. Protégée of Eva Le Civic Repertory Gallienne. The Hutchinson had some of the most elaborate screen tests ever made in Hollywood, the studio even going so far as to make special dresses for her. Hutch appeared on screen first time when a gal of eight in Mary Pickford's Little Princess—her last appearance till present one. Was born in Seattle in 1909. Most famous rôle with Eva was Alice in the Fourteenth Street, New York, Wonderland production. Has long red hair. Despite being Alice at heart, is divorced from Robert Bell. Her mother and mentor, Leona Roberts, actress, is still playing character parts with Le Gallienne. . . . Dorothy Dare is daughter to Frederick Christian Herskind, landscape painter and not related to John Herskind (get it?). Dot's twenty-one, French and Danish. Her great-uncle was Archbishop of Denmark. Carries an old collar button as an amulet. Found it backstage once. Her favorite actresses are Ruth Draper. . . . Director Mervyn Le Roy wore tropical helmet, shirt, and shorts to megaphone picture, having just returned from round-the-world honeymoon with Doris Warner, the boss's dotter. Still dubbed the boy director. Is thirty-four.

★ ★ ½ THE GIFT OF GAB

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Alexander Woollcott, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore, Hugh O'Connell, Helen Vinson, Gene Austin, Graham MacNamee. Directed by Karl Freund. Story by Jerry Wald and Philip Epstein.

IN The Gift of Gab, which is certainly colossal if not much else, Edmund Lowe is seen as a verbose auction-room spieler who talks his way to fame as the country's foremost radio announcer and in the process wins the lovely Gloria Stuart.

The story, which is something like a bad dream, is fortunately interrupted occasionally for some broadcast sequences, about the only bright spots in the film. For radio enthusiasts who'd like to get a look at their favorites, it offers Ethel Waters, who is heard, all too briefly, singing, "I ain't going to sin no more." Phil Baker and stooges do a highly comic black-out. Alexander Woollcott, the Town Crier, tells a story with all his customary verbal pirouettes. Gene Austin, accompanied by Candy and Coco, croons a couple. The Downey Sisters and Gus Arnheim render a musical interlude. And Bela Lugosi and Karloff give a burlesque skit on the bogy-man thrillers. Some of the items are not so sure-fire as others, but they're all a respite from the plot.

VITAL STATISTICS: Edmund Lowe is a San Jose, California, boy and graduate of Santa Clara College at eighteen. Was captain of college ball team, touring Orient to win twenty out of twenty-one games. At nineteen was made instructor at college, but left off to go on the stage. Was married to late Lilyan Tashman. Has played rôles which cross Adolphe Menjou with Captain Flagg. . . . Ruth Etting comes from David City, Nebraska. Has natural contralto voice; is married to business man; has sincere phlegmatic charm; made her biggest hit in the Ziegfeld Follies. . . . Really blonde Gloria Stuart, majorer in philosophy at the U. of Cal., recently unwedded Blair Newell, college romance-chum, and married Arthur Sheekman, clown writer for the mad Marxes and the cool Cantor. She was born on July 14, 1910. . . . Accordionistic Phil Baker is a Philadelphia sleepyhead who once office-boyed it for Uncle Carl Laemmle, until he entered vodvil with Ben Bernie and made a furor later with his stooge-in-a-box wise-cracking. Is married to Peggy Cartwright, British actress, has a daughter. . . . Alice White comes from Paterson, New Jersey; is an orphan; was once a stenographer; later an extra, a script girl, then a star. Lost all popularity, and is now being starred in comeback with twenty-nine others in this gabby opera. . . . Caspar-Milquetoasted Victor Moore has been around for years and has enjoyed two separate stardoms. Starting as a banner carrier for a minstrel show, he rose from the restaurant business with his father to a $2,000-a-week performer in a vodvil sketch called Change Your Act Or Go Back to the Woods. Fell off somewhat afterward, to rise again to comic prominence as Vice President Throttlebottom. Was born in Hammonton, New Jersey, in 1876. . . . Hugh O'Connell, a New York City orphan, was shipped West with a carload of other child orphans, adopted by a couple at Kaukauna, Wisconsin. Worked on a farm, became a telegraph operator, and finally won a dramatic scholarship to become an actor. Finally began clicking in Twin Beds-Getting Gertie's Garter era. Became nationally known with The Racket, Gentlemen of the Press, and Once in a Lifetime. . . . Graham MacNamee was once an opera singer and is probably the best known name on the radio. He still knows less about sports than any one else in the world. . . . Ethel Waters got fame by her hot singing of Negro blues. She is known internationally; has made a fortune; was the highest paid player on the stage last winter, appearing in As Thousands Cheer as well as on a $1,500 Sunday-night radio program. . . . Alexander Woollcott lives the selfish love life of a bachelor at a famous apartment over the East River of New York, dubbed Wit's End by Dorothy Parker. When not appearing on radio as the Town Crier, Mr. Woollcott makes his large living writing charming gossip for the smooth-paper mags. . . . Gene Austin has his voice on over 30,000,000 records.

★ ½ THE DUDE RANGER

THE PLAYERS: George O'Brien, Irene Hervey, Le Roy Mason, Sid Saylor, Henry Hall, James Mason. Directed by Eddie Cline. Story by Zane Grey.

WESTERN pictures are potentially the most fertile field for the cinema. But because they can be so cheaply made, and because even an inferior horse opera will gross enough in cheap theaters to show a profit, few studios bother to give them care in story, dialogue, or characterization.

The Dude Ranger, starring the muscle-laden George O'Brien, is a typical example. The story creaks from constant usage, and the characters are stock puppets moving through the standard business of rustling and unrustling cattle, saving the old homestead, and winning the 100-per-cent pure (and 100-per-cent dumb) gal o' the plains. But because the action moves and the scenic locale is grand, this, like all Westerns, is not as bad as it deserves to be.

VITAL STATISTICS: Author Zane Grey had struggle after graduation from the U. of Penn. to get started as best-seller of horse operas. Had one of early books turned down because it was too "bludgy." Is well known for his deep-sea fishing exploits, recently having had his catch of a 600-or-so-pound tuna outweighed by Chicago financier Thomas Howells's catch of a 792-pounder. Claims he has caught a 1,000-pound swordfish off which sharks ate 300 pounds before landing. Defies Howells to top that! Well, Mr. Howells, there's that Scotch sea monster. . . . George (Knucks) O'Brien is a Frisco-1900 baby, son of Danny O'Brien, former Frisco chief of police. Learned boxing at Santa Clara College, California, and riding, roping, and wrestling from Frisco mounted police instructor. During war was radioman on sub chaser 297 and became light-heavy champ of the Pacific (peaceful) Fleet. After war returned to college to finish studies. Would have become physician except met Tom Mix on location near Santa Clara and became assistant cameraman, from which it was but a step to the leading rôle in The Iron Horse—he led the horse around. Established himself as a really good actor in Murnau's ill-fated Sunrise, a huge artistic success that laid an egg. Is injured more than any other picture star because he refuses to stand for anybody doubling for him. O'Brien's salary, probably, despite years of experience, $1,000. . . . Irene Hervey is a real she-Western woman. Born in Los Angeles, she can ride like a man and she doesn't squint when she pulls a trigger. This is her first lead.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory.

★★★—The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, 1826; James Monroe, 1831.

2—In 1647, at Mansfield, Leicestershire, England, by George Fox.

3—The Flag Code, adopted 1923, says: "It should not be cast aside, but should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning."

4—The refraction, reflection, and dispersion of light in the drops of water falling through the air.

5—A female beetle of South America having luminous light patches suggesting a lighted railway train.

6—From the upright headdress of the ancient Persian kings; hence a headdress denoting noble rank or wealth.

7—A flight of steps and a platform before an entrance.

8—After the disciple Thomas, who doubted his Lord's resurrection.

9—It is the English legal term for a person who takes his own life or commits an unlawful act the consequence of which is his own death.

10—A period of four years between the Olympic Games; used by the ancient Greeks up to A.D. 394 in reckoning time.

11—From the dried membranous covering of nutmeg seed.

12—John Quincy Adams.

13—From the Greek words *Eis ten polin*, meaning "to the city."

14—Lignum vitæ.

15—Hamadryad.

16—An administrator is a person appointed by a competent court to administer the estate of a deceased person; an executor is appointed by a testator to carry out the terms of his will.

17—The Rev. John Henry Newman.

18—No. The states fix the age.

19—That of the United States.

20—He accidentally dropped a mixture of rubber and dry sulphur on a hot stove.

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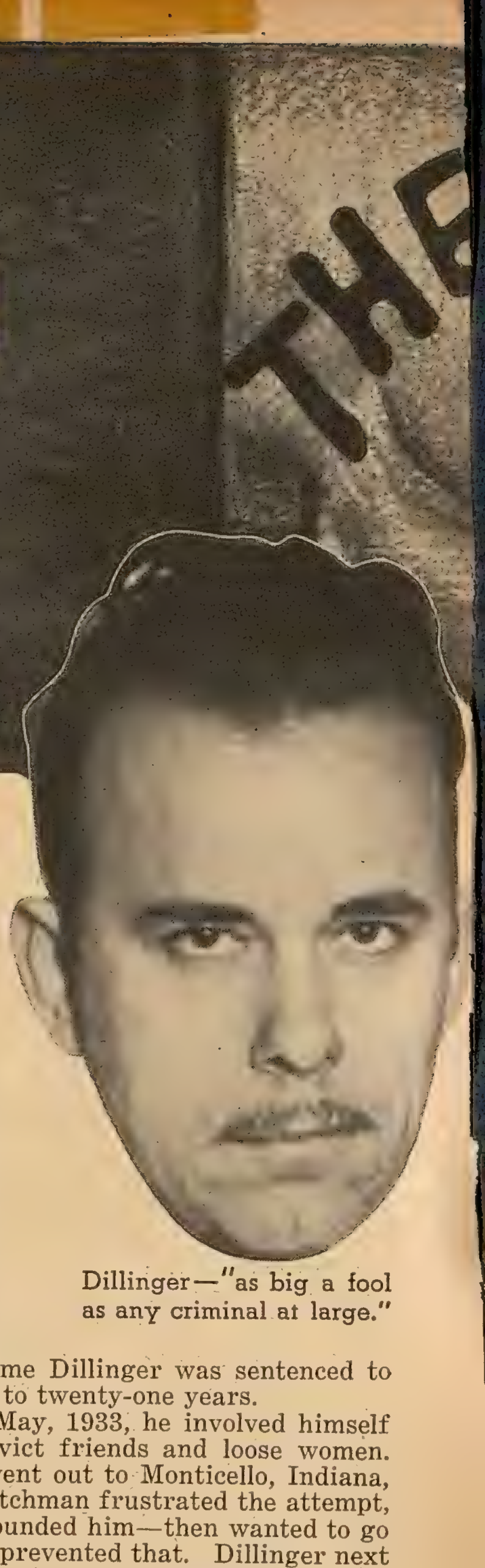
Why Dillinger's Gang is DOOMED

Poor Teamwork, Not Criminal Cunning, Delayed Their Leader's Grim Capture — But the Police Were Always on the Trail. Here at Last Is the Inside Story

by AL DUNLAP

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



Dillinger—"as big a fool as any criminal at large."

EDITOR'S NOTE. Mr. Dunlap, an honorary member of the International Association of Chiefs of Police and editor of the Association's official organ, The Detective, has had access to the secret files of police and other law-enforcement agencies, and presents herewith facts never before published.

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DILLINGER had a lot of people fooled—including most of the newspaper readers and audiences who saw newsreels of his Little Bohemia adventures.

These people thought he was the cleverest crook that ever lived, the most daring, the most elusive. "Wooden-gun Dillinger" they called him. "The modern Raffles." "The new Jesse James." As such, they were "for him."

Yet Dillinger was as big a fool as any criminal at large today. The fact that he spent almost nine of his thirty years in jail, and was twice shot and twice captured in his little year of freedom following his parole, adequately demonstrates the truth of that statement.

What made him look so brilliant and dashing was the bad teamwork of the police. Never have the various police agencies of the United States worked in such utter disharmony as they did on the Dillinger case. Yet, even working against each other, they caught up with their quarry in a very short time and pumped him full of lead.

There is a semblance of coöperation now—since Dillinger is out of the way. A more or less united front is opposed to criminals of all kinds. There will be no mercy shown Dillinger's pals. And they will be found, soon or later, dead or alive.

It will not do any harm, therefore, to point out to the police the mistakes made while Dillinger was alive—since, no matter how often or how woefully the cops blundered, they finally erased all errors with their guns.

Dillinger's end should be a warning to other criminals. The chase of Dillinger should be a warning to all police officers that coöperation is essential in the war on crime. Even the veriest fool can get away—and make himself look important—when police cross each other.

Dillinger had always been a fool. He never finished school. He never held a steady job. He thought he could live by easy money; and he was caught in his first attempt to get it. He cracked an old man, B. F. Morgan, a grocer, over the head with an iron bolt wrapped in a handkerchief, and took a few dollars from him. The victim recognized his assailant. He had known him most of his life. He caused Dillinger's arrest. And for his stupid and brutal crime Dillinger was sentenced to prison, to serve from ten to twenty-one years.

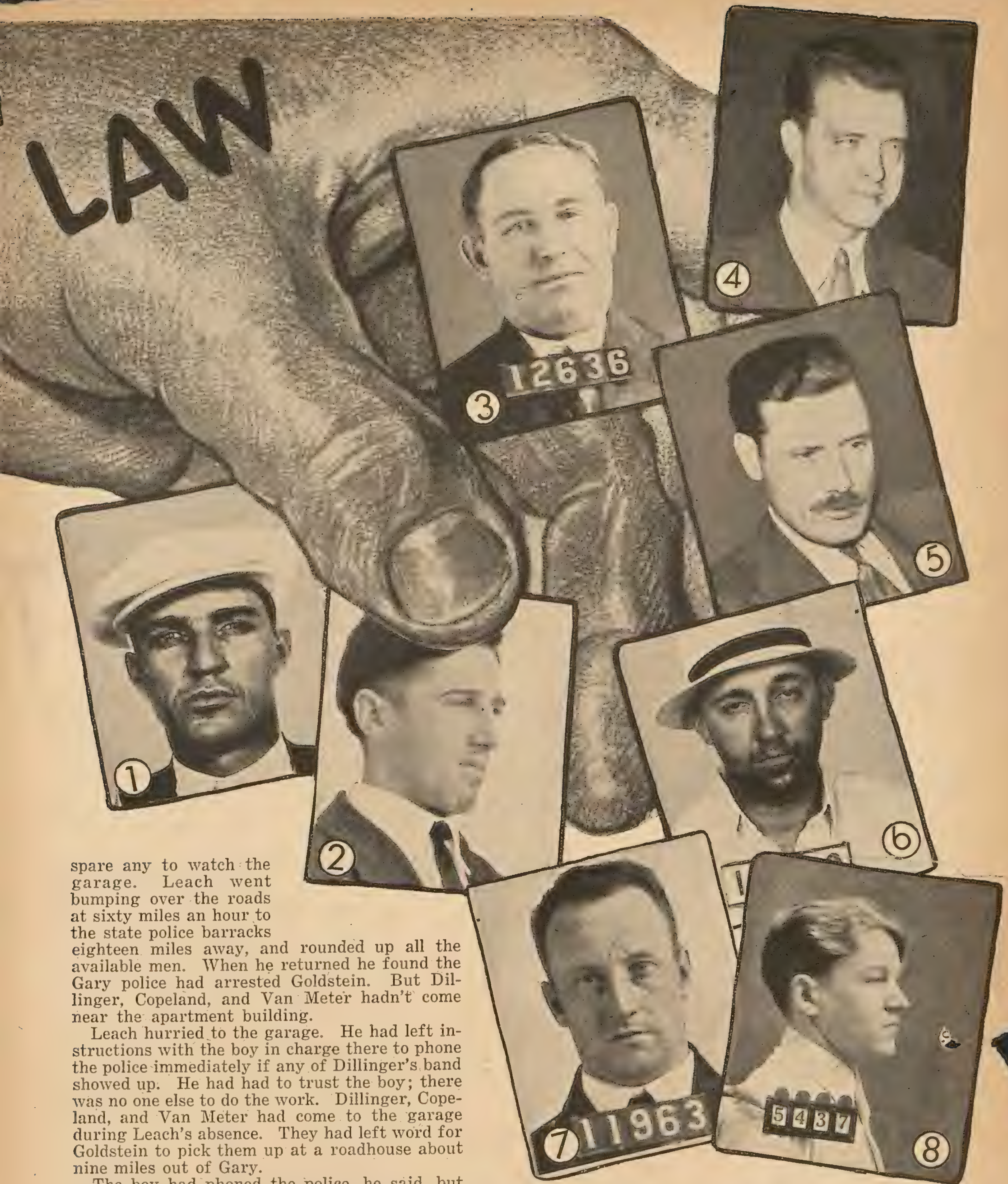
Released on parole in May, 1933, he involved himself immediately with ex-convict friends and loose women. With William Shaw he went out to Monticello, Indiana, to rob a pay roll. The watchman frustrated the attempt, and Dillinger shot and wounded him—then wanted to go back and kill him. Shaw prevented that. Dillinger next proposed that Shaw help him rob a bank in Lebanon, Indiana. Shaw refused.

Dillinger thereupon rubbed Shaw off his list of friends, and allied himself with others who had no scruples about robbing banks and killing anybody.

By August, 1933, two good detectives knew all about him and his friends. They were Forrest C. Huntington, who was employed by surety companies that had bonded several banks Dillinger had looted; and Matt Leach, captain and head of the Indiana State Police.

Huntington and Leach, working in harmony for a time, talked to Shaw and got from him valuable clues to Dillinger's whereabouts. Then they brought about the arrest of "Whitey" Mohler, and Frank and George Whitehouse. Dillinger had spent money lavishly on these three men. He had taken Frank Whitehouse and his wife to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

Through them Leach learned that Dillinger, Sam Goldstein, Harry Copeland, and Homer Van Meter had rented a flat in Gary, Indiana, and housed their cars in a garage a block away. The Gary police gave Leach a few men to surround the apartment house—but they couldn't



"They were all fools." 1, Tommy Carroll — dead. 2, Homer Van Meter — dead. 3, Charles Makley — dead. 4, Harry Pierpont — wounded, condemned to die. 5, Russell Clark — sentenced to life. 6, Harry Copeland — in jail. 7, John Hamilton, and 8, "Baby Face" Nelson — both still at large, but as hunted men, and Nelson as Public Enemy Number One. "The cops may be dumb at times. They may fight and double-cross each other. BUT they get the crook in the end."

spare any to watch the garage. Leach went bumping over the roads at sixty miles an hour to the state police barracks eighteen miles away, and rounded up all the available men. When he returned he found the Gary police had arrested Goldstein. But Dillinger, Copeland, and Van Meter hadn't come near the apartment building.

Leach hurried to the garage. He had left instructions with the boy in charge there to phone the police immediately if any of Dillinger's band showed up. He had had to trust the boy; there was no one else to do the work. Dillinger, Copeland, and Van Meter had come to the garage during Leach's absence. They had left word for Goldstein to pick them up at a roadhouse about nine miles out of Gary.

The boy had phoned the police, he said, but some one at the police station had stated he didn't know anything about the matter, and had hung up.

Leach and his men went immediately to the roadhouse, but Dillinger and the other two had flown. Leach learned later that he had lost them by only a few minutes.

Whitey Mohler, however, gave the police another valuable lead: "Dillinger's got a girl in Dayton, Ohio—a Mrs. Mary Longnaker. She's got a husband—though she's not living with him. She can't run around with Dillinger on account of her two kids. So he goes to see her. Watch her house and you'll get him."

Leach and Huntington notified the Dayton police. And in September Dillinger was found in Mary Longnaker's room, and handcuffed before he could make a fight.

Chief of Detectives S. E. Yendes, who made the arrest, did not notify either Leach or Huntington. They read it in a newspaper. Leach felt bitter. He went to Dayton with a warrant for Dillinger, and demanded his custody and all his effects.

Yendes defied Leach and kept the prisoner in Dayton with all his papers for several weeks. He intended to turn him over to Chief of Police Mike Morrissey of Indianapolis—but not right away. Before he turned him over to anybody he wanted to know about the reward. He wanted the reward, he told Huntington, for the landlady who had notified him when Dillinger arrived. The surety companies had offered a reward of $100 for Dillinger's arrest in sixty days. The time limit had expired. There was no reward; but the surety companies promised to give Yendes something for the automobile and the $2,604 that Dillinger had with him when arrested.

Before anything could be done about this a smart Cincinnati lawyer advised Dillinger to plead guilty to robbing an Ohio bank, and stay in Ohio. Then he would be sent to a little jail at Lima. If he were sent back to Indiana, rescue might be difficult.

Dillinger pleaded guilty; but before he was sent to Lima, ten of his friends, armed with automatics, walked out of the Indiana state penitentiary at Michigan City. Among them were Harry Pierpont and Jimmy Jenkins, Mary Longnaker's brother, a lifer in for murder.

Dillinger, acting under Pierpont's orders, had bought the guns in Chicago, hidden them in a box containing thread, and shipped the box to the shirt factory in the prison. The box got there with scarcely any examination. At that time, convicts said, you could have smuggled machine guns into the prison.

Leach said this jail break could have been prevented had he seen the papers Yendes took from Dillinger. Yendes retorted that he had given Leach full permission to copy every word contained in those papers.

At any rate, because of a police quarrel ten men had broken jail, and Dillinger stayed in Ohio. Shortly after he was shut up in the jail at Lima, five of the ten rescued him, brutally killing Jesse Sarber, the sheriff.

Huntington had sent warning to the Pinkerton Agency, which guarded Ohio banks, that a rescue would be attempted; and the Pinkertons had warned Sarber.

LEACH went to Lima at once. He was present when Pierpont's brother Fred was questioned. Fred admitted his brother was the ringleader of the gang that had liberated Dillinger. He identified—by their rogues' gallery pictures—every man in the mob. He swore they were living at a certain house in Hamilton, Ohio, or in a river camp operated by the couple who ran the house.

Leach remembered Gary. He phoned Al Feeny, Indiana's Commissioner of Public Safety, at Indianapolis, and asked for eighteen men. Then he went to see Chief Calhoun of Hamilton. "Let's surround the house at once," he said. "If the men are not there, we'll go immediately to the river camp."

"No," Calhoun said; "we'll investigate first."

He slipped away from Leach and his men. He was gone for three hours. He returned to say he had investigated the camp and found no one there. He was ready to rush the house.

Approximately thirty men were thrown about the house. Chief Calhoun knocked on the door, went inside, stayed a little while, and came out, saying the men had gone.

Leach, maddened to the point of fury, rushed his eighteen men to the river camp. He says the stove was still warm when he got there. He returned to Hamilton and made inquiries in the neighborhood of the raided house. Dillinger, Pierpont, and the others, he says he was told, had quietly slipped out the night before—while he was urging Calhoun to "do something immediately."

After the escape from Hamilton the gang raided the police stations at Auburn and Peru, Indiana, and stole machine guns, riot guns, and bullet-proof vests. Homer Van Meter, posing as the staff writer of a detective magazine, had been told by the police themselves exactly what arms they had and where they were kept.

Thus armed and equipped they held up the Central National Bank at Greencastle, Ohio, and left with $20,000 in cash and $56,000 in bonds. They were in the bank ten minutes. A bank employee called the police.

THE police had ample time to respond; but they went first to the sheriff's office—going a long way around the bank—and when they arrived the bandits had gone. The sheriff's office is directly across the street from the bank. There were a deputy sheriff and a state policeman in the office. Had they known of the robbery in time, they could have stood at their windows and picked off Dillinger and his pals as they came out.

The Dillinger-Pierpont mob went to Chicago. Dillinger was but second in command. Pierpont was boss.

Women Dillinger had known, men he had trusted, and stool pigeons he did not suspect soon made him and his whereabouts known to the Chicago police. One stool pigeon even paraded Dillinger in front of a police official to show that he, the stool, was on the level.

The Chicago police, through the work of Lieutenant John Howe and his undercover men and the coöperation of Huntington and two stool pigeons—one furnished by Huntington and the other by Emory Smith, assistant attorney-general of Illinois and counsel for the Illinois Bankers Association—learned where Dillinger kept his guns, who stole the automobiles for him and the gang, who was trying to sell the Greencastle bonds, and the addresses of his two flats.

They learned also that he was visiting a doctor on Irving Park Boulevard every day at certain hours. The doctor was treating him for ringworm.

They wanted him; but they wanted Pierpont more, and Makley and Clark and the others who had helped to murder the sheriff of Lima, Ohio. They could have picked Dillinger up at any time. But they wanted him to contact the others first. He was only a "punk" to Chicago.

Chicago coöperated with Indiana and Ohio at this time. Indiana demanded action. Three squad cars and one driven by Huntington went out to pick up Dillinger as he left the doctor's office.

They saw Dillinger arrive and park his car, saw him go across the street and up the stairs, leaving his girl, the half-Indian Evelyn Frechette, in the driver's seat. And now some of the thirty hunters got cold feet. They were afraid of missing Dillinger when he came out. They conferred with Huntington—because his stool pigeon was involved. They wanted to take Dillinger as soon as he reappeared—but that might mean the murder of the informant. Huntington reluctantly agreed. The three squad cars moved into better strategic positions.

Dillinger's machine was bracketed by two police cars.

Evelyn Frechette, half-Indian moll.

Polly Hamilton— last of his molls.

Anna Sage got him put "on the spot."

That edifying scene in the Crown Point jail! Left to right: Sheriff Lillian Holley, Prosecutor Estill—and Dillinger!

Another was across the street. Thirty armed men waited tensely. Dillinger came out, got into his car, backed it into Irving Park Boulevard, and started away. Only one car had seen him. Only one car followed.

They fired at ten feet with riot guns and automatics. They shot into his windshield, his front window, his front tires. Dillinger stepped on the gas. So did Huntington. Dillinger went seventy-five miles an hour. Huntington followed him for miles. Dillinger put out his lights, slowed down, and darted into an alley. Huntington's car went past it. Before he could turn and come back, Dillinger and the girl had gone.

The police with Huntington told their superiors that Dillinger's girl and a companion with a machine gun had fired on them. They pointed to holes in the windshield and the side windows. But there was no machine gun in Dillinger's car. And neither Dillinger nor the girl nor anybody else fired on the cops. The holes in question had been made by the cops themselves.

After that, Dillinger cleared out of Chicago for a time. He made several trips to Mooresville, Indiana, to eat dinner at the home of his father or his sister. Once he went to kill a lawyer who had "vanished" with $3,200 of his money. Several times he went to Indianapolis with Pierpont to kill Matt Leach. Pierpont believed Leach had arrested his brother and his mother. Dillinger's reason was that Leach knew too much.

Running down an Indiana road at a great speed, Dillinger's car hit another machine and went into a cornfield. It was abandoned there, and curious farmers found an automatic cartridge clip in it.

Leach went out to investigate. "It must be Dillinger's car," he thought. "He's a fool for luck. Nobody else on the face of the earth could have gone into that cornfield in the dark without killing himself. If it was Dillinger, he probably went on to Indianapolis, and he'll probably buy a car and drive away. He'll have to buy it for cash—or have some woman buy it. If I call up every automobile dealer in the city, I'll get him."

But it might be a better idea, he thought, to have the Indianapolis police contact the dealers. The man on post could see every dealer within the city limits in a short time. Therefore he stopped at the police station, made his request, and busied himself in other ways.

It was not until three o'clock the next afternoon that he heard from the police. They had found a dealer who had sold a car to a woman for cash. Leach investigated immediately, found out beyond doubt that the purchaser was Evelyn Frechette, and tried to pick her up. But by that time she and Dillinger had been gone for hours.

In Racine, Wisconsin, the gang raided the American Bank and Trust Co. A bank employee stepped on an alarm button which not only notified the police but rang a gong in front of the bank. A great crowd, attracted by the gong, looked in through a window and saw the bandits at work. Leslie Homer, later arrested, pasted up a Red Cross banner and shut out their view.

The cops arrived in no time. Three dashed into the bank, one with a machine gun in his hands. A bandit standing near the door hit the machine gunner, Policeman Cyril Boyard, over the head from behind. Boyard dropped. The second policeman, Sergeant Wilbur Hansen, was shot and badly wounded. The third, Frank Worsley, wisely retreated.

The bandits emerged from the bank holding Boyard, President Grover Weyland, and Mrs. Ursula Patzke, an employee, in front of them as screens. They dropped Boyard a mile from the bank, and released the other two hostages thirty-five miles farther on.

Dillinger frequently used women to screen himself from police bullets—but he got a reputation for gallantry and chivalry just the same.

In January of this year the mob went back to Indiana, robbing a bank in East Chicago. Dillinger and Hamilton walked into the bank, the former carrying a machine gun in a trombone case. Again the police arrived in a few moments. Patrolman Hobard Wilgus walked in, pistol extended. He was disarmed and made to line up with the employees. Dillinger, machine gun ready, looked outside.

"Get all the dough!" he cried to Hamilton. "There's cops out there, but we'll kill them and get away!"

When all the cages had been cleaned out and some $20,000 had been bagged, Dillinger forced Vice President Walter Spencer to accompany him outside.

At the entrance of the bank stood Policeman William P. O'Malley. He wouldn't endanger Spencer by firing. While he hesitated, Dillinger sprayed him with machine-gun bullets. Dillinger and Hamilton then rushed to their car, still using Spencer to protect them. At the car Spencer fell, and the police opened fire, wounding Hamilton. But he and Dillinger got away.

Leach and Huntington learned that Evelyn Cherrington, alias Fay Miller, Mary Johnson, Ann Johnson, and Ann Jackson, formerly Harry Copeland's sweetheart, was nursing Hamilton. They started looking for her. Meanwhile Dillinger, Pierpont, Makley, and Clark went West with their molls. They were arrested in Tucson, Arizona.

The Wisconsin police wanted them for the Racine bank job. Leach, representing Indiana and Ohio, wanted them for bank robberies and for murder. Wisconsin offered a $2,500 reward. Dillinger offered to pay that and $5,000 more to the Arizona police if they'd turn him over to Wisconsin. Leach called the Governor of Indiana, who called the Governor of Wisconsin. Wisconsin withdrew. Ohio was awarded Pierpont, Makley, and Clark, wanted for the murder of Sarber. Lake County, Indiana, got Dillinger. Leach had to be content with the other three.

Leach quarreled with two Tucson officers who wanted to accompany him East—at Indiana's expense.

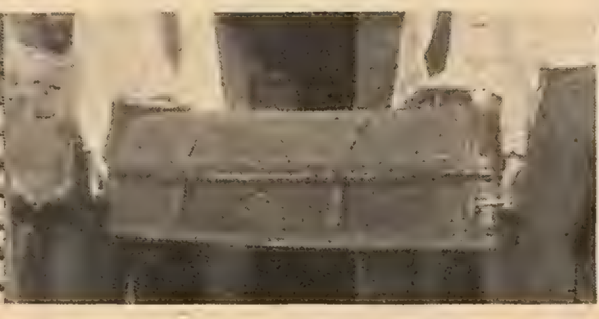
"They came to me at the train as I was putting the prisoners aboard," he says. "They called me such names that I almost pulled my gun on them. No man ever called me such things in all my life. It was more than any man could endure. The chief of police of Tucson was appalled. He wrote me that he was sending those two men to me to make their apologies in person. They did come to Indianapolis. But they never came near me. They came East in an effort to get a vaudeville engagement. And that's a statement I can prove."

Dillinger was placed in the "escape-proof" jail at Crown Point, Indiana, and the lady sheriff, Mrs. Lillian Holley, nervously swore he would never escape. She wasn't so sure of that, however, for she asked to have him removed to the state penitentiary. Lake County officials, who wanted the glory of convicting Dillinger, made her change her mind. Dillinger escaped soon afterward, and the world was told he did it with a wooden gun.

This is untrue. It cost him $20,000 to escape. For that sum two loaded guns were smuggled in to the Crown Point jail, one for Dillinger and one for his colored cell mate, Herbert Youngblood. The money was paid by Evelyn Frechette.

The guns were hidden in the false bottom of a garbage

Riddled with federal bullets: a window of Little Bohemia.


Homeward bound in his coffin—end of any path of "glory" like Dillinger's.

Matt Leach, head of Indiana police.

F. C. Huntington, surety detective.

M. H. Purvis, who scored the kill.

can that was placed in the cell block. Mrs. Anna Sage, a notorious woman, had been allowed to visit Dillinger in prison and warn him to be ready.

With these guns Dillinger disarmed his jailers and got away. He rode off in the sheriff's car to Chicago. He passed hundreds of cops looking for him. In her excitement Sheriff Holley had broadcast the wrong license number of her car. Only Dillinger, a fool for luck, could have that "break."

Incidentally, the garage in which Sheriff Holley kept her car was owned by Clyde Rothermel, whose sister married John Hamilton's brother.

AL DUNLAP

is a distinguished specialist in crime problems and police work, in personal contact with heads of police departments the country over. He has edited and published The Detective, their official organ, for the past sixteen years.

These facts were related to Edward Barce, assistant attorney-general of Indiana, by prisoners in the jail at the time, and were confirmed by George Hargrave, head of the Hargrave Secret Service of Chicago. He was employed by the State of Indiana, after the escape, to make a thorough, independent, and impartial investigation into the "wooden gun" story.

"We'll get Dillinger through Hamilton," Leach said. "And we'll get Hamilton through his nurse."

The nurse prepared a home at 75 Windermere, Highland Park, Detroit. Leach's men holed up in a house across the street. They watched the place night and day with spyglasses. Presently Evelyn Frechette appeared. It would be but a day or two before Dillinger arrived—and, perhaps, Hamilton and others.

But Youngblood ran amuck in Port Huron, Michigan, killed an officer, and was himself shot. On his deathbed he said he had been with Dillinger the night before.

Leach hurried to Port Huron, believing Dillinger might be there. Newspapermen recognized him. Was Dillinger in Detroit? He answered as best he could. The newspapers printed what they believed. They had been on the street an hour when Evelyn Frechette and Evelyn Cherrington packed up and disappeared, going to New York with Dillinger and Hamilton.

Dillinger was next found in St. Paul.

Mrs. D. S. Coffey, owner and caretaker of an apartment building, became suspicious of people visiting one of her flats, and called up a federal agent. An investigation showed that the occupant of the flat had bought a car which was registered under a fictitious name and address. He called himself Carl Hellman.

Department of Justice Agent R. C. Coulter went to talk to the suspect. He took with him Henry Cummings of the St. Paul detective bureau, a man of about sixty.

Remember, Liberty Offers

$1,000 Reward

for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Nelson, Hamilton, Floyd, or Galatas—

These Criminal Mad Dogs

who are still at large! Look for further announcement, with new, up-to-date pictures that will enable you to recognize these four, in Liberty next week

CUMMINGS and Coulter went up to the third floor and knocked. Evelyn Frechette stuck out her head, said Hellman was out, and locked and bolted the door.

"There's going to be trouble here," Cummings said. "Go phone the police for more men."

On the way downstairs Coulter met Homer Van Meter, who fired at him. Coulter ran into the street.

Dillinger, alias Hellman, opened the window and fired at Coulter with a tommy gun. It was only a few feet, but he missed. Coulter saw a car at the curb. He shot holes in the rear tires, then got to a telephone.

Dillinger moved into the hallway and tried to pot Cummings through the door. The tommy gun tore great holes in the wood—but Cummings was standing to one side.

Those holes, incidentally, prove Dillinger never knew how to use a tommy gun—how to allow for its tendency to throw the barrel up and overshoot.

Cummings sped down the hall and stood behind a projection. Dillinger opened the door and riddled the door of another apartment. Cummings fired and drilled Dillinger through the right leg; whereupon Dillinger closed and locked the door, and began to pack.

He went down the back way, carrying the gun. Evelyn carried all the luggage he had time to put in her arms.

Cummings waited for reënforcements. But they were long in coming; for Coulter hadn't called the police. He had called his chief, J. M. Ladd, in charge of the St. Paul office. There were police radio cars all around the flat building at the time. Ladd had only to call the police—and Dillinger would be captured or killed. But instead Ladd sent two men a considerable distance to the office of the chief of police, to tell him what had happened. By that time it was too late.

After his wound healed Dillinger went back to Mooresville, Indiana, for a good old home-cooked meal. He took Hamilton and Evelyn Frechette with him. The Department of Justice men who were supposed to be watching the house were nowhere around.

AFTER satisfying his appetite he drove to Warsaw, Indiana, where he met others of the mob. They raided the police station and took a few machine guns, a few riot guns, and a few bullet-proof vests, and then Dillinger and Hamilton started in a leisurely way for the home of Hamilton's sister in Sault Ste. Marie.

Huntington and Leach had known of Hamilton's sister and had informed Oscar Olander, Commissioner of Public Safety for Michigan, and head of the state police. They had also informed the Department of Justice.

The federal men got a tip that Dillinger and Hamilton were headed north, going through northern Michigan. They said no word to any one. Two of them hopped in a plane and started for "the Soo." At Green Bay, Wisconsin, they had to make a forced landing because of fog; but they didn't continue by train or auto. They lay over a day, and resumed their flight the following noon. They arrived too late. The birds had flown a few hours before. Even then, if they had notified the Michigan State Police, the pair could have been apprehended, for there are only two roads they could have taken out of Sault Ste. Marie.

After this escape, if such it can be called, Dillinger arranged for a few days of peace and quietness at Emil Wanatka's roadhouse, Little Bohemia, near Mercer, Wisconsin. He had with him John Hamilton, "Baby Face" Nelson, Tommy Carroll, Homer Van Meter, and Pete Reilly, former mascot for the St. Paul baseball team, who joined the mob in St. Paul. These and their women made ten in all. They came in three autos. They played cards with Wanatka. They stayed awake nights talking. They shot at targets in competition with Wanatka—who could beat them all, though he was not especially good.

Their laundry was taken to Julia Brown, who lives about a quarter mile away. It was a large package. It contained seventeen shirts, eighteen suits of underwear, nine pairs of socks, fifty-one handkerchiefs, three gingham dresses, and a silk slip.

Mrs. Brown, an intelligent and observing woman, noticed that fifteen of the shirts were new and had been worn only once, and that all the other things were new. One of the two old shirts had a label showing it had been bought in Nashville, Tennessee. The other had a laundry mark, "J.H.D." Mrs. Brown thought J.H.D. had been doing a lot of traveling. He must have been in a hurry though—to keep buying a new shirt every day—too much of a hurry to have them laundered. And Mrs. Brown must have these done by Sunday morning. Mr. D. had to move. Who was Mr. D.? Mr. Dillinger?

She talked. She told Wanatka she knew who his guests were. Wanatka told her he didn't know; but he brought Van Meter to her, and Van Meter jokingly said, "Sure, I'm Dillinger." Mrs. Brown had seen Dillinger's picture, and knew he lied. She kept on talking.

Mrs. Wanatka learned who the guests were—from Mrs. Brown's talk. She called a meeting of her brothers and sisters, and decided on action. She made Emil write a letter to the Department of Justice. He sent it to the Chicago office. Mrs. Wanatka sent a relative to call Chicago on the phone. The call was received at one o'clock Sunday morning, April 22.

Melvin H. Purvis, in charge of the Chicago division, immediately arranged to have twenty-four men from Chicago and St. Paul meet at Rhinelander. He arranged for autos to take them to Manitowish and Little Bohemia, a distance of about fifty miles from Rhinelander.

They arrived at Rhinelander by airplane late Sunday afternoon. But the cars were not ready, and there was an hour's delay. The Dillinger mob, however, was still at the inn. They had intended to leave Sunday morning, but Reilly and one of the women had gone to St. Paul and had not returned. So the federal men had time to complete their plans. They arrived at Little Bohemia about eight o'clock. It was dark. They approached the inn on foot, each with a machine gun and a bullet-proof vest. They scattered and moved up in a semicircle. No one guarded the rear of the house.

Three men came out of the lodge and got into a car. One was an elderly man. Two wore denim clothes, the third a mackinaw. The lights were bright. It seems impossible these men could be mistaken for any of the Dillinger crowd. Their car started. The federals ordered them to stop, then fired. One man was killed, two were wounded. All three were innocent victims.

THE federals charged the inn then. Dillinger's mob blasted them with machine guns. The attackers came on until they reached a barbed-wire fence they didn't know was there. Meanwhile the "Dillingers" got away at the unguarded rear of the house.

The gang split up and went in various directions. "Baby Face" Nelson killed W. Carter Baum, federal agent, wounded J. C. Newman and Carl Christensen, and drove away in a federal car.

Later it became evident that had Purvis taken the local authorities into his confidence he could have got each and every one of the Dillinger gang, dead or alive, by blockading two bridges and a sixty-foot pass.

At two o'clock Monday morning a federal agent called the sheriff of Hastings, Minnesota, and asked him to be on the lookout for three cars. "Guard the spiral bridge at Hastings," he said. "The other bridges will be taken care of."

It later developed the other bridges were not taken care of. Deputies guarded the spiral bridge until 10 A. M., when they saw a Ford coupé coming from the south and on the Minnesota side of the bridge—distinctly not the Wisconsin side. But the first two figures of the license plates were the same as those on one of the cars they were hoping to see. They gave chase to get the rest of the number.

It was the right one but was on another car than the one described to them.

The deputies closed in on the car, which contained three men. Just as they were about to overtake it a cattle truck got in their way. The bridge is narrow, and by the time they got around the truck the bandits were two miles ahead. A thirty-mile chase followed, the deputies getting close enough in St. Paul Park, South St. Paul, to shoot at the tires.

ONE of the bandits knocked a hole out of the back window of his car and returned the fire. A hundred bullets were exchanged. The bandits got away in the hills, abandoned their car, stole another, and escaped. Their car was thoroughly soaked with blood.

Who had been hit? It proved to be Dillinger.

He went to Chicago and was nursed back to health. He had his face lifted. He had some identifying marks removed. He walked openly about the city, disguised only with glasses. He picked up Polly Hamilton, a waitress.

He took her to movies, baseball games, dances. He took her occasionally to the home of Anna Sage, who had notified him in the Crown Point jail about the guns.

He trusted Anna Sage. He trusted Polly Hamilton. He was a fool. The federal government had offered $15,000 for his capture, dead or alive. Anna Sage wanted that money. A policeman who had been her sweetheart for fifteen years, wanted it too. When Dillinger's bank roll dwindled, the policeman went to Melvin Purvis and arranged to put Dillinger "on the spot."

He kept his word. He sent him to a movie with Polly Hamilton and Anna Sage. The federals waited outside and blew the life out of him. It was the copper friend of Anna Sage who shot him from behind.

Dillinger's dead. Makley is dead and Pierpont wounded—both shot in an attempt to escape from the Ohio penitentiary by the use of pistols made of soap, after having been condemned to die in the chair for the murder of Sheriff Sarber. Clark was sentenced to life. Copeland, Crouch, Shouse, and other members of the "Dillinger crowd" are in jail. Tommy Carroll is dead—killed by policemen.

They were all fools. For that matter, all crooks are fools. The cops may be dumb at times. They may fight and double-cross each other. But, no matter what they do, they get the crook in the end.

THE END

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A DOG'S LIFE

A Lively Tale of Love's Stormy Path, and a Canine Cupid's Troubles

by HAGAR WILDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE JAMES TETZEL

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE atmosphere of the room was soggy with fury. Kathy, her long, shining beige legs tucked up on the heavily upholstered davenport, said between her teeth, “Madeline. Humph.”

“All right,” Jim Shire said. “Madeline humph. Now what?”

“Now I've had enough,” Kathy said, “that's what.”

“Had enough what?”

“Enough of Madeline,” said Kathy.

“You never see Madeline,” Jim said.

“But you do,” Kathy said. Her full red underlip drew down and her eyebrows came together. These were the storm signals. Jim knew them.

Kipper, the wire-hair, sensed excitement in the air. He ran anxiously to Jim and barked.

“Shut up,” Jim said. “You can't argue with Kathy.”

Kipper danced sidewise, stiff-legged, and sank into a sort of bow, begging Jim to play with him. Or Kathy. Or anybody. Presently he gave it up and sat down, looking from one to the other in a puzzled, questioning fashion.

Jim said, “Listen. Madeline means nothing to me.”

“Hah!” Kathy said. She reached for her hat and started to put it on. She got it on backward and turned it around. It pulled her hair down in funny loops. Taking the hat off, she smoothed her hair back and started again. “Nothing, eh?” she said. “Well, you mean something to her, that's clear. You mean a nice easy life and no more worrying about bills.”

“What's that got to do with us?” Jim said.

“Nothing,” Kathy said. “Nothing at all.” With one swift movement she untangled her long, slim legs and got to her feet.

She grabbed for her coat. Jim grabbed for it too. Kathy won.

“Going some place?” Jim said.

“Home,” Kathy said coldly.

“Parting forever, eh?” Jim said.

“Yes,” Kathy said. “Again. This time for good.”

“All because I took Madeline for cocktails,” he snorted.

“All because you're going dotty,” Kathy said.

“She means nothing to me, I tell you!” he howled.

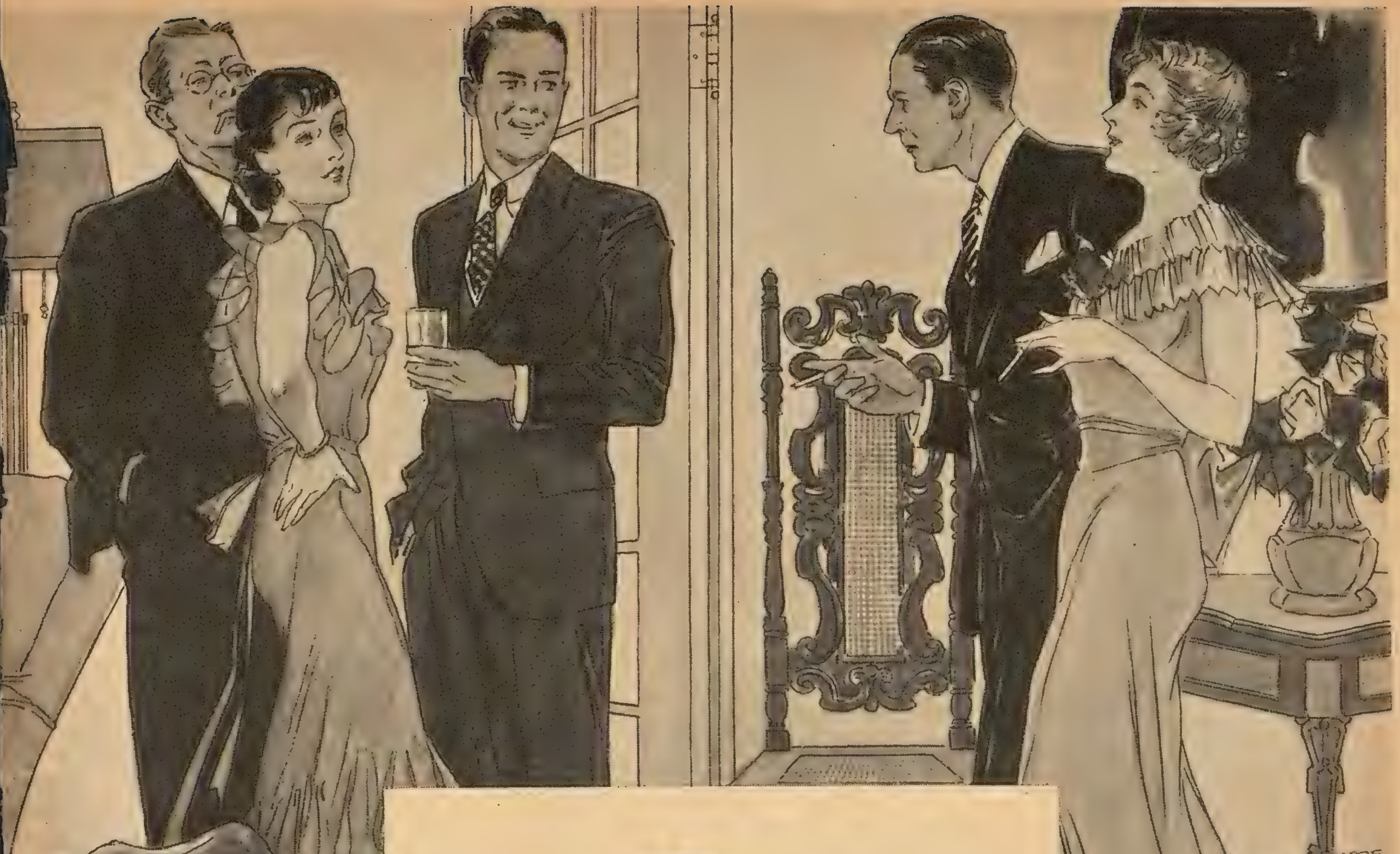
“Tell her that,” Kathy said. “I'm not interested. Madeline for lunch, Madeline for cocktails, Madeline at dinner three nights a week. Why should I marry you? Let Madeline marry you and I'll take your spare time. There seems to be more of it.”

“I'll walk home with you,” Jim said coldly.

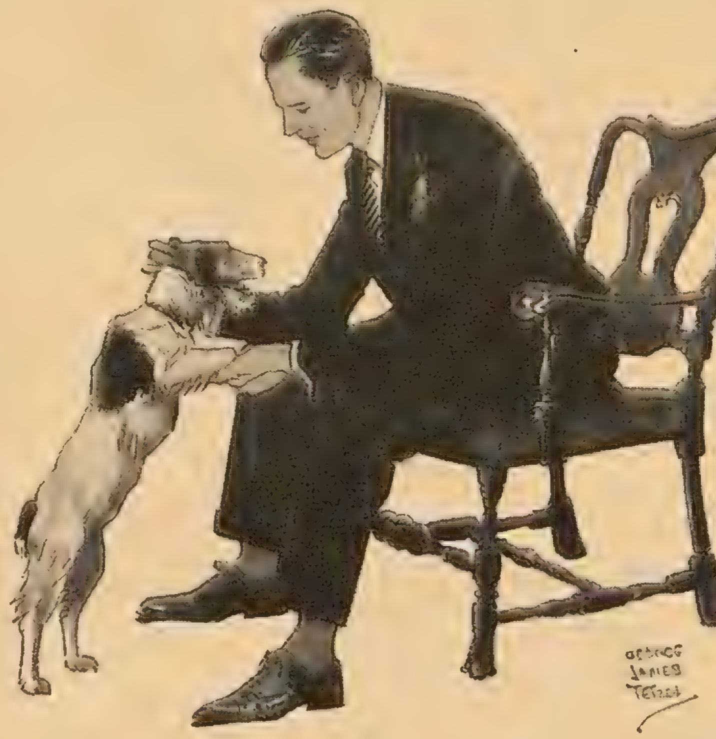
“No, thank you.”

“I have to take Kipper for his walk anyway.”

At the sound of the word “walk,” Kipper scrambled through various things on the window seat and emerged triumphantly bearing a leash. This was the high point of the day for Kipper. After a quiet evening, during which he dozed and Kathy and Jim talked, there was



Kathy was the first person Jim saw at the party. She was wearing a new dress.



Kipper, the wire-hair, sensed excitement in the air. He ran anxiously to Jim and barked.

always the six-block walk to Kathy's home and the six-block walk back. During this walk, with good luck, he might scare up three cats. He pranced excitedly.

Kathy choked a little, bent and patted him. "Good Kipper," she said. "Good Kipper, to get his leash." She turned abruptly and the door slammed behind her. Kipper whined anxiously, dropped his leash, and looked at Jim. Jim said, "Never mind, old boy. I'll take you."

The walk that night wasn't as much fun as usual. Jim was in a hurry. When they got back home Kipper tugged fiendishly at the telephone wire while Jim yelled into the mouthpiece, "Kathy, you're being an idiot! All right—all right, if that's the way you feel about it. All *right!*"

There was no evening romp when Jim finished the conversation. He smoked one cigarette after another and walked around the room and then finally went to bed.

THE next day he went to work without even saying good-by to Kipper, who watched him from the window and then settled down for his daily vigil, waiting for Jim to return.

The maid came, cleaned the apartment, took Kipper for his morning and afternoon walks, and then left him. This was the hardest part of the day for Kipper. The last half of the afternoon always dragged. He slept a little, played with his rubber mouse for a while, abandoned it, and sat at the window to wait for Jim.

Jim didn't come. The caretaker of the apartment came up and took him out for a walk, gave him some dog biscuit, and went away, leaving the apartment and Kipper in darkness. Kipper crawled up on the window seat and lay with his nose against the pane for hours.

When Jim came home at three in the morning he turned on the lights and said, "Kipper, where are you?"

Kipper stayed very quiet under the music cabinet, as far back as he could get. He had been very angry when he tore the things up, but now he was a little afraid. That was against the rules. He had known it, but had been too mad to care when he did it. Fear had been taking slow possession of him ever since.

"*Kipper!*"

Ears down, tail thumping placatingly, belly to the floor, Kipper came. With the lights on, the damage seemed worse than it had in the dark. Kipper rolled over on his back in agonized penitence, paws flailing the air. Jim whipped him.

The next night the caretaker didn't come because Jim was in a bar and he forgot to call him. Kipper had no supper. He waited and waited, nose to the windowpane, ears pricking at each sound of the elevator starting up. Once he went to the door and whined a little, but nobody paid any attention. When Jim came home, Kipper was under the music cabinet again. Before he whipped him, Jim said, "Kipper, what's got into you?"

"I was too weak to work in the garden"

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FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP

The following night Kipper slept in Jim's bed because Jim wasn't using it. Before he slept, however, he demolished one bath towel, one pair of shoes, two books, and pulled the bedspread off on to the floor.

He found, the next morning, that the maid whipped harder than Jim did.

As weeks passed, Kipper became noticeably dispirited. He was kept in a constant state of uncertainty. Sometimes Jim would come home and sometimes he wouldn't. Sometimes the caretaker took Kipper walking and sometimes he didn't.

And always, always, when Jim did come home, he found Kipper under the music cabinet. Just as inevitably, Kipper was called forth for punishment. He took it now as a matter of course and retired after the lacing to the music cabinet again, where he spent most of his nights.

HAGAR WILDE
was born in Toledo, Ohio, but migrated to New York when she was twenty. Since then she has sold more than 200 short stories, published two novels, and has just completed a play based on Lord Byron's life.

One night when Jim came home he had a blonde girl with him. He called Kipper to him, took him on his lap, and said, "Kipper, this is Madeline. She's coming to live with us. You'll like Kipper, Madeline. He's a nice little chap."

"He's smart-looking," Madeline said. "That is, he would be if you'd have him stripped."

"He hates it," Jim said.

"Nonsense. It only takes a few minutes."

"Shall we get at the invitations, darling?"

"We haven't long," she said. "We have to be at Hal's at nine."

"I'm so sick of parties," Jim said. "Couldn't we cut just this one?"

"Oh, no," Madeline said; "not this one. There's going to be somebody there I want to see."

"Who is it?"

MADELINE laughed. "That little girl you used to go around with. The snub-nosed one. Katharine what's-her-name—Murdock."

"Kathy? At Hal's?"

"She's back from Europe. Didn't you know?"

"Why—no. No, I didn't." Jim rubbed Kipper's ears and then got up and walked around the room with his hands in his pockets.

Madeline said, "What's the matter? Does her name do something funny to you?"

Jim jumped and said, "Why, no. No, of course not."

"Well, it does something funny to your face," Madeline said.

"Look, Madeline," Jim said. "Just this once let's not go. Please let's not go to that party."

"I wouldn't miss it for worlds," Madeline said. She powdered her nose and went over to the desk, took the top off the box of wedding invitations and sat down to address them.

Kathy was the first person Jim saw when he entered the room at the party. She was wearing a new dress. He resented the new dress vaguely. In days past Kathy had consulted him about every dress she bought. She'd been thinking of getting blue. Was it practical? Did it become her? Did he think she'd tire of it?

Their breaking up hadn't made much difference to her apparently. Her blue eyes were just as bright. She laughed as readily. She was laughing now. He went over and said, "Hello, Kathy."

Kathy turned and smiled. "Hello, Jim. I didn't know you were going to be here. How are you?"

"I'm fine," Jim said.

"How's Kipper?"

"He's fine," Jim said.

"That's good. I hear you're getting married."

"Yes," Jim said.

"I hope you're going to be very happy."

"Thanks," said Jim.

"WHAT'S the matter with me?" Kathy said. "Why are you staring at me like a ninny?"

"You're wearing your hair differently," Jim said.

"Don't you like it?"

"I liked it the way you used to wear it," he said.

"I'm sorry. I was tired of it that way." She stared at him for a moment and then her eyes fell. "I'm sorry you don't like it this way," she repeated, and then turned away abruptly.

Jim went and got himself a highball. He danced with Madeline. "If she got those clothes in Paris," Madeline said, "she certainly must have gone to the French Salvation Army for them."

"What do you care?" Jim said. "You don't have to wear them."

"Thank heaven!" Madeline said.

The party grew increasingly full. Jim noticed that Kathy was always completely surrounded by men. He wanted to go home, but Madeline had disappeared.

At twelve o'clock Kathy got up and said, "I'm going home."

"We're all going on to Harlem," somebody protested.

"I'm not," Kathy said. "No, thanks, Cass. I'll grab a taxi."

She came over to Jim. "I'm going past your house. If you like, I'll stop and take Kipper for his walk so you won't have to worry about him. I can slip the key in the mail box."

"Thanks just the same," Jim said. "I'm leaving soon myself."

"Call me up sometime," Kathy said, "when you have some time to spare. Drop in for tea."

"Thanks, I will, if I may."

Later, it seemed that Madeline wanted to go on to Harlem.

On the curb, with the taxi waiting, Jim protested: "But, Madeline—I haven't taken Kipper out. He hasn't had anything to eat. I have to go home."

"Oh, that *dog!*" Madeline said. "Do I have to take that dog into consideration every time I plan something?"

"That's not fair," Jim said. "I haven't fussed about him much in the past few months, have I?"

"Well, why start now?"

Jim went to Harlem, as he had known he would from the beginning of the argument. He came home at five in the morning. Aching from head to foot with weariness and the effect of more highballs than he had wanted, he opened the door on chaos. Kipper had done himself proud and was ensconced under the music cabinet. There was no sound, not even the faint flicker of an apologetic tail. His rage had carried him from the bedroom to the foyer. The foyer-table scarf lay on the floor, mangled. The spread was off the bed. A pillow, its case ripped in shreds, stood drunkenly in the corner. On the living-room floor, in order of their appearance, lay three first editions, a leather cigarette case chewed beyond recognition, and thousands upon thousands of tiny pieces of paper.

Kipper had concentrated upon the paper. He had chewed and chased a box of wedding invitations around the room until it looked like the scene of a dizzy carnival's aftermath.

Jim said, "Kipper, where are you?"

Kipper remained very, very still. He pressed his ears closer to his head in a vain attempt to shut out the sound of impending doom.

"*Kipper!*"

Kipper inched out, propelled by his front paws, his hind legs dragging.

Jim pointed and said, "Look!"

Kipper rolled over on his back and played dead, wishing he were. Jim said, "*My wedding invitations!*"

SUDDENLY he bent down and pulled the trembling little body up into his arms. Kipper kept his eyes shut and shook all over.

The anger went out of Jim's voice. He said, "Poor little chap. Poor little Kipper. All alone all the time. Nothing to do, nothing to play with. Not even any supper. It's all right, fellow. Forget it."

But Kipper continued to shake. Jim picked up one of the mangled wedding invitations.

Kipper cringed and turned his head away.

Staring at the invitation, Jim said in a funny voice, very wearily, "I guess you're right, at that."

Now, wretched beyond belief because of his misdeeds, Kipper pawed frantically, licked wildly, pleading forgiveness.

Jim's hand came out with the forgiving stroke, the gentle scratching behind the ears. Kipper relaxed slightly, shivering with ecstasy. Jim said, "And now, since you're giving advice about my love affairs, Kipper, how does a man go about calling a girl up at five o'clock in the morning to tell her he's been a damn' fool?"

THE END

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When Flappers Hunted the Prince Like a Fox on Long Island . . . . His Games of Hide-and-Seek with New York's Womankind

Continuing a Series of Revelations of

The Bachelor Prince

by His Friend

FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

GOSSIP'S participation in the picking of a bride for the Prince of Wales became active in wartime and feverish during those post-war years when he began to be known as royal playboy and frequenter of night clubs. Several of gossip's match-making choices were impossible, as Mr. Hunt showed last week. Princesses Yolanda of Italy and Marie-José of Belgium were out of the question because of religion. A daughter of the Duke of Cumberland was ten years the Prince's senior and the families were estranged. Daughters of the Duchess of Fife were his first cousins, and Queen Mary was known to frown on such a marriage.

The indefatigable Marie of Roumania had ambitions for her daughter, Princess Ileana. The Prince enjoyed dancing with Ileana, but nothing came of it. A rumor that he had fallen in love with the King of Spain's daughter was unfounded, as was one that he meant to propose to a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, then Governor-General of Canada. This left Princess Ingrid of Sweden. She is still talked of as a possibility—but the Prince is still a bachelor, and Mr. Hunt has declared that he will never marry.

PART FIVE—"NO MORE PRIVACY THAN A GOLDFISH"

IT was ten years ago that the Prince paid his second and last visit to New York.

He was thirty years old and squarely in the middle of his gay bachelor years.

The whole world was dizzy and half mad. New York was the apex, the last word in the unreality of the period.

Some twenty million soldiers were still doing their best to get the taste of the war out of their mouths. The Prince was one of these twenty million.

He had already made two visits to Canada and one to the United States. He had "done" Australia and New Zealand; he had spent the best part of a year in India, Japan, and the Far East; he had polished off South Africa.

Keystone View photos

"At times his proud Long Island hosts would give out with whom he had danced." Top: Lady Louis Mountbatten, one of the richest women in England. Below: The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, an English social light. Bottom: Mrs. J. K. L. Ross. All three were dancing partners of the Prince one evening of his visit as Baron Renfrew, "Playboy Extraordinary."

Wide World photo

Acme photo

Keystone View photo

Top: At Annapolis in 1919. Next to the Prince stands Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. At the left is the young Assistant Secretary, one Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Above, at left: In New York in 1919, with Assistant Secretary of State William Phillips. Right: At Meadow Brook in 1924, with Julius Fleischmann, his polo host, and Gen. Trotter.

So it was that he was very definitely a young man of the world when he stepped off the Berengaria that hot summer day of August, 1924. Ostensibly he was to attend the International Polo Matches. Actually he was himself to play polo and dine and dance and plain enjoy himself.

He belonged very definitely to the period—the dance-mad, jazz-crazy, gambling, war-marked years that led up to the depression. No young man could possibly have lived in this period and not have lost his head. Being a prince exaggerated rather than relieved the pressure and tension.

During vacations from his heavy work of Empire-selling he had been making frequent visits to Paris and the popular resorts of the South. He knew his way about.

In Paris there were the Michodière and Zelli's and an amusing night club run by the extraordinary American ex-doughboy Jed Kiley. The Prince was especially fond of dancing at Jed's. Most of his French holidays, however, were spent at Le Touquet and Deauville. He would drop in at the casinos in the evening but he cared very little for gambling. He has never been a player for high stakes in the sense that his grandfather, Edward VII, was. Usually such bets as he made were laid by one of his equerries.

The war was over and a bachelor and young officer had certain rights of his own. If he belonged to a royal family he must run the gantlet of gossip, exaggeration, and exasperating untruths. By and large the Prince did not mind this. He knew that it was one

© U. & U. photo

"Mornings or early afternoons he would play polo." Taking a swipe at the ball at Old Westbury, L. I.

of the penalties of being born the heir to a throne.

In 1919, at the end of his first visit to America, he had promised his friends here that he would come again. Now, five years later, he was fulfilling this promise.

The morning after his arrival on the Berengaria he was swished down to Washington on a special train to lunch with President Coolidge. He and the President and the charming First Lady and John Coolidge made up the entire luncheon party. Mrs. Coolidge and the Prince kept the conversation going.

I'm not quite certain what the *pièce de résistance* was. When I lunched at the White House with the Coolidges three or four years later we had fried liver and bacon. It tasted mighty good to me.

Anyway, this visit of the Prince was considerably different from his first White House visit of five years before. Then he had crossed down from Canada at Rouses Point, New York, and on the evening of November 10 had put his feet on American soil. It was raining when he stepped down from his private car and the band of the Sixty-third United States Infantry played God Save the King and a company of soldiers snapped to attention.

All the good citizens of the border town were crowded on the platform, shouting and cheering a genuine welcome. The then Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, stepped forward and formally greeted him in behalf of the President and the government of the United States.

The eyes of the Prince swept over the little crowd. At one end of the platform stood twelve of the prettiest girls of Rouses Point, holding aloft a canopy of American and British flags interwoven.

The second the official welcome was ended, the Prince walked toward the girls, his eyes twinkling and his whole face beaming with boyish good feeling.

"Wish we could dance with you, Prince," one of the prettiest boldly ventured, with a show of white teeth.

"Not in this rain," the Prince answered with a chuckle. "But I'd like to dance with each one of you."

"So would we like to have you!" they said in a chorus. Laughing and joking with them, he shook their hands.

"Have a good time in America, Prince!" they shouted.

Fully enjoying the welcome, he turned back toward General Biddle, who had commanded the American troops in England and was now to be his military aide.

Before the next ten days were over he was to feel something of the warm and sincere if rather rough-and-ready welcome of an American crowd. He was to be shouted at and cheered and pounced on with friendly but determined curiosity. "I've been 'Princed' so much that I'm afraid I'll start barking," he remarked with a chuckle before he left New York.

That night of November 10, 1919, his train shot through the rain and blackness toward Washington. At eleven in the morning of Armistice Day it drew up at Baltimore and the Prince stood stiffly at attention during the two minutes of silence. Outside, a little line of ex-British soldiers were drawn up. The Prince ordered his private train held while he hurried down to inspect and greet them individually.

AT noon he pulled into Union Station. Vice-President Marshall, General Pershing, Secretary of War Baker, and other high officials were on hand to greet him. Through cheering thousands he rode to the Belmont House in New Hampshire Avenue. A troop of cavalry escorted him.

That afternoon he called at the White House. President Woodrow Wilson, stricken and helpless, lying upstairs in a great mahogany bed, was too ill to see him. The following day the Prince called again.

After tea with Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson and Mrs. Sayre, the Prince alone was taken up to the President's room. The War President was propped up in bed, a pathetic and touching figure of a man who had sacrificed himself for what he thought best for his country and his world.

The young man with all life before him and the broken man facing the end looked at each other. Infinite tenderness and sympathy were in the warm blue eyes of the Prince. The old warrior tried to smile a welcome as the kindly youth took his hand.

"I am sorry I could not meet you downstairs," he said laboriously. The words fairly dragged from his lips.

"I am sorry, too, Mr. President." The younger man spoke with deep feeling. "It is good to see you again."

Mrs. Wilson helped out with the trying conversation. The President said with effort: "Your grandfather slept in this bed in this same room in 1860 when James Buchanan was President. President Lincoln used it, too."

The Prince eagerly showed his interest. A sigh escaped from the tired and worn-out President.

Again the Prince took the white hand and pressed it. He wished the President a speedy recovery and then he said good-by. Silently he followed Mrs. Wilson from the room of tragedy.

All that took place in 1919. There was nothing painful or distressing about his second White House visit in 1924. After the quiet luncheon with the Coolidges the little party repaired to the Blue Room and the members of the Cabinet and their wives drifted in to meet the Prince. Promptly at three he said good-by, and that night he was back in his Long Island retreat, ready to have the time of his life.

THIS second visit was unofficial and he traveled as Baron Renfrew—Playboy Extraordinary and Gay Ambassador without portfolio. He had been listed as an ordinary passenger on the Berengaria, and from the start he was determined to be himself.

The first night at sea he set a precedent by coming into the dining saloon without a dinner jacket. At his table he dined with his old and intimate friends, Lady Diana Duff Cooper and Major Duff Cooper. The next day he worked out in the gym, played games, and enjoyed himself as much as possible under the constant gaze of his fellow passengers.

The second evening the whole world read that he had danced with Miss Leonore Cahill, a charming girl from St. Louis. The orchestra played an extra long encore—and the ship's wireless buzzed and spluttered out front-page stories to ten thousand morning newspapers. The Prince from now on was to have the privacy of Irvin Cobb's famous goldfish.

At two twenty in the afternoon, three days later, the Berengaria dropped anchor at Quarantine in New York Harbor. Transferring to the speed boat Black Watch, the Prince was rushed up the East River to the North Shore of Long Island and then to the country home of James A. Burden at Syosset. Its walls guarded by state troopers, police, and even private detectives, the estate was to be his headquarters for the next four weeks.

In the mornings or early afternoons he would play polo, usually at one of the private fields of the rich Long Islanders who were, broadly speaking, his hosts. The entire fashionable world of the Island battled and wrangled over his entertainment. New rich matched their dollars with old names. Social wars were declared that did not end until the crash of '29.

This was the beginning of the period when fortunes were made overnight in Wall Street. With a little luck and a little more nerve you could run up paper profits that in Europe it would have taken generations to have piled together. Money was in the air.

One of the absurd rumors that eventually had to be formally denied was that the Prince had himself made a Wall Street killing on a tip given him by the picturesque Julius Fleischmann.

It was no more far-fetched than hundreds of other stories about the conquests and romances of this First Bachelor of the world.

On the fifth day of his visit the Prince played eight chukkers of polo at No. 1 with a pick-up team dubbed the Whites and opposed by the Reds. The night before he had dined at the home of Devereux Milburn, the great poloist, at Wheatley Hills, and had danced and played about until five in the morning.

He slept late, combined lunch and breakfast, and then wrote in longhand three letters. One of them was to his father.

He was getting into his stride now—polo, possibly a race meet, dinner, and then a dance and a secret party until morning.

Everywhere he went he ran the gantlet of Long Island debs and matrons. They would lie in wait for him in packs, and the moment he appeared they would forget what decent people they ordinarily were and would pounce on him like dogs cornering a fox.

It soon became a game of wits—and the Prince often won. The public knew that he used both a Rolls-Royce and an American-made car, and his trick was to confuse his pursuers by rapidly shifting from one to the other. For instance, his Rolls would swing up to Cochran Field at Meadow Brook and swiftly turn into the roped inclosure. The crowd would break toward it.

Then a little later the Prince in his American car would drive quietly to the far end of the playing field, well above the clubhouse, and would slip into a camp chair among men who were far more interested in polo than in the royal visitor. A half hour later he would step into a second Rolls and speed away toward Grace Field. He had outwitted his huntresses.

Once his victory was but temporary. The crowd had raced to Grace Field, and the Prince, seeing the crush of cars at the entrance, left his Rolls, scaled the fence, and unobserved walked to a spot at the north end of the field.

FOR twenty minutes he was safe. Then two Long Island flappers sweeping the crowd with their glasses spotted him and with the good taste and decorum of polar bears rushed across and stood staring at him.

The word that he had been run down spread quickly. Scores of pretty young things crowded about him. Beaten and more than a little out of patience, he strode off. The crowd followed. He leaped the fence, hurried at a trot to his car, and was away.

It was little short of a dog's—or rather a hunted fox's—life that he was leading. Only after dinner, possibly with Will Rogers or Eddie Cantor acting as king's jester, could he escape and be himself. With Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, or with some of the gay and sparkling younger set of Long Island, he would slip away for a night of dancing and fun. At dawn the weary news hawks would catch a glimpse of his car swinging through the gate of his temporary home.

At times his proud hosts would give out the news where he had dined and with whom he had danced in the early evening: at the great Harbor Hill estate of Clarence H. Mackay; at Rodman Wanamaker's; at the J. D. Cosden home; at the Harrison Williamses', where he danced with Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, Mrs. J. K. L. Ross, Miss Lillian Bostwick, and Miss Gertrude Sanford, a sister of the amusing "Laddie."

Other days the excited papers had to be content with such an announcement as "At two in the morning the Prince left the Mackay home. Another man and two women were in the party but they were not identified."

The day before this particular defeat of the press he had rung up another victory on the news sleuths. From five o'clock in the afternoon he had vanished from their view until after one in the morning when he drove back to the Burden home.

It was one of his few real nights off. He was doing New York with two or three rare companions, sworn to secrecy. He was having a little of the fun that young bachelors are entitled to.

On Saturday, September 13, he sat in a flag-decked box, along with forty thousand other polo enthusiasts, and watched the United States team hang up a 16 to 5 victory over the British team. With real sportsmanship he applauded the brilliant play of the Americans. At the end of the fourth chukker he quietly slipped out of his box and, with his old friend and aide Brigadier General Trotter, hurried to the quarters of the British team, shook hands with each player, and encouraged them all. In the second half of the game the visitors made four out of their total of five goals.

The second and concluding game was played the following Tuesday, when the Prince saw the American team, which Grantland Rice called the "Four Horsemen of the Polo Eclipse," outride and outplay the visitors 14 to 5. The Prince was downcast but willingly took a modest part in the little ceremony following the end of play. General Bullard handed the prize cup to Devereux Milburn, the American captain. Seven pints of vintage champagne had been poured into the silver mug, and Louis Stoddard, taking it from the hands of Devereux, turned to the Prince and said: "Perhaps Your Royal Highness will first try our Meadow Brook water."

The Prince chuckled, took the cup, and bowing toward the American team took a good healthy swig. The American players followed and then the British team. After he had shaken hands with the American players he made a characteristic little speech of congratulation.

Nine busy days and amusing nights were to swing by before he finally took leave of his hosts. He was to ride in Manhattan's subways, visit newspaper offices and public schools, see a baseball game, attend a performance of Rain, call on Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., and spend several hours in the American Museum of Natural History. During his visit to Wall Street a ragged newsboy climbed on the rear tire rack of the Prince's open car. A policeman started to drive him off, but the royal visitor intervened. "Let him alone," he pleaded. "He isn't doing any harm and he seems to be having a good time."

On September 8 seven of the polo ponies the Prince had brought to America were sold at auction for an aggregate of $18,100—some $3,000 more than he had paid for them. Lady Pat, an eighteen-year-old brown mare, was bought for $3,600 by Robert H. Hessler. This little matter of $3,000 in velvet from the sale of the seven went at least part way toward covering the Prince's personal expenses. He was proving that he was no rank amateur as a business man.

Sunday morning at ten o'clock he climbed aboard his special at Syosset, Long Island. Half the sporting folk of Long Island were crowded around the platform. His sixty-seven pieces of luggage had been loaded. On the observation end of his private car he smilingly waved a good-by as the train puffed out of the station.

It was a farewell vastly different from the official send-off he had been given five years before. Shortly after noon, on that late November day of 1919, the last of his visitors had left the great battle cruiser Renown, that was to take him back to England and was now lying, with steam up, in the upper Hudson.

At one forty-five the United States battleship Delaware, standing by, began to drop slowly downstream, halting just above Ninety-sixth Street for the visiting battle cruiser to move. Ahead of the Prince's ship slipped the British light cruiser Constance. At Sixty-third Street the Constance dropped behind the Renown, and eight escorting United States destroyers began to form lines on both sides of the Prince's ship.

The Prince, deeply touched by the rare naval honor, stood on the bridge of the Renown with Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey.

As the destroyers, their crews manning their rails, came alongside, he saluted each vessel.

Below the Statue of Liberty the gray Delaware passed the Renown and took the lead through Ambrose Channel.

TWILIGHT came on. The lights in the tall buildings of lower Manhattan twinkled and danced—and then quickly faded out. Darkness was dropping like a curtain.

It is a century-old rule that no naval salute is ever fired after sunset; but the United States Navy broke this rule that night. Just as Ambrose lightship, riding gently in the swells, was passed, the Delaware swung wide and then came to a standstill. Silently, like some giant shadow, the Renown slipped by. Then from the Delaware a twenty-one-gun salute boomed forth.

When the final echo had been lost in the vast and darkening sea, the guns of the Renown answered. With her escort of eight American destroyers that would see her safely across the quiet and peaceful waters to Halifax, she was soon swallowed up in the night. On this second New York farewell in 1924 there were no booming cannon nor solemn moments. Rather, it was a worn and very weary young man slipping out of sight for a while. Four days later he arrived at his ranch in the glorious foothill country of western Alberta. Here he found rest and peace; he needed both. New York hospitality had almost got the best of him. I am sure that on cool evenings,

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when he sat in front of the great log fire in the living room of his low rambling log house in the Alberta foothills, he let his mind wander back not only to this last vivid visit to jazz-mad, money-crazy New York, but to the visit five years before when he had spent a half dozen days there.

They had been far less strenuous days. He had left the old City Hall and driven through the miles of cheering, shouting people. And that first night he had "stopped the show" when the great Caruso was singing in Pagliacci at the Metropolitan. After the performance, with a choice crowd of youthful friends, he had on foot taken in the sights of the magic city. He had asked to be shown the Bowery and Chinatown, and later had turned to the bright lights of Broadway.

It was long past midnight when he stepped aboard his launch for the Renown. He had literally captured the heart of New York. There was not one débutante, not one pretty girl nor young matron in all the fanciful, capricious town who was not aflutter over this Prince Charming.

A night or two later, with several of the smartest and gayest of the younger set, he danced at a small and secret informal party. Youth did not need sleep in such times. There were cheers and happy smiles and the love of a city to give him strength.

The experience that he was going through during these formative years was to make him heart and soul with all people and with the whole world.

The influence of gentle and sympathetic women of his own age was happily not to be denied him. No more fortunate thing in his whole life was to happen than that he, the Bachelor Prince, should find one or two women who would pour out to him the rich and enduring love and understanding so necessary in the full development of any man. Except for the deeply satisfying experience of fatherhood, he has missed nothing to make life complete.

How much truth is there in all the gossip about the Prince of Wales and women? This question will be definitely answered, and specific cases will be frankly discussed, by Mr. Hunt in next week's installment. He will also reveal the truth about the Prince's widely ridiculed horsemanship, and will tell the dramatic inside story of his race home from Africa, in 1928, to the bedside of the stricken King.

PERK-UPS

by JACQUELINE LARK

1. This game is based on HOMONYMS, which are words having the same sound but different in meaning and spelling.

2. 1A and 1B are a set of HOMONYMS. 2A and 2B are another set, etc.

3. To score yourself, check a PERK-UP each time you get a HOMONYM and a CAST-DOWN each time you are stumped.

Since my 1A . . . . . . Jane's mother and father 2A . . . . . . she had been my charge and now I was to lose her. She informed me of this fact suddenly by bouncing into my room thusly: "Auntie, I'm engaged to the 3A . . . . . . and 4A . . . . . . of a French nobleman. He's sort of a 5A . . . . . . and he's too 6A . . . . . . and, Aunt May, you've never 7A . . . . . . a 8A . . . . . . till you've seen my François. He had to 9A . . . . . . back to Paris and I promised we'd follow over to meet him."

Auntie gave in as usual after a few 10A . . . . . . and 11A . . . . . . 12A . . . . . . didn't 13A . . . . . . much time and 14A . . . . . . 15A . . . . . . later, after we had 16A . . . . . . all over town buying trousseau undies, we were ensconced in a lovely 6B . . . . . . on the S. S. Paris.

Jane wasn't nearly in the 15B . . . . . . I was and she would 17A . . . . . . around the decks while I sat and 18A . . . . . . in 19A . . . . . . The 3B . . . . . . and 4B . . . . . . did us good. Jane told me very little about François, but I supposed her to be too in love to talk, though, to be 20A . . . . . ., she 14B . . . . . . well and didn't 21A . . . . . . to give a 22A . . . . . . whether the boat 23A . . . . . . or not. She showed no sign of lovesickness or any other kind.

François and his sister Renée met us at the dock with their car, and it was a touching 7B . . . . . . of lovers meeting while I tactfully chatted with boat acquaintances about their trips to Venice, 17B . . . . . ., Monte Carlo, and 1B . . . . . . After standing a long time to get our baggage 26A . . . . . . the customs, we piled in the motor and 24A . . . . . . the horn to bid good-by to our new friends and were off to Paris.

The next two 15A . . . . . . Renée and Jane dragged me off to shops to 26B . . . . . . the clothes still needed 27A . . . . . . the trousseau. Jane seemed more excited about the shopping than her love. Renée helped us with her knowledge of English as well as French and she explained how much the 20B . . . . . . was worth.

Jane first picked out a trim 24B . . . . . . two-19B . . . . . . travel suit, which fitted beautifully except for letting out a 21B . . . . . . or two. For this she bought a cute little 13B . . . . . . She selected several daytime 5B . . . . . . and a lovely 18B . . . . . . afternoon frock in faille crepe. To complete the ensemble she had an adorable 23B . . . . . . hat 2B . . . . . . to match. She chose an exquisite evening 22B . . . . . . in her 11B . . . . . . that was on 9B . . . . . . which made the salesgirl exclaim, "Mais 12B . . . . . ., mademoiselle est très 8B . . . . . . !" We finally selected a 6A . . . . . . and simple dinner gown in white with 10B . . . . . . of 25A . . . . . ., and she looked so pure and 16B . . . . . . in it that you'd never dream she could be up to such plotting as she was.

After all these purchases I said, "Now let's get to the bridal gown." My 1A . . . . . . replied, "Auntie dear, I'm so exhausted. It's after 27B . . . . . . o'clock. Let's come back tomorrow."

That night I asked, "When am I to meet François's family?" It was then that Jane confessed the truth. They weren't engaged at all, but she knew I wouldn't take her desired trip to Paris just to buy clothes, so she and Renée cooked up the plan to get me to give in to the trip.

I was a 12C . . . . . . bit hurt to be used as a 25B . . . . . . in the plot, but I forgave all, as now I wouldn't lose my baby.

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 63

Coming—

The FORUM of LIBERTY

LIBERTY Presents
a New Radio Program
Every Thursday at 8:30 P. M.
Eastern Standard Time

EDWIN C. HILL is not only an ace of radio as commentator on The Human Side of the News but an author of note and a prince of star reporters. He won his spurs on the old New York Sun, for which he hunted front-page news the country over, becoming a friend of celebrities. Then for a time he edited scenarios in Hollywood—but he couldn't keep away from the news that he makes so thrilling on the air.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CITY	STATION
AKRON	WADC
ALBANY	WOKO
BALTIMORE	WCAO
BOSTON	WNAC
BUFFALO	WGR
CHICAGO	WBBM
CINCINNATI	WKRC
CLEVELAND	WHK
DETROIT-WINDSOR	CKLW
FORT WAYNE	WOWO
HARTFORD	WDRC
INDIANAPOLIS	WFBM
KANSAS CITY	KMBC
LOUISVILLE	WHAS
NEW YORK CITY	WABC
PHILADELPHIA	WCAU
PITTSBURGH	WJAS
PROVIDENCE	WEAN
ST. LOUIS	KMOX
SYRACUSE	WFBL
TOLEDO	WSPD
WASHINGTON	WJSV

FULTON OURSLER, editor of Liberty, novelist, playwright, scenarist, and music critic. As chairman, he will present each week in The Forum of Liberty a national figure who will discuss a public question of vital interest. It has been said of him—by the Boston Transcript—that he "has achieved notable distinction in more different fields of literary activity than any other living man of letters in this country."

LIBERTY is again on the air!

The Forum of Liberty, to be presented every Thursday at 8:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia network, will introduce famous leaders of thought in the United States in discussions of the great topics of the day—affording them an opportunity to express their views on subjects of vital interest to every thinking man and woman in the country.

Drama! In The Forum of Liberty, which makes its début Thursday, October 18, you will hear the stirring accents of Edwin C. Hill, famous for his vivid stories of The Human Side of the News, narrating thrilling incidents from the history of the building of Industrial America.

Peer in fancy behind the scenes as he recreates with word pictures true events that breathe romance, adventure, and life.

Music! The Forum of Liberty will bring you the music of a great orchestra under the baton of Arnold Johnson, presenting tone pictures to fit the mood, the time, and the place of Edwin C. Hill's narratives.

The rousing barytone of Edward Nell will awaken memories as he sings the songs that men sang while eventful deeds were in progress.

Molders of opinion! The Forum of Liberty will come to its climax as Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, each Thursday presents a national figure whose position and knowledge of public affairs, business, industry, or science make his opinion of greatest importance.

ARNOLD JOHNSON
His orchestra will supply The Forum of Liberty with a musical background. He has been a vaudeville headliner. His music has been enjoyed in some of the finest hotels in the land.

EDWARD NELL
is one of radio's favorite barytones, recruited from musical comedy. Like Edwin C. Hill, he is a Hoosier, and The Forum of Liberty will not be the first program to feature both men on the air.

……

"These are momentous days," Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, said in announcing the new program. "Breath-taking changes are occurring daily.

"To some these epochal changes, affecting our social, industrial, and economic life as individuals and as a nation, are indications of progress. Others do not feel so hopeful.

"Some favor inflation, codes, price fixing, subsidies, and other methods.

"Others are concerned about one or more of these current trends.

"Liberty believes the public will be interested in hearing the views of outstanding leaders in brief discussions of these vital subjects.

"The Forum of Liberty is not designed as a stage for the formal discussion of abstruse economic theories, but rather to offer an opportunity for these leaders to talk with you, the great American public—to give you the opportunity of learning at first hand what America's important leaders think of these absorbing changes which are so deeply affecting all of our lives."

Modern Lady

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 38 SECONDS

JANE McAM, red-headed and beautiful, faces a vital problem in love and business. Rudy West, her childhood sweetheart, has rushed her into matrimony. Now he wants her to give up the vast real estate enterprise she has spent the best part of her life in establishing in New York and abide by his old-fashioned belief that a woman's place is in the home.

The Great I McAm, as Jane is known in real estate circles, has worked night and day to achieve her business triumphs. As a spindling girl of seventeen, with her father, Teddy, a lifer in prison, and with her crippled mother, Nell, and three younger children, Marion, Dick, and Toby, to provide a home for, she first got a job from Edgar Holloway. A broken-down real estate man himself, Holloway offered her a commission if she could sell a tract of sand owned by Tom Leeds, and with Rudy's help she made the sale.

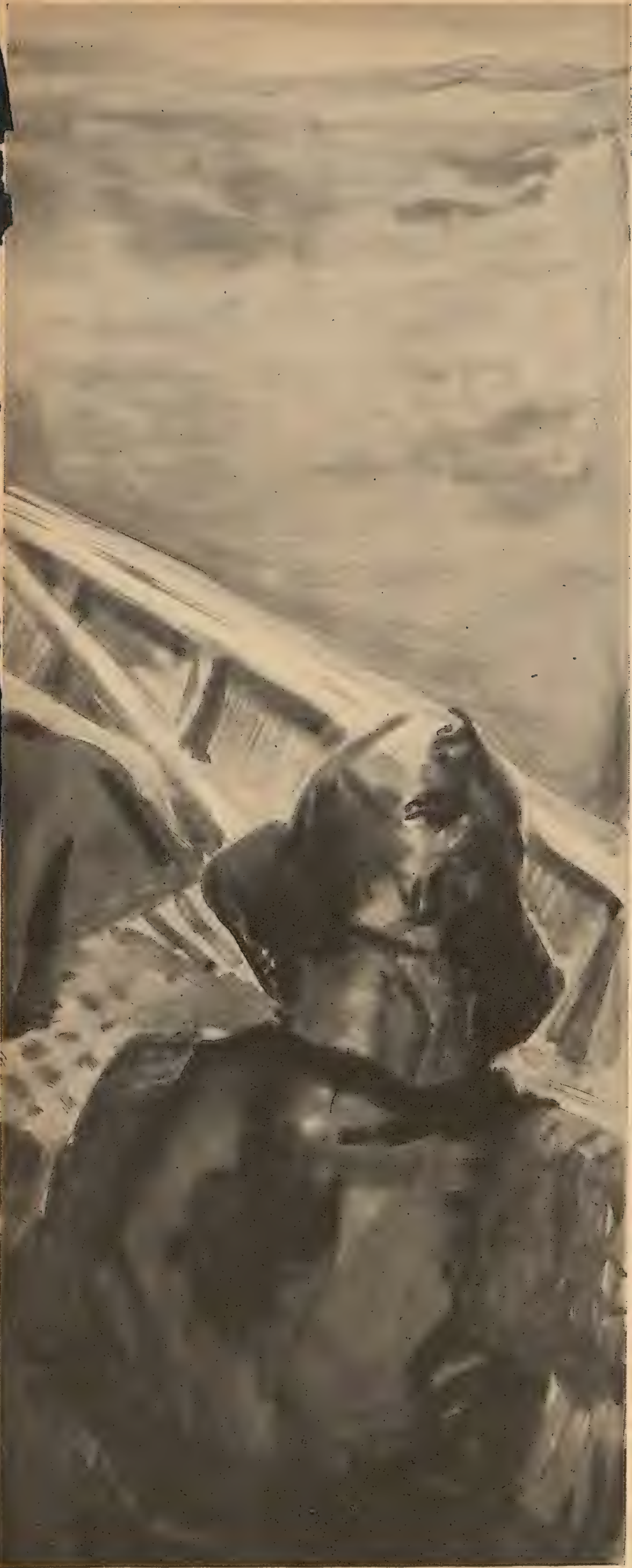
That was the beginning of Jane's business career, and after grueling hard work, the years immediately following the World War now find her installed in her own elaborate New York offices, with Holloway, Trudy Link, Seth Percy, and others who helped her in her lean days, associated with her. But in love, Jane has found only misery and heartbreak. She still loves Rudy, but he can see her only as a pal. He was engaged to Nina Norris, but when she jilted him for Resolute Perry, who had opened her way to a stage career, Rudy goes abroad as an engineer.

Unable to find solace in the proffered love of Dr. Hamilton Sheppard, Jane plunges deeper into her business. Then Rudy returns and they are married. During their brief honeymoon on a bleak island, Rudy asks her to give up business and devote all her time to making a home for him. A bitter argument ensues, with Rudy insisting on his old-time ideals and Jane finally declaring that her business is as vital to her as his love. He starts back to New York alone.

PART EIGHT — THE SHOW-DOWN

JANE stood perfectly still, even long after Rudy was out of sight. She heard the sound of voices, and knew that old Amasa Bonton was probably on the wharf with Rudy. But she couldn't move. Her heart beat so that it hurt too deeply to breathe fully. The sound of the engine crashed the air and blotted out the song of birds. Splurt, concussions. He had it running. It was warming up.

Stiff and wooden she stood where he left her, and waited to see the boat veer slowly around the wharf. She watched it ride past the screen porch, gathering speed. New York alone and



She bathed the deep neck wound and constantly bleeding shoulder.

Rudy Gambles Life for Love, and Jane Seeks the One Way to Win—The Most Exciting Chapter Thus Far in This Vivid Novel of Today

by
GRACE PERKINS

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

going back to mother and her apartment? How could she explain? What did it matter? The last words he said were that he loved her. Showdown, he said . . .

Her eyes strained to follow the line of the neat little Small Potatoes as it rode out into the nothingness of the far waters. Rode away from her life.

Tears blurred the vision of the disappearing boat. If he came back this minute, she would give him anything he asked. Weakness, that. Love made you weak. She had never had love before. Now she had tasted it and it was gone. He was right. Right to hold love at such a high price—at any price, life alone wasn't worth living.

SUDDENLY in the far distance the little boat split, tossing itself high into the air. For a moment, watching it, she could not breathe. Then she screamed. Threw her arms high in the air and screamed, over and over.

Then a spurt of flame, so small, so unbelievable, so far away, flickered long enough to silence her. She pressed her palms to her eyes, catching her breath. The next moment she had flung out of the screen door, and was racing madly down the padded path of oyster shells, screaming:

"Amasa! Amasa!"

Jane lived a century in the forty minutes before Amasa's aged lobster boat was started and inched its way to the wreck.

Rudy was conscious when they pulled him in. His shirt was torn, and his shoulder and the base of his skull were covered with blood.

All the windy slow way to Woods Hole she bathed the long deep neck wound and constantly bleeding shoulder with the slip she had yanked from under her dress, tearing it with grim strength and dipping it into the salt water. By the time they reached Woods Hole harbor she realized his left arm had been broken above the elbow.

Shortly before they reached the Hyannis hospital Rudy opened his eyes and feebly pressed her hand with his icy fingers. She bent closer to hear what he was saying.

"I knew you'd come to me," she heard, and felt vaguely mystified at the triumphant smile that lingered on his lips.

A lifetime later she

saw him again in bed, blankly asleep. An arm and a shoulder bone had been broken, and his right ankle had been severely strained, but for the main part he was in no grave or imminent danger. The doctor advised that he not be moved. Rudy would be several weeks in a plaster cast.

Jane saw reporters, and when they were gone she telephoned New York in more or less privacy. She called Trudy and asked her to come. She talked with Edgar and with her family.

Then, weary and frazzled, she crawled into bed in the stuffy cubicle of a hospital room next to Rudy's and slept like a drunkard.

By noon next day she had found a quiet near-by boarding house and engaged two old-fashioned rooms and a large and even more old-fashioned bathroom. At four Trudy arrived. By five o'clock there was an extension of the house phone in Trudy's room.

FOR the next week Jane lived keyed to her old pitch. Rudy's friends, Rudy's father and sister, Rudy's office were duly called each morning and evening. The rest of the day she was running her business.

Rudy's manner puzzled her. There was in his eyes and on his lips a childlike pleasure. Always she was conscious of his eyes, and always his good-night kisses and the pressure of his right arm flung about her and holding her close gave her a dizzy thrill of delirious pleasure.

"Rudy, I've got something important to tell you," she announced one night.

"Yeh?" He smiled as if in amusement.

"I—I'm going to sell out my business. It will take me a little while to put things in shape. But I've told Trudy and I'll tell the others when we get to New York."

He held her hand, studying the huge jade ring on her finger. Then he looked up at her and the amusement had vanished from his eyes.

"You're going to do nothing of the kind, Redhead."

"But, Rudy, I've thought it all out, and what you said was true. I hated you for saying it. But—it's true. I love you too much to risk losing you."

"Want to know how much I love you?" he said tersely. "Enough to take all this," he pointed to his plaster cast, "and not mind. It was worth it."

She frowned.

"I didn't mean it to be so bad. Although I knew it was taking a chance," he told her. "I didn't mind losing the boat. Maybe I didn't mind if I was killed. You have to have something to live for."

"You're not telling me—you did it on purpose?"

He nodded.

"I told you it was a show-down. I had to see if you'd come to me. More than that—if you'd stay with me."

"Rudy—you'd risk your life for that? Why, you must be mad!"

"It didn't come off right," he laughed. "It wouldn't have been so serious if I'd managed it. I thought I could jump clear. But I knew it was a chance. It meant that much to me."

She was so shocked she stood stiffened in the clasp of his good arm.

"I'm not worth it," she said sharply. "But I'll try to be."

"You're worth it because I love you. That's all that counts. But you don't have to give up your business. I'd be a damn' fool to ask it. I told you when I left, Jane, that I wouldn't compromise or make adjustments unless I knew I came first."

Didn't he know that anybody can come through in an emergency? That we all have the stuff of heroes, the measure of nobility in the face of a crisis? Even though she had stayed with him, couldn't he see she hadn't given up her business all this time?

She had carried on—even at a great price and a great strain.

"Really, it frightens me that you'd do a thing like that, Rudy. How do I know what you'll be doing next? Meet me one night, drag me from a party, decide you love me, put New York in an uproar to marry me. Upset a whole office—then you whisk me off to an island! Cut us off from the world for nearly a week. And to top it you decide to risk death—just because an idea hit you!"

"I found out what I wanted." He was laughing.

"It's sinful. It's disgraceful. And I won't stand for it. I'm going to New York, and you can get well by yourself."

She turned, slammed the heavy door behind her, and within four hours was on a train for New York.

By the time Jane reached New York she was ashamed. She phoned the hospital in Hyannis, murmured apologies to Rudy, and called herself fancy names for a fool. Even his impish and triumphant laughter did not shake her penitent mood.

Back in the rich whipped-cream comfort that she had so missed on her honeymoon and in the frightened month that followed, she tried to figure Rudy out. Here was the man she had loved all her life. Longed for. Now she had him. It was not going to be a case of they-were-married-and-lived-happily-ever-after. Better face it.

He'd lived alone—or foot-loose, away from family life—for nearly fifteen years. He'd braved it out in South America, in the oil fields of Texas, in Alaska, in China. And in each place his record brought him out towering over his job.

Wherever this man might have gone, the war stopped him. He came back wounded, minus most of a lung and philosophically shattered. And his firm, knowing him, heaped high the pillows in the office, convinced that his days of whacking vitality were over and his life would be cut short in the field. The fact that Rudolph West accepted his new status silently made them sure they were proven right. Yet Moffin & Co. had recently become Moffin & Richmond, and Harrison Richmond obviously resented the echoing popularity of this field man in an office job.

And to Rudy an office life, day after day, year after year, treading the mill, living politely, seemed tame and stupid. A little futile. There was in his eyes that seeking—that pushing back the walls that surrounded him. There was that grinning impudence, that phrase forever on his lips: "What of it? We may be dead by Monday!"

Ah, she'd be good to him. She wouldn't quarrel. Never, never quarrel with him.

BUT they did quarrel. Rudy was the one living person who could lash Jane into a temper beyond her control.

Then, just as suddenly, the storm would vanish. In the middle of the night the telephone company would run up charges for two-hour talks; automobiles, trains, airplanes would sweep through the distance between them. Somehow they never went to the trouble to explain the terms of peace.

Anger was spent; separation, misunderstanding had become unendurable, and they went to each other.

People called them unhappy, but even as they said it they knew they lied. People said they would burn each other up. But Rudy and Jane never heard. They lived as if other people did not exist. They knew no shame, no restrictions, no concern if they were making spectacles of themselves.

They crashed parties, or left parties at their own strange will. They invited people to dinner and went off to the country an hour beforehand. They made dates and completely forgot them, or they made several dates for one night.

Jane worked doubly hard, with a prowling catlike pounce. She had no longer the same command over her time, her days, her thoughts. She loaded on help, paid heavily, and her office for the first time was kindling with intrigue and petty quarrels. In the old days she had been the head and front and they had feared her; now she depended upon them and they knew it.

Her passion for Rudy mounted until she fought lest it obsess her. His attraction for women was disturbing. Like bread smeared with honey that collected ants and bees, Rudy's tall figure magnetized females, old and young, with that strange sweet promise in his smile. His entrance seemed a signal for the quick fumbling for lipsticks and powder boxes, straightening of shoulder straps. The sight of these females and their perky gestures, their measuring side glances threw Jane into a fever. That Rudy reacted, that he was a gay and engaging companion, testing and daring them for the fun of it, put Jane through as much suffering as an operation without an anæsthetic. Her torture amused Rudy, who chuckled as he kissed away her jealousies in the dark.

Yet when he wanted to gain a point he deliberately dated some conquest on evenings that business usurped his wife.

She'd accuse him of it and his grin would broaden.

"Why not? I've got to prove to you somehow that you can't serve two masters. I may not be much of a master, but by golly I'm going to be served!"

He was living far beyond his means and she knew it. Knew he was playing the stock market, knew he was investing in quick-money schemes. They never mentioned money, or who paid for what or when or how, or where they banked.

Even on their first trip abroad—that delayed honeymoon that cost Jane such frenzy with business worries—money was not mentioned.

Dick needing cash in a hurry for a gambling debt, and being refused point-blank by Jane, had come across the old manuscript about prison life which his father had laboriously written. Within two weeks he had sold it as a serial and book, under his own name. He had counted on his family's reaction, and true to his gauge, not one of them told. Not even Toby in his drunkest moments, Toby who was still scratching away with his pen one exquisite poem after another. The family looked on aghast at the fanfare, the publicity, the success of Jail Bird, which rode the sales into high figures and made of Dick a literary find.

But Jane faced him in private. Just one hour. And turned him out. Not that turning him out meant much good, for Nell would give him money whenever he needed it.

As would Trudy, to whom most of the family turned with secret problems. But even if she went on paying, through them, Jane never wanted to see Dick again.

RUDY and Jane were married a frenzied year when he gave her an insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars. Jane was infinitely touched, and when he bent down to kiss her she held him close.

"A very pat-a-cake anniversary present," he shrugged, turning to the wheel-cart bar and starting to mix cocktails. "You look exquisite in fluffy stuff."

She looked down at her green chiffon and laughed delightedly.

"Only you're still too thin. I like husky women. Nice meaty women."

"I've put on six pounds."

"Not enough." He bent to crunching sugar with a glass muddler. "Sorry the policy wasn't higher. Cost too much as it is with my lung. Of course if I kick off, I'd be no financial loss to you. I realize that."

"Rudy, please!"

"Well, it's true." He swung about and handed her a cocktail. They drank slowly and then he smiled. "All right, we won't look at that side of it, Jane. I'd be a hell of a loss to you. You'd never find another lover like me."

"Kiss me, Rudy."

"No. I don't want to spoil you."

She laughed as he refilled his glass and slouched opposite her.

"But in the matter of children, Jane!"

"Yes?"

"You ought to be built up in a couple of years."

"I hope before then, Rudy. The doctor says probably by the end of next year."

"I'm going to take you abroad this summer. And not kiting around. Settling right down on the Riviera."

She considered this with a storm of thoughts.

"At any rate, Jane, even if you never need it, I'd like to feel my child—or children—had something against the future. You may not always be so successful."

She nodded. There were a thousand things she wanted to say, but she knew him better than to follow the subject. It bordered on too many things that might explode in their faces.

But the matter of insurance haunted her. She held policies for her mother, and smaller policies for the boys. But now she wanted to take out insurance for Rudy. Aside from his physical condition, which was not dangerous in itself, she was worried by his insatiable demands on his own strength. His office conditions were far from smooth. Buddies with old Moffin. Supercilious with Richmond.

Suppose some fine day Richmond won out and Rudy was tossed into the discard? Even with his reputation would it be easy to find another berth with such freedom and such money?

She decided to take out a policy for a quarter of a million, and talked the matter over with Seth. After all, Rudy need never know. The policy would rest in her vault, but she'd be comforted by its existence.

Naming husbands as beneficiaries was not quite as easy as it might sound. The insurance companies Seth represented did not like it—not without good and substantial reasons.

"Hell, Seth," said Jane, "I love him. What more reason do they want? Why shouldn't every wife take out insurance for her husband?"

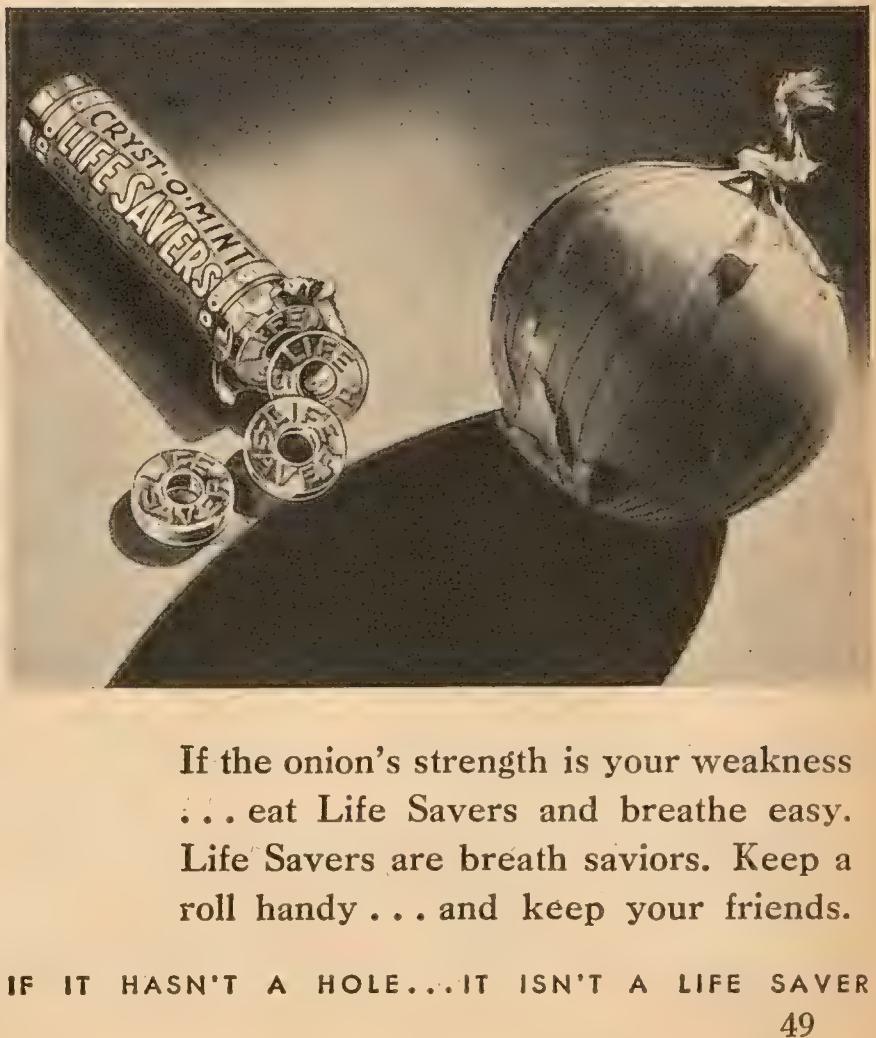
She was turned down. And because Seth knew that she would never rest until she found out, he made the mistake of telling her. She had passed the physical examination. But they considered her a bad moral risk. Jane's eyes became dangerously blue, and Seth hastened to explain.

Often a bad moral risk did not mean an immoral or unmoral risk. They were not afraid of her financial responsibility, but after all even she had to admit she was no average woman and no average risk. She drank and smoked and kept late hours. She was living beyond her strength trying to keep up with her husband and her business.

Her family were fast livers, her father was in jail. Jane was essentially of a gambling nature, a hot quick temper; a woman to take too many risks.

She went that very day to see the president of the

IF YOU KNOW YOUR ONIONS . . . FOLLOW 'EM WITH LIFE SAVERS



If the onion's strength is your weakness . . . eat Life Savers and breathe easy. Life Savers are breath saviors. Keep a roll handy . . . and keep your friends.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE... IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

insurance company involved! A friend of Tom Leeds. Quite sweetly she told him what she had heard and that she had proof that her name was on their records as being a bad moral risk. Rather than face the publicity she could bring to bear, was he or wasn't he going to issue her the quarter of a million dollars insurance she had applied for?

Polite minor blackmail. But Jane's righteous indignation cast aside the bounds of ethics.

Walking out of there with the assurance of the policy, she felt as indignant as when she walked in. The entire question of insurance for women inflamed her. Back in her office she held forth vehemently after hours, arguing with Seth and Edgar.

Why aren't all women taught to buy enough insurance to pay the debts and expenses they leave behind? Why must men take out insurance for wives, and wives take out no insurance for husbands? Why did insurance companies prefer that the woman name her children and not her husband?

A husband can decide to spend five thousand a year on insurance. It's expected of him. Why doesn't he instead spend twenty-five hundred to insure himself and twenty-five hundred to insure his wife? In not so doing the husband is admitting that his wife's loss means nothing intrinsic to any one. Then why haven't women pride enough to do it themselves? If she loves her husband as he loves her, why shouldn't she want to leave him something?

How does she know he'll be self-sufficient? That he won't lose all he has, be crippled, fired, or just old and tired and worn?

Ah, well. It's the fault of the insurance companies. They hate to insure women. A hundred to one a woman pays more heavily for insurance. Despite childbirth and all the other physical difficulties of being female, woman's endurance is such that she lives far longer than her hard-working, hard-living strong mate. You don't have to tell that to the insurance companies! They know it! On annuity schedules women are paid a lower rate because they generally live longer.

Into this office gathering, with Jane and Trudy and Edgar and Seth, walked Rudy, unexpectedly early from his semiweekly game of squash, to pick Jane up for dinner.

They had not heard him come, and when at last Jane caught sight of him leaning against the door, his face white with anger, she wondered how long he had been there.

She greeted him expansively, and the others dwindled off in embarrassment to their own offices.

"AND what the hell was that fervent tirade about?" Rudy demanded of her without shifting from his slouch against the threshold.

"It was about woman and insurance," she said coolly. "As you quite well heard. I take it you don't approve?"

"I don't give a damn one way or the other. I just want to know if you succeeded in convincing the company you were a moral gal!"

"I did."

"And you actually got insurance—for me?"

"I did."

"Well, I like your red-headed nerve."

"I didn't intend to tell you about it. I was just going to put it away."

"Of course you wouldn't tell me about it. You knew better. But you'd tell your whole office force about it. You'd not mind if the insurance company and their whole office knows about it. Bandying my name around like that. Making an issue out of it. What the hell do they take me for—a kept man?"

Before she could answer Rudy had turned and slammed his way out of her office.

For six unforgettable days neither Jane nor his office heard from Rudy. Eventually she took her worry to a friend in the police department. Rudy was found, well and happy, just where she should have known to look for him—on the same island where they spent their honeymoon.

For another four days she held off. By that time her work and her health were wrecked. She got on a train, hired a car, rented a boat, and made her way to the island. From the deck of the smelly lobster boat she called to him:

"Our case is particular. It's tied up with a lot of old sore subjects. But by itself I'm right—women should take out insurance. If you don't admit that, I don't land!"

"Jane," he halloed from shore, "women should be *made* to take out insurance!"

And this time, perhaps with the sublimity of paradise regained, camping on the island and the funny stuffy hunting lodge were pleasant.

They talked seriously of having a baby. And before they left the island they had tearfully and soulfully planned their campaign. She was to take a year off from business.

Trudy, whom Rudy loathed, could be with her during that year wherever they went. Jane could see Edgar once a week. She was not to go to her office, not to see clients, not to be actively engaged in any deals.

SHE tried desperately hard to enjoy that year. Aside from the double-edged nervousness of seeing things in her office go wrong, seeing deals lost, seeing them mismanaged and botched, she honestly tried to trim her sails to the slackened wind of living. Everything seemed tasteless.

Her family were dull, exasperating, grasping, deliberately stupid. Rudy's family was sweet but pathetic. His father at seventy-six was a rosary of delightful stories but one who said the same rosaries over and over. Abby, colorless, quiet, and idealless, was the most comforting of the lot.

One thing she accomplished. Working with double earnestness that year, she got her father's release, and going out to the Middle West with Nell, brought him back home. To a world he did not know. To a Nell who had gone on with the world and whose friends shocked him. To children who found it hard to muster up joy or love beyond the first few days of celebration. He became a shadowy, whitish figure in their lives—strangely white with his rabbit brows, his chalky face, his milky hair, and the white clothes he affected and so dearly loved—white flannel in the winter and white linen in the summer.

His only dear delight seemed to be corresponding with his buddies back in jail, sending them gifts, and remembering them at holidays and birthdays.

Much as she tried, Jane could not court her father; could not get to know him. Often she found him reading and rereading Jail Bird, by Richard McAm. His copy was thick with marginal notes. But he kept this precious volume locked in his private desk, and no one ever heard him discuss the book.

In her pregnancy only was Jane truly happy. That secret and tender quality that only expectant parents know ruled the household. Never were Rudy and Jane closer to each other, more nearly in harmony. Whatever the discomfort, the rank humiliations of a sensitive woman, Jane shrugged them all aside. No baby within her ken was costing more than this—no baby was more planned for or welcome.

Six months later Jane went through a miscarriage. Her whole world seemed to crash and she was reduced to a state of nerves.

She asked one thing—and only one thing—that without recrimination or criticism she be permitted to lead her own life.

Not more than four months after she was back in the old harness, wondering why it wore new sores, Rudy was voted out of his firm. He had seen it coming—for years; but now that it had happened he seemed suddenly to crumple.

Richmond had won!

The word circulated and Rudy waited. He had one or two offers from enviable firms, but the positions offered frightened him more than no offer at all. Then finally he made a deal with Rice and Reynolds. They were supreme, and a connection with them was of itself a proof of standing.

Yet there, his office was shared with two others, his salary cut in half, his opinions considered with interest but with no outstanding weight.

Rudy settled into something of his old routine. But his eyes were a little puzzled. He went out often with his old boss, Riley Moffin, and had him out to the house for long week-ends.

Old Moffin was a shadowy figure in his own firm, still king, providing he did not try to rule.

And the two talked and drank and smoked together, discussing the engineering feats of the world and tabbing off the men who amounted.

"You'd be the biggest of them all," Moffin would always sigh, until Jane could cheerfully have poisoned him. "You still would be, right this minute, if you would go at it. You'd never have botched that Mississippi River job."

For days Rudy's eyes would be wistful, his fingers snapping with restless futility.

Desperately Jane searched through her mind for the things that would satisfy him.

There were only two: To give up her business. To have a baby.

So one night late in August she called for him at his office. The summer had been difficult, for in joining a new firm he had been permitted only a week's vacation. In reality she had been glad, despite the bloodsucking heat, for it had given her a chance to catch up with her own work, rebuild her own pace.

Now they drove out home, and on the flagstone terrace overlooking the Sound they had cocktails before dinner.

"Rudy, I found out for sure today," she told him, "that we are going to have a baby."

He put his glass down, incredulous.

"Don't look disapproving, Rudy dear. I'm going to try it my way. I'm sick of these doctors and their diets and their blood tests and their contraptions and all their different stories. I'm going to just up and have a baby and see what about it. Without any more nonsense."

"But, Jane, if anything happened to you—"

"If it does it does. But it won't."

After a pause he asked:

"And your work?"

"I'm going right on with it. I'm too damn' nervous when I'm not working. You see, Rudy, I've been a stubborn fool. Ham Sheppard is the best obstetrician in the city—perhaps in the country. I've always been too embarrassed to go to him. Silly."

"I often wondered why you didn't. I never wanted to ask. I guess because I knew. He was once in love with you, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I'm apt to agree with you, then, that—"

"Nonsense. Ham has a very devoted mistress. Has had for about eight years. I was a fool not to have gone to him long ago. I have faith, Rudy, this time. I feel everything is right and is going to be right."

"Come on over and sit on my lap. I'm scared for you."

What is it that Rudy is scared of for Jane? Could it be that he fears Ham Sheppard, who she admits was once in love with her? Or is he thinking of the dangers of motherhood which she is now approaching? Little does he dream of the grim trick which Jane resorts to in next week's installment to hold him to her. And little does either one suspect the disaster which lies in store for them, to change the entire trend of their lives.

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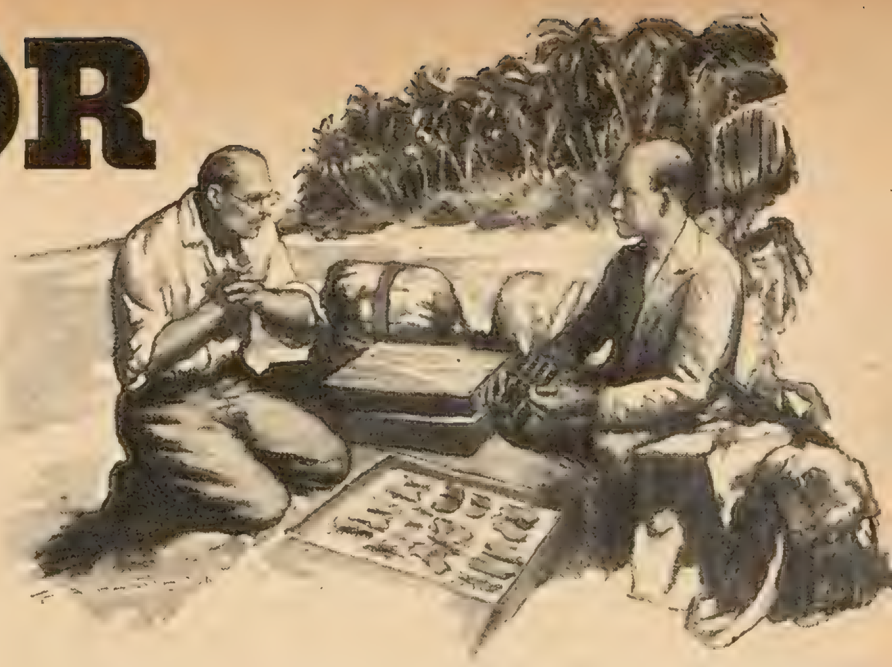
SPLENDOR

A Short Short Story

by

JOHN RUSSELL



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

[Abstracted from the notes of Dr. K. Van Bol, sometime prison physician at Batavia, Java, Dutch East Indies: with various moral reflections in the original Dutch omitted.]

WE may suppose that Engdahl was happy, so far as he was capable of any such emotion. He had been named among the very greatest entomologists of our time. Already he had earned a long list of honorary degrees.

He sat there by open blue water at last and checked over the six cases of moths and butterflies which represented the best of a year's work, the gleanings of his desperate struggle through the deadly untracked jungles of Papua.

A bony, loose-jointed stick of a fellow of the frailest physique, Engdahl was also afflicted with the weakness in the eyes so common among all scientists—myopic eyes that bulged behind his thick spectacles with the customary sad dreaminess of a wondering child.

He could never trust himself to handle a butterfly net. A curious fact, and also a damned nuisance! Well though he knew his specimens, if ever he tried to capture one unaided he would go swooping and stabbing and very probably miss it by a yard!

That was why he always took with him on his expeditions some deft-handed assistant. He had with him now a man called Emil.

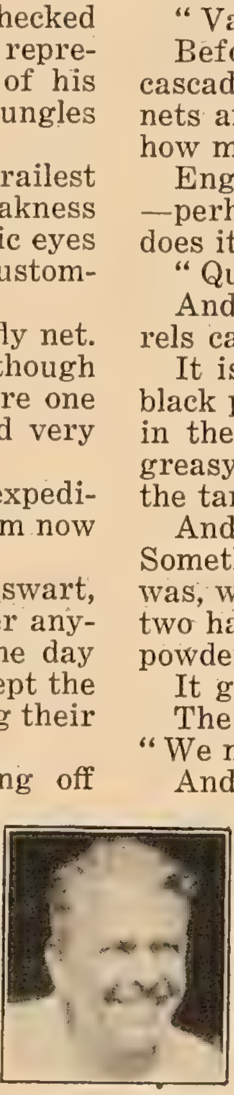
Some sort of half-caste Emil must have been: swart, bald, and adroit as a rubber ball. There was never anything known for certain about Mr. Emil from the day Engdahl picked him up starving at Singapore, except the singular proof of his devotion and ability all during their trip together.

"Three—five—six," Engdahl confirmed, ticking off each specimen box. "All safe! To think we have brought them safe at last. All my work. And yours too, Emil," he added, with a catch in his voice. "I shall never forget what I owe to you, Emil!"

Emil accepted the testimonial calmly. "Yess," he said. "Thank you, sir. But, sir—are you sure the ship which was promised to meet us here will surely arrive to take us away?"

"Sure? Why, this is the very day!" cried Engdahl. "You heard what that Dutch magistrate told us at Dorey. How the patrol boat always stops in at Maniforo Bay every month. This is Dutch Papua, Emil. And whatever the Dutch government promises to do for you, Emil—it does it! Take the glasses. See if you cannot spy smoke already."

"Yess, sir." From a battered old gun case, which he had kept apart from their other luggage, Emil unlimbered a pair of powerful binoculars.



JOHN RUSSELL *was born in Davenport, Iowa, not quite fifty years ago. In 1908 he was special correspondent for the N. Y. Herald. Later he was a feature writer on the Herald's Sunday Magazine. He has explored Asia, Oceania, and South America and has some 500 published short stories besides many novels to his credit.*

They were camped on a narrow lifted escarpment of the shore line. Inland the broken coral fell sheer to a jagged gully. Outward lay the broad expanse of the bay.

Emil stood long at gaze toward the eastern headland.

Suddenly all Engdahl's momentary contentment fell away from him. With a sigh, he snapped down the lid of the box. "*Euplœa splendidus.* We never found it, Emil. There is only a single specimen ever yet identified. A mere fragment of a wing. It's in the Rothschild collection, I think. Imperial purple—with veins of gilt and spots like rubies set in emerald. Sixteen inches across, it would be. If only we could have found that one!"

"Yess, sir," agreed Emil. "Too bad. But our collection is still very valuable, is it not, sir?"

"Valuable? Oh, I suppose so. Valuable, yes."

Before returning the binoculars to the gun case, Emil cascaded its other contents on the ground: some folded nets and their only, old-fashioned fowling piece. "And how much do you expect it will be worth, sir?"

Engdahl shrugged. "Perhaps three thousand pounds —perhaps five thousand. What does it matter? What does it amount to, after all? Nothing, Emil. Nothing."

"Quite so, sir," agreed Emil politely. "Nothing."

And plucking up the gun, he shot him with both barrels carefully and precisely through the body. . . .

It is still customary in the tropics, you know, to use black powder for guns. Cartridges sometimes will spoil in the heat. And that is why a great cloud of thick greasy smoke went drifting heavily overhead through the tangle of trees.

And then from that same cloud evolved something. Something rare in form and color. Imperial purple it was, with palpitant flashes of emerald and of ruby. Full two hand-spans wide it was. Momentarily dazed by the powder fumes, it came drifting down, downward.

It glided to rest on Engdahl's very breast.

The dying man glimpsed it. "Emil!" he whispered. "We must have this one. Oh, come and get it!"

And creeping up with a net swiftly shaken loose, in a single delicate cast of the bamboo—Emil had it.

Such was the confession he made me himself in Batavia prison, the night before he died, convicted for the murder of a Javanese dancing girl. He had certainly run a wild and handsome course through the archipelago before the police caught up with him.

HOWEVER, he remained philosophic. "Yess," he said. "I knew they would get me. Whatever the Dutch government sets out to do for you, they do it. Yess, sir."

I regarded him between wonder and loathing.

"You killed and robbed Engdahl? But nobody ever suspected you of that! How did you get away with it?"

"Why, very easily. I pushed him into the gully. When the patrol boat came into Maniforo Bay I was all ready to go on board. I said my poor master had died of jungle fever. Naturally, I took charge of our collection."

"And sold it yourself?"

"For thirty-five hundred pounds. I got a very special price for *Euplœa splendidus,* too."

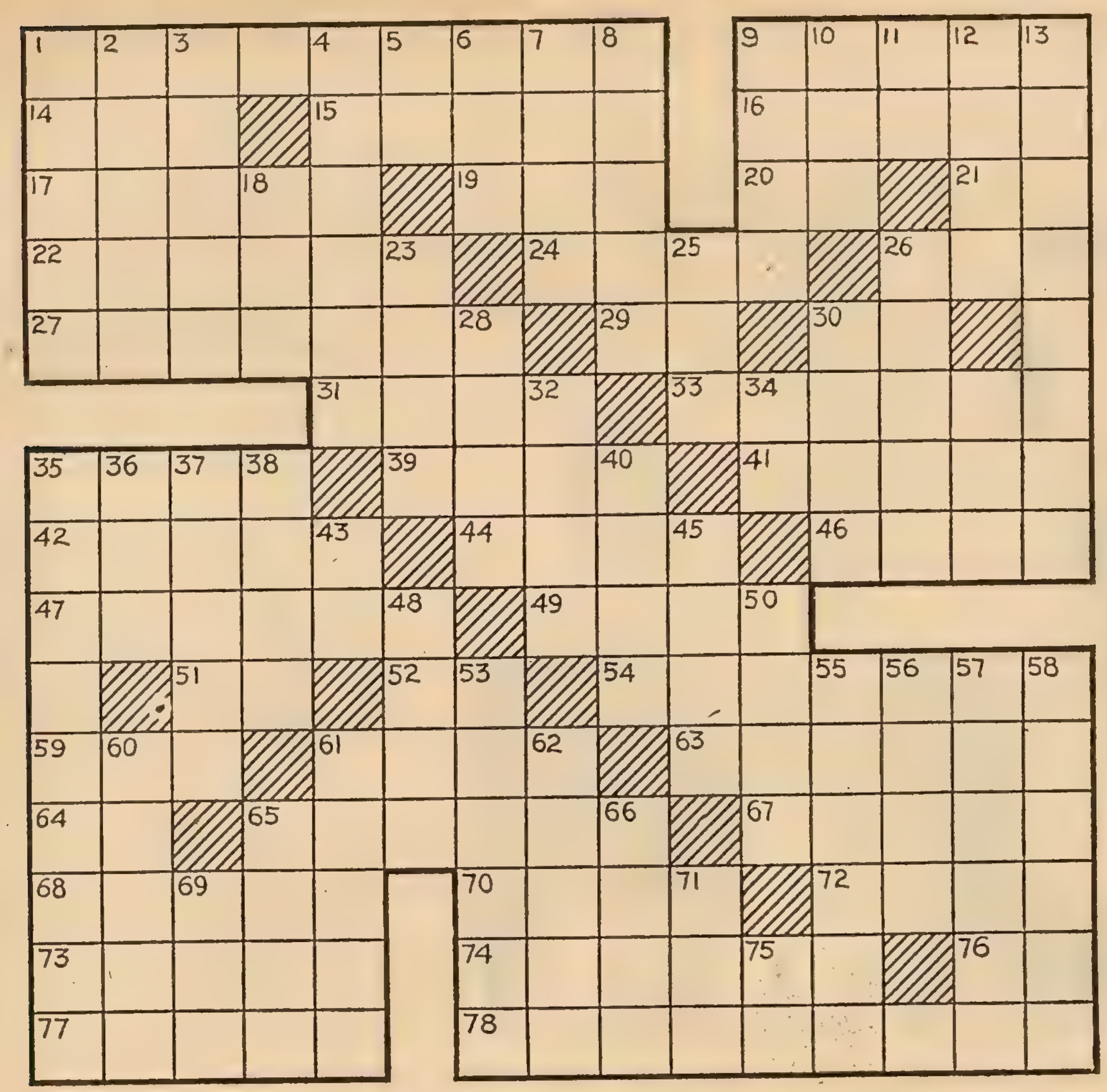
Then at last I revolted at the unsmiling face of him. "You tell me in cold blood!" I cried. "You could kill that wonderful man—that great scientist—your own kind employer. And now you have no regrets?"

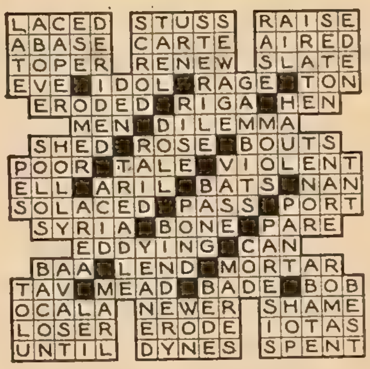
He turned on me his inscrutable glance. "Why should I? I consider I did him a great favor. He was happy. Yess. When he died there was a splendor in his eyes!"

THE END

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane





LACED STUSS RAISE
ABASE CARTE AIRED
TOPER RENEW SLATE
EVE■IDOL■RAGE■TON
ERODED■RIGA■HEN
MEN■DILEMMA
SHED■ROSE■BOUTS
POOR■TALE■VIOLENT
ELL■ARIL■BATS■NAN
SOLACED■PASS■PORT
SYRIA■BONE■PARE
EDDYING■CAN
BAA■LEND■MORTAR
TAV■MEAD■BADE■BOB
OCALA NEWER SHAME
LOSER ERODE IOTAS
UNTIL DYNES SPENT

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 The night the ghosts go abroad
9 This is the spirit
14 Exist
15 This peeled down by the old swimmin' hole
16 A cool place in South America
17 Gadabout
19 A little devil
20 Silent salesman
21 The beginning of engine trouble
22 After taking this you give up things
24 Toast without the t
26 This eats dog
27 These will curl your hair
29 This comes before the poor Indian
30 A sound from Leo
31 What you call a certain insect (plural)
33 Hard rubber flavored with garlic
35 Female argument clinchers
39 Cat calls
41 D'Artagnan's father
42 What the windy young man did to his views
44 Cronies
46 Saturday-night dunk
47 The common carriers of South America
49 Golf with horses
51 Two eyes
52 First and last of tomato
54 Scare head
59 This'll make it hot for you
61 The facts the nudists face
63 This kind of life has its ups and downs
64 Complimentary swap
65 A 100-per cent talkie
67 Whose fan have we become quite familiar with recently?
68 Ham for an egg target
70 Powder base
72 March time in old Rome
73 Skeery
74 These mark time
76 This sounded new to Homer
77 This answers a much veldt need to South African cattle
78 Gracie Allen claims this is what a young man in love feels for his sweetheart (plural)

VERTICAL

1 The gabbiest place in Turkey
2 Nose fuel
3 A bar you resort to for a pick-up
4 Member of the murphy family
5 Famous ocean flyers
6 Member of Yale College
7 This followed a saint and wound up in the theater
8 There's a dark outlook in this country
9 Scram, mousetrap!
10 Some letters from the university
11 The cry of the wounded pushcart peddler
12 What an oily sound to this!
13 He's full of Huey
18 These letters stand for almost anything (abbr.)
23 This leads a shut-in life and rarely comes out of its shell
25 A sinking spell
26 It's curtains for this when all is said and done
28 This is as long as the distance between two feet
30 The last word in comic strips
32 This could be a stock exchange
34 A bit of roadside scenery
35 This is followed by monthly installments (two words)
36 Soft soap
37 This cracks easily and is much trusted in Washington, D. C.
38 ½
40 Highball made for rooters
43 A pen filler (abbr.)
45 A military stew
48 A point driven home suddenly
50 Big eat-drink-and-be-merry man
53 Spouts
55 Dish out laurels
56 What we ought never to be to dumb crooners
57 What brokers do when they want plenty of margin
58 One of the fellows who was a horse where his pants should have been
60 This'll make you terribly sore
61 Jool
62 A stock aid to cross-word makers
65 Dumb belle
66 A backward look at the word dole
69 Main ingredient of a Chinese cocktail (it gets into hot water almost every afternoon)
71 201 in Rome
75 A couple of letters for King George (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.
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You don't have to learn to use a Royal. At its keys you type easily, naturally—faster than you write by hand. Standard 4-bank keyboard. Many exclusive features. Handsome! Sturdy! 3 models . . . 3 prices. Convenient monthly payments.

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High school, college, or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when *examination time comes* a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Whereas it takes about two years to learn conventional shorthand methods, A. B. C. Shorthand can be mastered in from twelve to fifteen hours' study. Convince yourself of this fact by examining a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand now selling for only $1.00 postpaid. You risk nothing, for if it does not prove to be satisfactory in every way you can return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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Economy Educational League,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. L 10-27

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose $1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

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Street..............................
Town.................... State............

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AS magical, in its way, as Hollywood's camera art is the technique of color photography used for magazine advertising. Walk into a studio where advertising photographs are being made. You might very well think that you were behind the scenes with Cecil B. deMille.

You see the same amazing jungle of apparatus—lights, platforms, wires, ropes, cameras—the same push of excited impresarios and their scampering assistants.

It takes them from five days to a week to line up an advertising photo in color. The actual shooting requires five or six hours.

Among the busiest of ad-picture studios is that one operated in New York by Mr. Henry Waxman, formerly of Hollywood. His work requires a temperament no less artistic than that of a movie director. It is up to him to find the loveliest girls for his advertising pictures, up to him to dress them in the smartest of clothes and to provide accessories that will make the picture ultra-fashionable.

"I spend most of my time," he told me, "shopping for unusual dresses, hats, and furnishings to put in my photographs."

Some of the best Hollywood stars go dead when they pose for the *still* camera. Mr. Waxman had to bump Helen Hayes under the nose with his finger to bring her to life. That made her mad. Being mad made her vivacious. That was how he wanted her.

THREE popular jokes about married life were discussed by wives and husbands at a dinner party I attended recently. The three jokes were:

1. That wives pick their husbands' pockets while said husbands are asleep.
2. That husbands run wild when their wives go out of town, said husbands staging lurid orgies in the home, wrecking the bric-à-brac, scandalizing the neighbors, etc.
3. That wives hit their husbands with rolling-pins.

HENRY WAXMAN

We examined these jokes to the best of our knowledge and experience. We found all three of them untrue. None of our husbands could testify, under oath, that his wife ever had picked his pocket. No wife among us could prove that her husband had misbehaved spectacularly during her absence. No husband ever had felt the impact of a rolling-pin.

Perhaps these jokes are based on bygone aspects of married life. They do not appear to be founded upon current truth. Do you, personally, know any wife or husband who has suffered their reality?

WE study well dressed women. We try to learn from them. A famous style designer tells me that *she* studies women who dress badly.

Says she pays the strictest attention to any woman who impresses her as being unsuitably dressed. Then, in her mind, she corrects that woman's attire—eliminates the faults, builds up the good points.

Helen Cookman is the stylist who studies the badly dressed girls. She says that she has arrived at her ideal of the well dressed woman through examining the mistakes of the badly dressed.

FEW—but wise—are the farsighted people already shopping around for Christmas. They will escape the panic of that last desperate week before December 25. To encourage them, I have taken an early look at some of the novelties on hand this season. None of the following trinkets costs more than five dollars.

First on my list is the seven-in-one ring, a black composition setting with seven stones of different colors—lapis, quartz, jade, etc.—the stones threaded to screw in interchangeably.

Other new knickknacks include the leaf-shaped Chanel clip with transparent mosaic of imitation rubies, amethysts, or aquamarines. The daintily padlocked and initialed key rings for incurable key losers. The two little elephants fashioned in carnelian or crystal, chained together to serve as cuff links for our smart shirt-waist dresses.

Also the new belts—straight from Paris—of chromium on colored leather, of copper-studded suède, of red leather stitched and beaded with gold. Belts that make a *creation* of almost any dress.

I ENJOYED Emily Hahn's fine African novel, With Naked Foot, more than any other book I have read this month. (Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

SCRAMBLE your fish, for supper or lunch, as the Hungarians do. A Hungarian *fish scramble* is surprisingly good. Quick to prepare and very tasty.

Have ready 1 cup cold flaked cod, haddock, or mackerel. Also ½ cup boiled rice. Mix fish and rice with 6 beaten eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 heaping teaspoon paprika. Cook 10 minutes over low heat, stirring with fork. Now cut 2 slices smoked salmon into thin strips. Lay salmon strips across top of scramble, and serve scorching hot. Should be eaten with dark rye bread. *And beer!*

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

BELOW is the third group of reproductions in Liberty's educational stamp identification contest. If you have not already begun an entry, start one right now. You don't have to be a stamp expert to win in this contest. With a little research the non-collector can produce an entry the equal of a veteran collector's. All you need supply is the name of the country which issued each stamp. Then, when you have identified each stamp in the ten groups which will be reproduced, write the brief note required in Rule 2.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you failed to identify the stamps in the first two groups and have given away or mislaid those copies of Liberty, reprints of groups 1 and 2 will be supplied gratis upon written application to the contest address in Rule 5. When you receive them you can bring your entry up to date.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.

2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued, accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling "Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."

3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize.

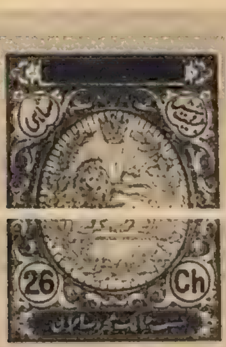
7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.

8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

THE 223 CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THIS IS GROUP NO. 3

20


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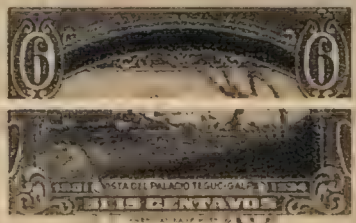

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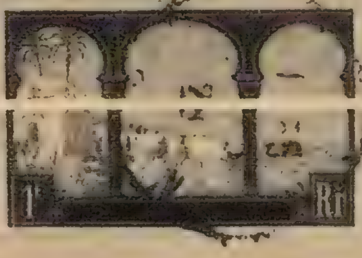

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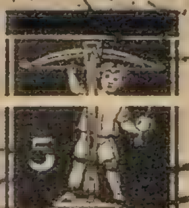

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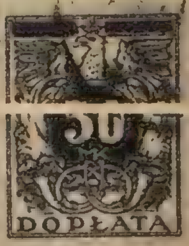

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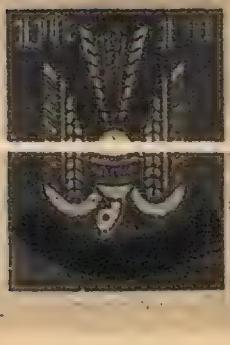

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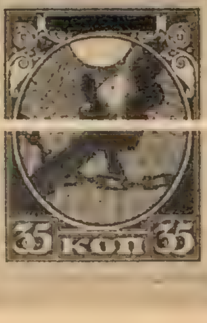

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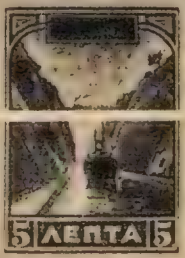

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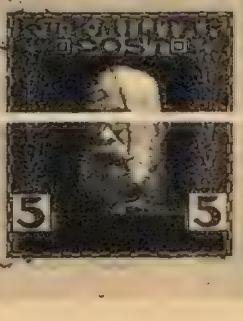

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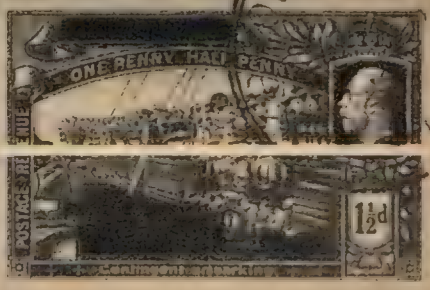
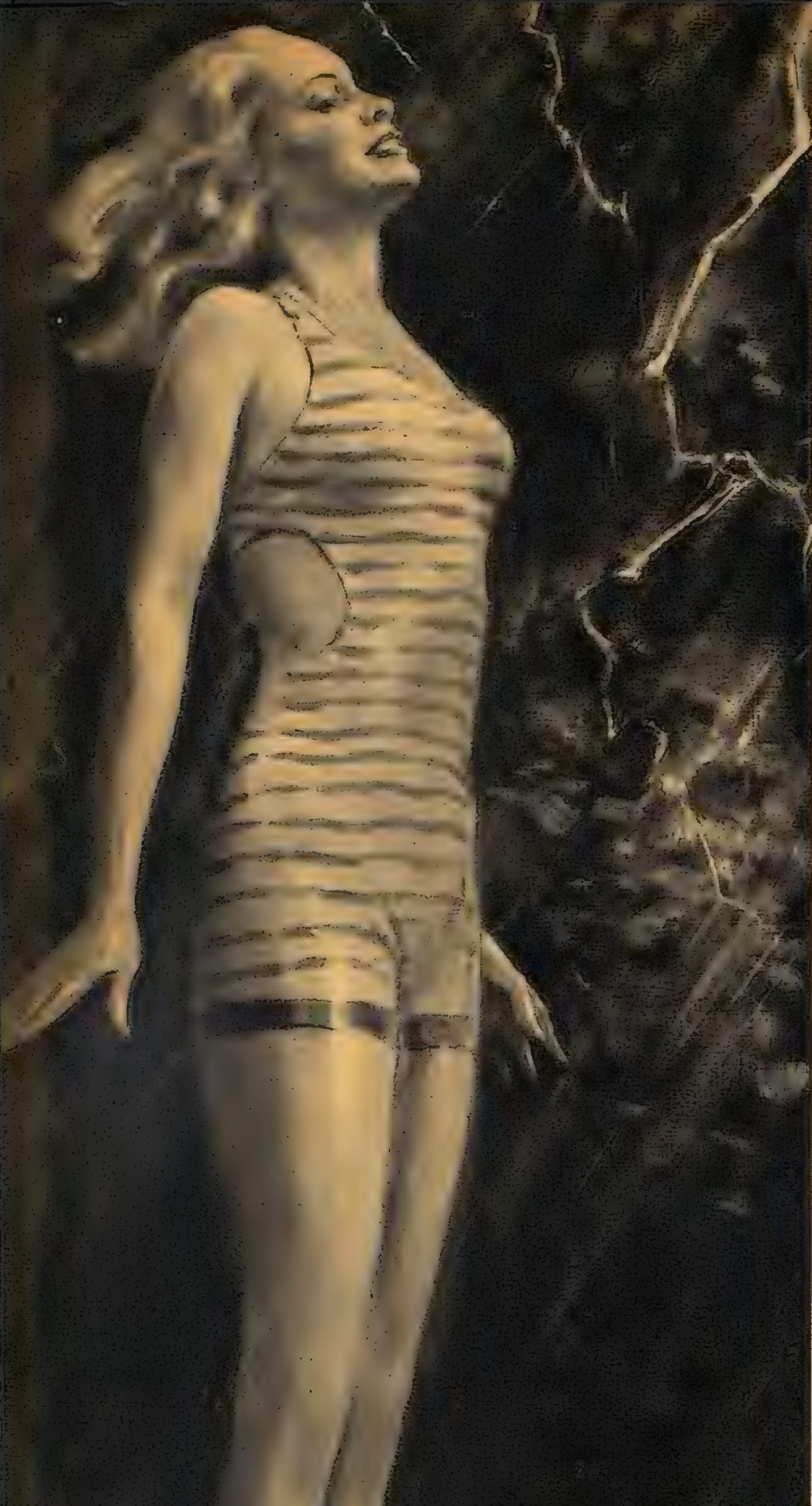


SET NO. 4 OF THIS EDUCATIONAL CONTEST WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!



She realized quite clearly where she was and the danger that spat through the sky.

Para

by PATTE

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

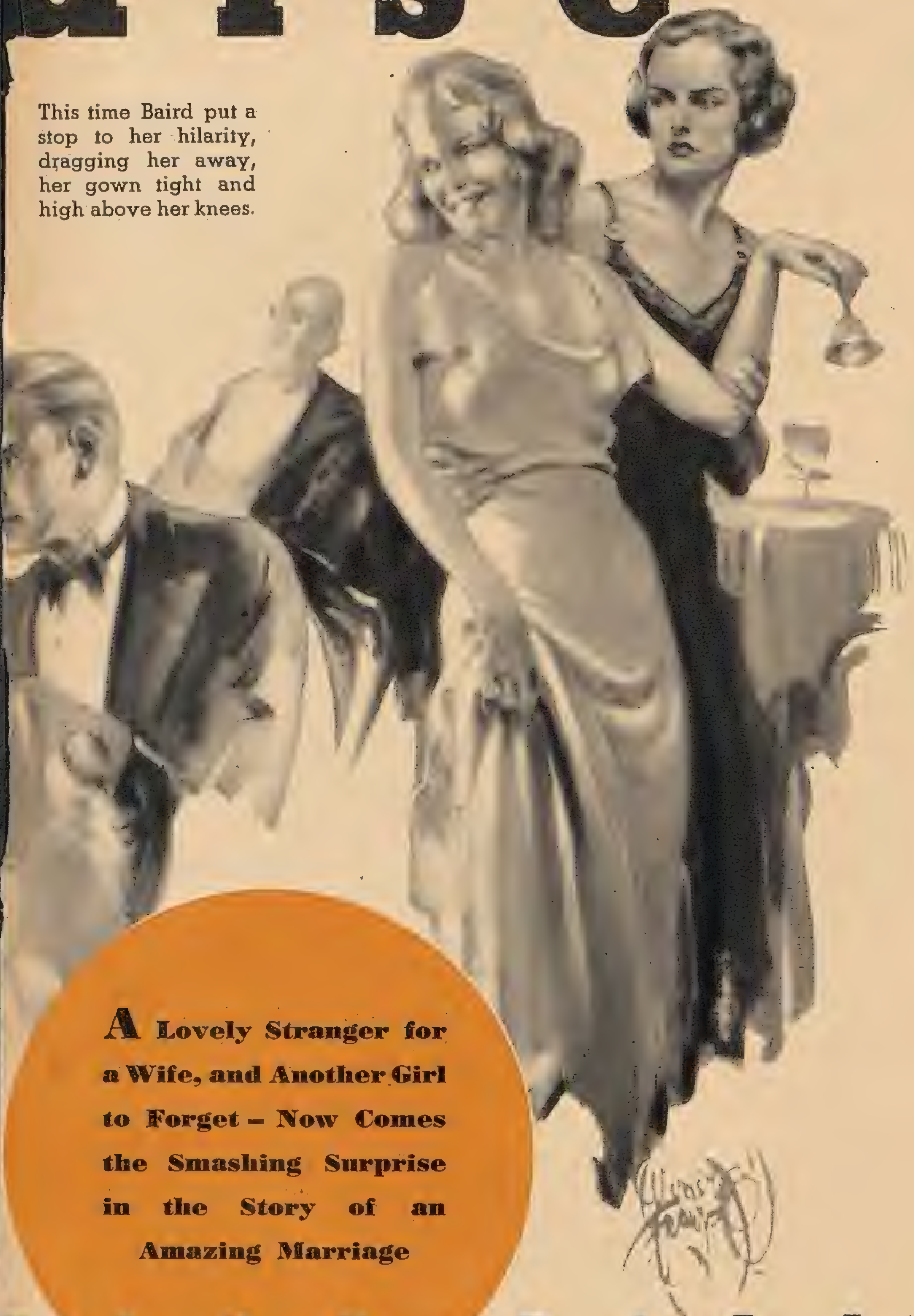
PART THREE—CONCLUSION

AFTER a little while Jessica drifted away, disappeared into one of the constantly shifting groups. Charles did not see her again that day.

But in the weeks that followed he saw her often; for his parents, with a gentle stubbornness, insisted that he and Paradise stay on at the Wyatt house. Without reasoning it out, they felt they must not let him go; that

dise

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ



This time Baird put a stop to her hilarity, dragging her away, her gown tight and high above her knees.

A Lovely Stranger for a Wife, and Another Girl to Forget – Now Comes the Smashing Surprise in the Story of an Amazing Marriage

RSON DIAL

he needed them near. So, being in the house with Baird, he could not help seeing Jessica, as, like the rest of them, she was trying to make the best of things and she refused to allow his marriage to change or mar the intimacy existing between the two families, particularly her lifelong friendship with Baird.

Paradise's attitude toward Jessica was a queer mingling of hostility and condescension. She made no effort to avoid her; on the contrary, she seemed eager to be in Jessica's company.

This puzzled Charles, but Jessica understood the reason; and, understanding, was the only person to suspect the true circumstances of his marriage. Yet, feeling certain of the truth, she was powerless to help either him or herself.

Paradise was adept at a none too subtle innuendo, and she derived a warped unnatural satisfaction from making it quite clear to Jessica that she knew, as well as Jessica and Charles, the feeling existing between them; yet, knowing, she chose to be amused, for she still held the upper hand. After all, she was Charles's wife.

SHE was Charles's wife. Nothing could alter that; nobody in the world could take that from her. She soon made this evident to the entire Wyatt clan; for, as she became accustomed to her new position, she regained her swaggering assurance, her flippant heedless honesty. Except for the circumstances of her marriage she talked frankly about herself. She had been what she had been —there was no doing anything about that. No one could dig up from her past anything to confuse and frighten her. And now she would commit none of the so-called larger sins which could be used as a legal weapon to force her into giving Charles his freedom. As for the lesser or greater sin of lack of consideration for anything but her own desires—her life had never been patterned on the contemplation of such a thought.

She got away with this arrogance only because the Wyatts, seeing how Charles bore with her, could only conclude that the secret bond which must hold them together must still be strong; and, until that bond was broken, the only thing they could do about the marriage was unthinkable—to put Charles out of their lives.

Paradise plunged avidly into the social trivialities of her new life. Accepting every invitation proffered her, she was seen everywhere. She was soon the talk of the town and the delight of the newspaper gossip columns—her beauty, her clothes, her frank, sometimes much too frank, comments, her harmless but most unfortunate escapades; such things as leaving a large party in the company of two young men who shouldn't have been invited in the first place, and somehow unearthing low shoes and skates, which she donned, and then, in her evening clothes, her arms linked with the young men, roller-skating in the park until Charles found her and took her home; such things as

A NEW SENSATION
3 FOR 5¢
Tempters
CANDY COATED GUM

DOROTHY LEE
charming young
RKO star

TEMPTERS—crunchy, crisp, candy-sealed chewing gum in five delightful flavors. So new, so different, so delicious that you are sure to like them.

RICH COLORS SHOW FLAVORS—Peppermint, Spearmint, Licorice, Cinnamon, Tutti-Frutti—each one a different color—for instant selection of your favorite.

SEALED-IN FRESHNESS—Candy coating *seals in* the full flavor freshness. Fresh, pure, appetizing.

3 FOR 5¢—Three packs—twelve Tempters—for only five cents. Ask for Tempters.

Five Fresh Flavors

entering whole-souled into the drunken whimseys of a portly white-haired nouveau riche and, in a public dining room, joining him in a wading expedition in the pool around a fountain at one end of the room.

This time Baird put a stop to her hilarity, dragging her away, drops of water glistening in her tousled hair and the brocade of her gown pulled tight and high above her knees, while Charles looked on, the grimace of a smile stiffening his lips as he pretended not to see the pitying glances of the other members of his party.

Remonstrating with her was useless; for hers was the fundamental logic of a child and she answered all criticism with the invariable retort, “ I'm not getting tight and doing anything *bad*. Gosh, you've got to get some fun out of living! ” Such a thing as making a spectacle of herself was, after all, a question of viewpoint, of good taste. Good taste having nothing to do with logic, one got nowhere trying to reason with her.

ONE night when they had returned from a dinner where Paradise had penciled dots on two cubes of sugar and proceeded gleefully, with a vocabulary gleaned from the tawdrier gambling places of the world, to win every cent her bewildered embarrassed partner had with him, Charles asked her:

“ How much longer do you think you can keep this up—that I'll stand for all this? ”

In the act of pulling her gown over her head—her maid had long since gone to bed—Paradise stopped, and the gleaming ivory satin slithered down about her body again. Her eyes narrowed with a baiting, taunting amusement, she answered:

“ You'll stand it a long time, Charlie. You're that kind.”

“ I wouldn't be too sure of that.”

“ Oh, but you're nice, you and the rest of your tribe. You're all so nice, and I'm not nice. To you I'm awful, maybe horrible, and nice people can't get the best of horrible people nicely. You've got to be a little horrible yourself. And you'd die before you'd stoop to anything that wasn't fine and sporting and— Do you know the truth of the whole thing? ”

“ Not from your viewpoint.”

“ There it is again. You're leaning over backwards to be above reproach, so nobody can accuse you of anything wrong, so you can't even accuse yourself.”

“ I believe some people call that self-respect.”

“ Whatever you call it, the truth of it is, my Charles, you want it more than anything else in the world. That's why you'll keep on standing me; for more than anything else, I want all this security, this luxury, this—”

“ But I'll give you money! More than enough to buy you all the security and luxury you want.”

“ If I'll only divorce you? No, no,” she shook her head emphatically. “ When I say security I don't mean what money can buy. I mean your name back of me, opening the way for me anywhere. Just money can't buy that.”

“ Why does it fascinate you? ” he cried in a sudden burst of bitter anger. “ Your behavior—you might just as well be in your old surroundings for all you get out of this.”

“ Why, Charles,” she rebuked him with a gentle irony, “ that just shows you haven't the slightest conception of my old surroundings or my behavior. You have no idea how I can behave when I put my mind to it. Right now I'm doing real nice for me.” Then, with an anger that matched his own, she turned on him:

“ Why do I want all this? Because I'm tired. You don't know what that means. I've packed more living in my life already than all you Wyatts'll ever know if you live to be a thousand. And now I want some peace and fineness and beauty. And I'm getting it! ”

“ And you're giving—” There was no need for him to finish the sentence.

“ All right, all right! ” In one swooping impatient movement she yanked off her dress and stood revealed in nothing but her stockings and high-heeled sandals, her body gleaming beneath the soft shaded lights. She snatched up a brush and began violently to brush her hair as she talked:

“ Sweet Judas! You ought to get some idea of what all this means to me when you think of what I put up with to have it.”

“ Will you please put some clothes on! ” He turned away from the warm honey-colored sight of her. She did not seem to hear him. Bending forward so that she might brush the back of her head, she went on as if she was talking to herself:

“ I have something to put up with myself—knowing what all you Wyatts think about me, having a so-called husband who moons around like a damned idiot over a high-and-mighty ‘ lady ’ who's nuts about him. I must like the rest of it to stand for that.”

HE strode across the room and jerked her erect. The brush fell from her hand and thudded softly on the carpet. There was a moment of silence while he glared down at her and she glared back.

“ I've had quite enough of this.” His fingers tightened on her flesh. She did not seem to feel the pain; her lashes came down and screened her eyes and, smiling faintly, she drawled:

“ Jessica, forever the sacred cow, Jessica—”

His hand pressed down hard and cruel across her mouth, stopping her words. With an unexpected strength she twisted herself free.

“ Well! ” she stood off and looked at him, surprised, delighted. “ If you aren't getting to be one of us hoi polloi! Getting mad and showing it! If you don't watch out, the next thing you'll be hitting me! ”

“ Please God I never do! ” he groaned. He dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

“ Oh, I don't know; it might do us

both good." Indulgently she added: "Sometimes it helps, when you want to bite and scream and fight, just to do it."

He got to his feet and, going to her bed, picked up her robe and flung it around her as he said tonelessly:

"You are capable of the most obvious stupid drivel. At least you should have the grace not to advance it as some newly discovered thought of your own."

"That's my Charles!" she applauded as she slipped into the robe. "Everything under control again; no more outbursts of temper. Just a nice cool crack like that!"

"And wasted!"

"Maybe not." She studied him intently. "I'm beginning to wonder about you. Listen, Charlie. Don't start getting any ideas like going off to some place like Reno and trying to divorce me. I'd fight it."

"That, too, is an obvious statement."

"Well—I just want to be sure I make myself clear. It wouldn't look pretty, you know, having it in all the papers—me being drunk when I got married. Your family—it'd hurt 'em, and the papers'd love what I could tell them—the way I'd tell it."

"The way you'd tell it," he repeated, rigid with the determination to control himself at any cost. He forced his voice to a light contempt: "Blackmail is a lovely game. Much more fun than dice, isn't it?"

"Oh, Charlie!" she ignored what he had said. She was pleading with an ardent innocent sweetness. "If you could only just like me for the good things about me. There are some good things."

IT was late the next morning when she awakened, and he had gone for the day. She lay in bed and ate her breakfast while she went through her mail, which, as usual, was mostly advertisements, interspersed with a few invitations. Today there was a postal card from her father, who never wrote letters. She pounced on it and, saving the best for the last, looked first at the picture—a photograph of a street in Mexico City; then she turned the card over and read:

DEAR BABY, got your letter, glad the world is treating you so good—see Hank S. yesterday. He says how's a guy to earn a honest living now we got repeal and wished to be remembered and says remember the good old days in Frisco? I am fine, hope you are the same, love, MAC—regards to C.

Some such message arrived weekly from H. MacAlexander and was read with chortling sniggering glee in the servants' quarters before it was delivered to Paradise, who answered promptly with long rambling letters scrawled on the finest of initialed French linen. She never told him anything but trivial disconnected happenings. It was much too hard work to be coherent on paper, to put down a sequence of events, a serious articulate thought.

■ YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM of giving your little girl a sheaf of raw wheat when she can have its goodness concentrated in delicious cereals and bread. THEN WHY give children bulky cod liver oil when there is a better, really convenient and delicious way to take it . . . White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

Medical science proves the

HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of cod liver oil are concentrated in these candy-like tablets

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Chemistry and Pharmacy) bears witness to this fact, as do the seals of The Good Housekeeping Bureau and the American Dental Association.

Science now gives you a pleasant, most convenient way of feeding your children the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil—without the nauseating, fatty acids which are so often upsetting. It gives you these valuable vitamins in candy-like form—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets.

Each tiny tablet contains the vitamins A and D of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil . . . Contains those qualities which aid in building resistance and promoting growth . . . Fine for teeth and bones.

These small tablets do away with all the old cod liver oil struggle: fishy odor, messy spoons, sticky bottles . . . Better still, they eliminate any chance of upsetting the child's stomach.

You can always be sure that your child is getting an accurate dose . . . You can be sure that the vitamin potency is always constant. For White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

You'll find the tablets well suited to infant feeding. They dissolve quickly and completely, when crushed and mixed with orange juice, milk, or formula.

And grown-ups find White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets easy to carry, easy to take—no bulk, no mess.

White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

This morning she had had the dishes removed from the breakfast tray and was using it for a desk while she wrote to her father, when there was a knock at the door and Baird came in.

"I'm sorry," Baird apologized at the sight of pen and paper. "I didn't know you were busy."

"I'm not. Don't go," Paradise begged. She liked Baird; wanted Baird to like her. If she had not been Charles's wife, there probably could have been a casual rather fine friendship between them, for Baird had a little of Paradise's naïve blunt honesty.

"Lord, but you're a cat!" Baird exclaimed, in spite of herself, admiring the slender lithe figure as Paradise, having put the tray on the floor, stretched herself among the disarray of pillows. "Silks and satins and just lying about. You love it, don't you?"

"You're right," Paradise laughed. "I am a cat. To you I'm something your brother picked up mouching around a garbage can. Alley cat, um?"

"No." Baird mused, "I'd say some wild smooth exciting thing with jungle dirt in her claws."

"Savage, huh?"

"In a way," Baird agreed frankly. "An idealized poem of a savage."

"What do you mean by that?" Like most people, Paradise adored listening to herself being discussed, if the discussion weren't too drastic.

"Real savagery can be beautiful, but it's thick and crude and elemental; but you—your beauty is so fine, so delicate—"

"But just the same, I'm that other way, only worse and more of it, huh?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you think it." She shrugged. "That's all right. I think things, too."

"I've often wondered just what."

"You wouldn't like to know."

"I suppose not."

"A typical Wyatt remark."

"Why typical?"

"You're all trained that way—not to want to know, not to intrude, not to take or even to want what's not yours by right. I don't mean you're cowards about living. You live—well, it's pretty and nice and decent and in a pinch you come through—I suppose the word is magnificently." Delightedly she looked at Baird: "Don't you think I'm improving, the words I use? Don't I sound better than I did at first?"

"Much better," Baird agreed. "Pretty soon you'll be able to curse like a lady."

"THERE is a difference, isn't there?" She frowned. "What was I talking about? Oh, yes, you Wyatts. Sometimes I think you miss a lot of things I get out of living. But there's one thing your way must teach you—how to die." She looked past Baird, her eyes soft and brooding and far away.

"Because that's just between you and death. I bet you all will take it just the same way you take living—quiet and nice and sort of like you gave a quick jerky little bow—polite. While me"—she chuckled—"if I saw it coming I'd raise a hell of a row."

"When it happens you'll be such an old, old female you won't have the strength to raise any kind of a row." Baird laughed and changed the subject, her eyes puzzled, surprised at such thoughts from such a source. "Let's talk about something pleasant. What I came in here to tell you was, mother and father have decided to move out to the country earlier this year. It looks as if we'll go out next week."

"That's where you and Charles and Addison lived all the time when you were kids?"

"Yes. Mother doesn't believe in city life for children. She's having a time with Addie about her two youngsters. Addie wants them to go to school in town next year."

"All of you—you like children a lot, don't you?"

"Yes." Baird stood up. "I've got to go. By the way, have any of us told you? We have a grand plunge out there. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Yes," she answered absently, her mind far away.

Late in the afternoon when Charles returned he found Paradise waiting for him in their rooms. Curled up before the fireplace, she greeted him with an artless earnest eagerness.

"Charlie, I've been thinking about you and me and everything. I've been an awful fool. But everything's been kind of different from what I thought it'd be. I thought it'd be all orchids and diamonds and ermine in bales. I suppose you'd call that cheap and vulgar?"

"I suppose so," he answered, sinking into a chair, where he sat gazing into the fire.

"I suppose it is," she mused. "It's just like a lot of froth and tissue paper. But your family, it's—well, like a rock that's been here forever and will stay here forever. Maybe I could really get to be a part of it if there was just more than you and me—maybe you'd get to sort of like me if—Charlie—" Startled by the sudden vibrant intensity in her voice, he looked up at her.

"Charlie," she repeated, "wouldn't you like it, wouldn't you think it would be fine if we had a baby?"

FOR a moment he could say nothing. Then, because what he wanted to say, what he felt she deserved to hear, was so completely foreign to his every natural instinct and habit, he went to the other extreme and said as mildly as if he spoke of something utterly unimportant:

"No," getting to his feet he walked to the door, his back to her as he spoke, "I don't think it would be fine."

"Sometimes," she whispered through clenched teeth, glaring at the door that closed behind him—"sometimes I can hate your guts!"

For days afterward she treated him as if he were not there at all. But when the family moved out to the fine old brick house set in its acres of gardens and lawns, wooded hills and quiet meadows, she forgot that she hated him and became once more her teasing, arrogant, maddening self, as she happily explored the grounds, the stables, the tennis courts, and especially the long green swimming pool with its shining tile, its high tower of diving platforms.

The first time she swam there the gardeners, the chauffeurs, the grooms gathered in a wondering group and peered at her through the screen of a tall thick hedge; the house servants stole surreptitious glances from behind the curtained windows; the Wyatts lounged about on the grass and marveled and applauded while she went through her entire repertoire of dives.

Again and again she climbed to the highest platform and flung herself out into space; for a breathless instant her body a whipping flowing wisp of beauty outlined against the blue sky before she plunged down into the water.

"Where in the world, how did you learn?" Baird cried as Paradise floated up from the depths after a completed perfect swan dive.

"I had a boy friend once. He was a champion. He taught me." She rolled over on her back and floated as unconcernedly as if she lay stretched upon a couch. In her brief thin suit she seemed naked, suspended there just below the surface of the water. Startling, disturbing, beautiful, she smiled at Charles who sat on the edge of the pool, his chin cupped in his hands while he watched her and saw nothing but the hideous ruthless will concealed within her lovely flesh.

"Come on in," she invited him, her voice a husky, taunting caress. "I'll race you. Four lengths."

"And I'll beat you!" He slid into the water and they began to swim with quick powerful strokes. He finished half a length ahead of her. When she reached his side she playfully pulled him under.

Struggling with her in the smothering green translucent cold, he wished with a tired desperation that they both might never come up, that oblivion would blot them out in the midst of this pretended struggle, releasing them forever from the all too real and unrelenting conflict that was their life together.

Suddenly Paradise scuttled away and he saw her above him, drifting to the surface. He shot up beside her and, clinging to the drain, gulped in a deep breath. As the air rushed into his lungs, courage poured back into his soul, courage and the dogged blind determination to carry on as best he could.

It was doubly hard for him there in the old house where he had spent his childhood and a large measure of the happiest hours of his life. Everywhere there were poignant vivid memories of Jessica: Jessica a plump little girl, eyes round and solemn with attention while he explained the terrific responsibilities of being captain of the baseball team, and at the same time getting a passing grade in arithmetic, what with fractions and all. Jessica, taller and thinner and adorably awkward with growing up, turning scarlet and running away to hide in the garden when Baird had made a teasing mysterious remark about who Jessica wished was her own especial beau. Jessica slender and beautiful—grown up after a two years' absence in Europe and him home from his freshman year in college and seeing her for the first time in all those months.

In the garden, in the warm fragrant early night, he had first seen her. As lovely as some moon-drenched young birch tree, she had turned at the sound of his footsteps on the old brick walk and, with a tremulous eager smile, held out her hand. But as he reached for it his other hand reached out too, and suddenly she was in his arms, and he was kissing her—

Jessica, her smooth brown head on his shoulder while they sat, their backs against a haystack, in the sunlight of the old South Meadow and planned the house they would build there some day.

Some day. Today was some day, and a ghost Jessica lived with him in the quiet meadow in a house that wasn't there—a house whose whole top floor "must be the nursery."

Jessica. With an increasing frequency there would come moods when he felt he had to go to her; he could not tolerate another day of not seeing her. It had been weeks now since he had seen her, for she was still in town and he had heard no one say anything about when the Furnells intended moving to their country place, which lay just a few miles down the highway from the Wyatts'.

THEN, one hot sultry afternoon while he sat on the terrace and watched dark clouds form in a mounting heavy billow against the horizon, Paradise strolled out with an air of exaggerated unconcern. Had he been paying attention, her manner would have made him instantly suspicious:

"Going to the club this afternoon?" she asked.

"Lord, I feel too lazy to walk my legs off watching a golf match!"

"I didn't mean to watch the golf. I meant afterwards—tea and all that."

"Well, if you can get along just as well without me— "

"Oh, I can get along all right. Everybody else is going. Your mother and father, Baird and Addie and Leonard." Putting her elbows on the back of his chair she slid her fingers through his hair. "Sure you don't want to go, hmm?"

"Absolutely sure; positive in fact," he answered lightly, still watching the clouds.

"Jessica's going to be there," she announced blandly.

His head did not move beneath her abruptly quiet, alert hands; in a tight even voice, he answered:

"That so? I didn't know the Furnells had moved out yet."

"They got here yesterday. Addie just told me. I suppose that's where Baird's been all day."

"No, I don't think so," he said casually, calmly. "I heard mother say she'd driven over to some charity fair she'd promised to go to months ago."

"I suppose she'll be back in time for the club. Jessica'll be disappointed if she isn't." She slipped her hand down into his open-collared shirt and pressed her palm close against him. Faintly she could feel the quick, hard beating of his heart. She laughed and pulled her hand away. "Well, I've got to dress." She patted the top of his head and left him.

HE was still sitting there, his unfocused gaze lifted toward the rapidly thickening clouds, when his mother and Addie and Paradise went out to the waiting car. Waving to them, he called out:

"Looks like a bad storm coming up. Watch out or the rain'll beat you to the club. Where's father and Leonard?"

"At the club, watching the golf," his mother answered, and Paradise asked with a sly tormenting sweetness:

"Sure you don't want to change your mind and come along?"

He only shook his head with a fine pretense of a joking emphatic "No!" As the car disappeared down the driveway the sun vanished behind a bank of ugly black clouds and a sudden wind lashed through the trees.

It was getting colder, he realized. He went inside and upstairs to his room for a coat. And he would get his pipe, he thought, and that book he was reading. He must get his mind on something. He mustn't just sit and think. He mustn't.

For ten minutes he searched his room for the book before he remembered that he had left it in the library. He went back down the stairs, through the lonely quiet house, and opened the door of the library. It was hot in there and still and filled with gloom. As he closed the door behind him, he stopped. Jessica was standing by a window, staring out at the garden, its brilliant colors dulled by the steadily darkening, murky light that foretold the onrushing storm.

"Jessica?" The word was a whispered question. Always when he saw her there was a moment of doubt while he wondered if she were actually a reality, or only seemed to be, because of his desire.

She turned from the window. Very slowly and quietly she looked at him.

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"Charles." She held out her hand.

"I didn't know you were here." He caught her hand, and they stood, drinking in the sight of each other—the realization that they were there alone, together.

"The servants told me no one was here," she said finally. "I'm waiting for Baird. I was to meet her here. We're going on to the club."

"She hasn't come in yet; there's nobody here."

"I know."

"Don't take your hand away, Jessica."

"Please, Charles, we must talk about something else. Please. Look! It's raining. I didn't hear it begin to rain, did you?"

"No, I didn't hear. Jessica, I must hold your hand, if only for a moment."

"Charles!" She made herself look away. "Perhaps we'd better close the windows; the wind may blow the rain in."

"She knows—she's always known—how I feel about you, Jessica."

"I know." As if sorry she had spoken, she went on quickly, "Now we must talk about something else. Here's this fine storm. We can talk about it. Listen—how quick the thunder is after the flash! The lightning's getting closer."

"Don't pull your hand away."

"Charles, I'm trying so hard. Please help me."

"Forgive me." He let go her hand, not knowing what pain was in the smile he forced to his lips.

His fingers fumbling across his eyes, he spoke thickly, "I can't comprehend how we could be—how she could— Oh, God! Jessica! How can we be standing here like this—you and I! This isn't what we meant it to be!"

"IT all just went to pieces, didn't it?" She gave up fighting against herself. The words poured out: "Sometimes I wake up in the night, or I'm walking in a crowd or talking to some one, and it comes over me with a horrible cracking clearness like that lightning—'This isn't true! I can't be here by myself. He was to be with me always. I can't be here alone!'"

"I love you, Jessica."

"I love you."

"I always did. I always shall."

"I always did. I always shall. And I swore I'd never tell you that. I thought we could at least just see each other, and now—"

"I thought so, too. I've tried so hard, but—I can't go on like this!"

"And I can't. I'll go away—far off some place."

Mutely he nodded, then, with a starved fierceness, he held out his arms and she came to him. Like one who is very tired and glad at last to be home again, she sighed and lifted her face to his, and his mouth was crushed against her lips.

They didn't hear the door open. There was a click of a switch; the room was flooded with light. Paradise stood looking at them.

They didn't draw away from each other. If anything, their arms drew them closer. They looked at Paradise, their eyes somber and alone. There was neither guilt nor accusation in their gaze, nor was there supplication. They accepted her for what she was. It was hers—the power to straighten out their lives; but they knew the futility of asking it. They would not accuse her. They could not feel guilty. They belonged together, to each other. Even though she stood between them, they were, in a sense, together always.

FROM the far secret knowledge of this belonging to each other, they stood looking at her with a gentle inflexible pride. Detached, immersed in the unanswerable riddle of their lives, she could not break through to them. That was what set her in a frenzy of baffled rage. Though she knew that they loved each other, she could not know the manner of their love—the memories of hours they had spent together, the plans and desires they had shared. Seeing them thus, she realized for the first time that she could never know anything of them really. And nothing she could say, or do, could mar this thing that was, and would always be, between them.

She spoke in what she thought was a tone of withering sarcasm, her voice rising above the noise of the storm:

"Well! Too bad I just happened to ask old man Furnell when he expected his darling daughter to arrive, and found out she was supposed to meet Baird here first." Her lips curled tightly back against her teeth in an ugly smile. "Having an idea the storm might make Baird late—why, of course it seemed only polite for me to rush back and be on the welcoming committee." She abandoned her taunting flippancy and added viciously:

"I've been wondering what you two did when you were alone together."

"That's a lie." Charles stopped her. "You know it's a lie. Nothing like this has happened before. It won't happen again—not because of your—"

"I'm not to be considered in anything!"

"He doesn't mean it that way," Jessica explained carefully as if she talked to an hysterical child; "but this is between Charles and me. It has to be. Until this afternoon there hasn't been even a word between us that the world couldn't hear. You know that."

"You two stop telling me what I know! I know I could make a pretty nasty stink around here if I chose to tell what I could tell."

"Will you please listen to me," Jessica asked gently. "I thought Charles and I could go on as we were. Now that I know we can't, I'll go away."

"Paradise," Charles commanded, "don't make us muddle through the obscene pretense of a scene—with you the deceived wife. For your sake, as much as ours."

"For my sake!" she mimicked him, her eyes gleaming slits in the white fury of her face. "What do you think I feel?"

"Oh, my God!" he protested wearily. "Don't be theatrical!"

"Theatrical!" She was screaming at them now, all control of herself gone. "So I'm just to take it; just—"

She was visibly shaking with anger. Her inability to talk their language, to reach out and hurt them more, made her speechless with rage.

She whirled about and ran from them; ran down the long hall, up the stairs, and into her room.

As always, when she was in one of her blinding furies, she was consumed with necessity for a physical outlet to the smothering torment within her. She tore off her clothes, flinging them about the room, and thrust her quivering body into a swimming suit. She did not wait to find a cap or slippers. Buttoning the shoulder straps as she ran, she fled downstairs and out into the rain.

The trees were writhing in the wind. The lawns and flowers were forlorn and bedraggled beneath the small steady trampling of the rain. All the color of the landscape seemed dull and faded and defenseless in the unnatural light that blazed to a wan brilliance when the lightning flared. She scarcely knew that it was raining; that the lightning was spitting and crackling across the sky, followed closely by the thunder.

When she reached the brink of the swimming pool she stood a moment swaying, her head back, her eyes closed. The lightning and thunder was what she wanted. It was as if the torment of her anger were being torn from her and transformed into the deafening noise and evil light that seemed to split the black sky open.

The world was chaos and she was chaos. She wanted to get her feet off the earth. She wanted to hurl her body through the rain and the wind and the gigantic thunder that seemed to jar and shake the very air.

She ran to the diving tower and began to climb the stairs. She did not stop until she had reached the highest platform. It was difficult to stand erect there against the wind.

Suddenly she realized quite clearly where she was and the danger that spat and zigzagged through the sky. And realizing, she laughed. She felt, as she so often had, a sense of exhilarating kinship with this elemental violence, and a swaggering sense of defiance.

Nothing could frighten her, for she was—

What was she? There was an instant of indecision. Her eyes were desolate and frightened like the eyes of a lost, bewildered child. Then she laughed again: She was Paradise Weir, and she wasn't afraid of anything or anybody in the world!

She went to the back of the platform and, fighting against the wind, drew herself erect. For a moment she stood poised on her toes; then, with little tripping steps, she ran forward down the rough matting until she reached the edge, where she threw her arms wide and sprang out into the air above the pool.

THE lightning flared. For an instant she seemed to hang in the green light, her body a pale crescent with arms outstretched like wings; her face upflung toward the sky, her hair streaming back from her head.

The lightning slashed out of the clouds to meet the metal tower of the diving boards and caught her as she soared for that instant in the ecstatic perfect beauty of a bird in flight.

It was one of the gardeners who ran screaming to the house. He was the only person to see her. He had been puttering about in a tool shed and happened to look out through the window after one prolonged blaze of lightning. He saw her as she stood poised for her dive. He tried to call to her. He started to run; but as he reached the door and opened it, she sprang out from the platform.

"I can't understand it," he kept repeating, "I can't. How she'd be out there. Anybody could tell how close the lightning was. The thunder was sounding right on top of it. I just can't understand!"

Nobody understood. Least of all had she understood, who once inhabited the dim white blur that drifted beneath the wind-whipped surface of the pool where the rain beat down in an incessant chatter of silly little voices, crying, calling, whispering.

. . THE END

Answer to Perk-Ups on Page 44

1A—Niece	1B—Nice
2A—Died	2B—Dyed
3A—Son	3B—Sun
4A—Heir	4B—Air
5A—Prince	5B—Prints
6A—Sweet	6B—Suite
7A—Seen	7B—Scene
8A—Sheik	8B—Chic
9A—Sail	9B—Sale
10A—Tears	10B—Tiers
11A—Sighs	11B—Size
12A—We	12B—Oui
	12C—Wee
13A—Waste	13B—Waist
14A—Eight	14B—Ate
15A—Days	15B—Daze
16A—Chased	16B—Chaste
17A—Roam	17B—Rome
18A—Read	18B—Red
19A—Peace	19B—Piece
20A—Frank	20B—Franc
21A—Seem	21B—Seam
22A—Rap	22B—Wrap
23A—Swayed	23B—Suède
24A—Blew	24B—Blue
25A—Tulle	25B—Tool
26A—By	26B—Buy
27A—For	27B—Four

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DULLEST BRAIN CAN FIGURE OUT

SCRANTON, PA.—Here is one thought that might answer Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in September 1 Liberty, Brutal, Murderous Strikes—Who Is to Blame?

Arthur Brisbane recently wrote: "It is announced that the government will feed, at public expense, men that go on strike while the strike lasts."

In New York City the Commissioner of Public Welfare is attributed with having decreed that the city relief tax on gross receipts of all businesses in that city may be used to support men on strike.

The Associated Press quoted Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, as saying: "It is surprising we haven't had a damned sight more strikes."

To quote Mr. Brisbane further, "If the government supports all strikers, and pays them out of public moneys the wages they are asking while the strike lasts, there might be a great many strikes."

From this the dullest brain can figure out who is to blame—at least 90 per cent to blame—for the "brutal, murderous strikes."—*William La Fontaine.*

PAGING SOME ONE WITH A "GRAIN OF SENSE"

ONTARIO, CALIF.—Too many writers are telling us what is wrong with our country. We know what is wrong. Why doesn't some one with a grain of sense tell us how to correct the condition?—*H. E. Strunk.*

A VOTE FOR MENCKEN

ATLANTA, GA.—Horace R. Hayday got the twenty-five dollars for his Four-Star Letter in September 1 Vox Pop, A Defense of Lawyers—A Philadelphia Attorney Answers Mr. Mencken on Crime, but I predict that Mr. Mencken will get the verdict of Liberty readers. With all Mr. Hayday's arguments, he does not dispute the fact that out of 9,000 arrests for murder there were only 130 executions.

My vote of approval goes to Mr. Mencken's article, What to Do with Criminals, in July 28 Liberty, which Mr. Hayday attempted so futilely, in my opinion, to answer.—*J. H. Cordes, Accountant.*

"SENILE GAFFERS"

COVINGTON, GA.—Jay Franklin's Trouble Begins at 40, in September 8 Liberty, hit our most vital problem squarely on the head. Human frustration long continued can but spell disaster to all that we call civilization. Men and women must and will find a way out, whether through a new deal or a still newer deal.—*Dr. Roy B. Mowry.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Ray Powers's reply to Jay Franklin's Trouble Begins at 40 may answer his own and perhaps many other college men's problems, but he failed to consider the thousands of high-school graduates like myself who cannot afford college training. If industry continues unable to absorb us, what will our chances be? I believe our government should operate schools to enable high-school graduates to learn a vocation.—*William Sutherland.*

EUCLID VILLAGE, OHIO—Like Jay Franklin, I consider a man at forty far too young to be forced out of his job to make way for a younger man. Ray Powers said that Silver Shirts, Black Shirts, Communists, and Fascists are of the less intelligent classes, but he has a wrong impression of what constitutes the less intelligent classes. College graduates can, and many do, belong in that class.

Misinformation is not intelligence. Isn't Mr. Powers a little narrow-minded to assume that only college graduates are intelligent enough to determine that now is a poor time to marry?

As for "senile gaffers," Mr. Powers will be one himself some day. He will then resent being replaced by some one less efficient and experienced than himself merely because of a difference in age.—*Gladys Avery Maddock.*

WONDER TALES

LEXINGTON, KY.—Beatrice Grimshaw is my favorite of all Liberty's fiction authors. Her wonder tales of South Sea adventures are entrancing.—*M. McConathy.*

LAY BARE ALL SIDES

PITTSBURGH, PA.—As far as I'm concerned, Liberty can leave blank spaces where its articles on current events now appear. We buy Liberty for enjoyment, not education.—*C. F. G., Jr.*

BILOXI, MISS.—Liberty becomes more interesting and instructive each succeeding week.

Most of its articles dissect thoroughly and lay bare all sides of a national and international question for readers to analyze.—*M. N. Lee.*

"SWELELEGANT"

CHICAGO, ILL.—Half Fare, by Talbert Josselyn, in September 15 Liberty was swelelegant. Let's have more stories like it.—*A. L.*

VINES—PRO AND CON

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It was absurd of Ellsworth Vines in his article This Racket Called Tennis (August 11 Liberty) to say: "Year after year the galleries [at tournaments] get larger, the players receiving no important money; and still money is lost, or nothing is left over—which may be quite correct after the constituted authorities get through dividing the spoils."

I don't blame the United States Lawn Tennis Association authorities for barring him from broadcasting at Forest Hills.

The U. S. L. T. A. officials would no more dip their hands into the gate receipts of a tournament than they would pick pockets. Besides, what has Vines to kick about? On his own admission, his amateur tennis career enabled him to turn pro and clean up $70,000 in a year.—*Baseliner.*

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—So it was Vines's Liberty article that caused the U. S. L. T. A. to bar him from broadcasting last month's national tournament at Forest Hills!

What a petty trick, but how characteristic it was of the association.

Everybody who read that article knows that Vines did not mean to imply that the association officials personally pocketed slices of the major tournaments' gate receipts. He made it very clear that these receipts all go to maintain the all-year-round clubs.

What actually got under the skin of the tennis moguls was Vines's unanswerable criticism of their old-fogy arbitrary "close corporation" methods, and their unfairness. Also they resented his turning pro. That gets my Irish up.—*F. X. G.*

OUTLAWING WAR

TORONTO, ONT.—I admire greatly all Liberty's articles that tend really to outlaw war. Armament corporations don't fight each other, regardless of what their respective countries do. If industries that profit most by peace would take a tip from the munitions makers and come to some understanding with similar industries of other nations, they would achieve an important step toward permanently outlawing war.—*C. C. Dixon.*

RELIEF

MIAMI, ARIZ.—Paul Annixter's wild-animal story Hunter's Moon, in September 8 Liberty, compensates for some of those terrible Private Lives articles on Hollywood stars. Thanks for the relief.—*George Ernest.*

HOW DYNAMITE BLOWS

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Baynard H. Kendrick in The Heel of One Eye Baby (September 1 Liberty) says that dynamite blows down, but he does not specify when it does this.

Any old dynamite man will tell you that if you put half a stick of dynamite on a stone uncovered and touch it off, the blast will leave the stone practically unscarred. However, if you cover that half stick with a small mound of mud, you usually do a good job of breaking up the stone.—*Dynamite Dick.*

TO END UNEMPLOYMENT

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Suppose the unemployed were permitted to serve each other instead of being compelled to accept what is called relief. Among the ten million unemployed there are farmers, builders, contractors, bricklayers, carpenters, artisans of all kinds. Suppose one tenth of the money now being used for what is called relief were used in purchasing land and materials and properly financing an organization which would permit this vast aggregation of people to serve each other. How long do you think it would take them to

Pop

become self-supporting and independent? Not very long, I am sure.

Such a movement would necessarily have to be national in its scope. It must include every Congressional district; and the practical direction of the activities of each district should be under the control of the member of Congress from that district.

Not less than a million dollars should be allotted to each district to provide the necessary equipment and facilities for handling the volume of business which would develop. No one should work more than six hours a day or five days a week, and all should be paid at the rate of a dollar an hour, or thirty dollars a week.

Such a plan would automatically put an end to all unemployment, put an end to relief funds from government, state, and municipal agencies, which are fast leading us into bankruptcy, make unnecessary enormous taxes, and relieve the industrial depression by taking millions of people out of the competitive race for employment. It would further eliminate fear and anxiety, sorrow and suffering, and substitute health and independence of thought and action.

When do we start? Whenever we are ready!—*Charles F. Haanel.*

MAGNIFYING GLASS

Coral Gables, Fla.—I enjoy Liberty's movie reviews, and particularly the added feature, Vital Statistics. I would appreciate, however, having it printed in type that any one could read without a magnifying glass.—*Kenneth R. Close.*

A "SHE" OR A "HE"

Denver, Colo.—Those four female Vox Poppers in the September 8 issue referred to Beverly Hills as "she." Who told those girls that only a woman could be such a rotten movie critic? Why doesn't Liberty give the job to Hollywood Boulevard? "He" would put the stars where they belong, I am sure.—*Harold Shuteran.*

Fargo, N. D.—Why not reveal the identity of Beverly Hills? Or if you wish to rename your movie critic, how about Hollow Wood? This seems a very appropriate name, judging by the reviews.—*Bob Ekstin.*

Sheboygan, Wis.—I want to compliment Beverly Hills on his or her movie reviews. (And by the way, is she a her or what?) I find Vital Statistics very interesting.—*I. H. R.*

WIGGAM VS. NORRIS

Atlanta, Ga.—I hope every one of Liberty's millions of readers read Albert Edward Wiggam's article, Women Geniuses? Where Are They? in the September 1 issue, and Kathleen Norris's answer, What Every Woman Almost Knows, in the issue of September 8.

What Dr. Wiggam said was absolutely true and well said. And Kathleen Norris's reply was no less true and masterfully said—a scathing conviction of man's stupidity, egotism, and vanity.—*Guido Negri.*

South Lebanon, Ohio—Dr. Wiggam in Women Geniuses? assumed that because the ignorant mob and the mediocre encyclopedists do not know of but 5,000 people "who amounted to much," only these 5,000 who were properly advertised could possibly have possessed genius.

No man can see above his own head. Far more genius is clubbed down in each generation than is ever heard of.—*Arthur S. Hall.*

Winnipeg, Man.—Why, in a study comparing the talents of men and women, Kathleen Norris, representing the latter, should have answered in a vein at once defensive and apologetic is rather mysterious. Let man occupy the aisle seat. He earned the right to it centuries ago, guarding the mouth of the cave while his mate and her young ones cowered in comparative safety in the interior, dependent upon his defense.

Modern motherhood-shirking woman has joined man at his games, and her excellent performance in this diversion leads to the expectancy that, fully emancipated, she may seriously turn, as man has done, to imaginative and inventive pursuits. But the feminine hand will never rock an empty cradle.—*Alice C. Harrison.*

Rinard Mills, Ohio—Dr. Wiggam appears to have measured greatness by the number of words allotted a personage in the standard encyclopedias, a gauge akin to our present-day exaltation of quality over number. Kathleen Norris also goes astray in her explanation of why women have always stayed out of wars.

Surely it was not due to their miraculous foresight as to the utter futility of bloody conflict. Their physical weakness was one cause and man's chivalry the other.

Men have always asserted their dominance because of woman's content to be the watcher of the home. Not a few of the dire complexities of our present social structure are traceable to the failure of woman to run true to form. Adjustments must be made or woman must retreat.—*Edgar E. Poulton.*

YOU SAW IT FIRST IN LIBERTY

Newport, R. I.—In reading cabled dispatches of the royal wedding plans which will unite Archduke Otto, Austrian pretender, and Princess Maria of Italy, I was reminded that this very marriage was predicted in Liberty more than two years ago. Looking back through my files, I found an article by Princess Catherine Radziwill in Liberty of April 16, 1932, entitled Can Mussolini Keep These Royal Lovers Apart? which foretold precisely what is now to happen.

One has only to read Liberty, it seems, to know what is going to happen. Matthew Woll in his article Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? (July 21 Liberty) forecast the disastrous San Francisco general strike.—*R. H. V.*

862,193

Calgary, Alta.—James M. Boyd in September 8 Vox Pop says that Liberty is the best all-round magazine that can be bought anywhere. Since the first issue of Liberty, 862,193 others have said the same thing in Vox Pop. Tell us something we don't all know. — *G. Arthur Hallam.*

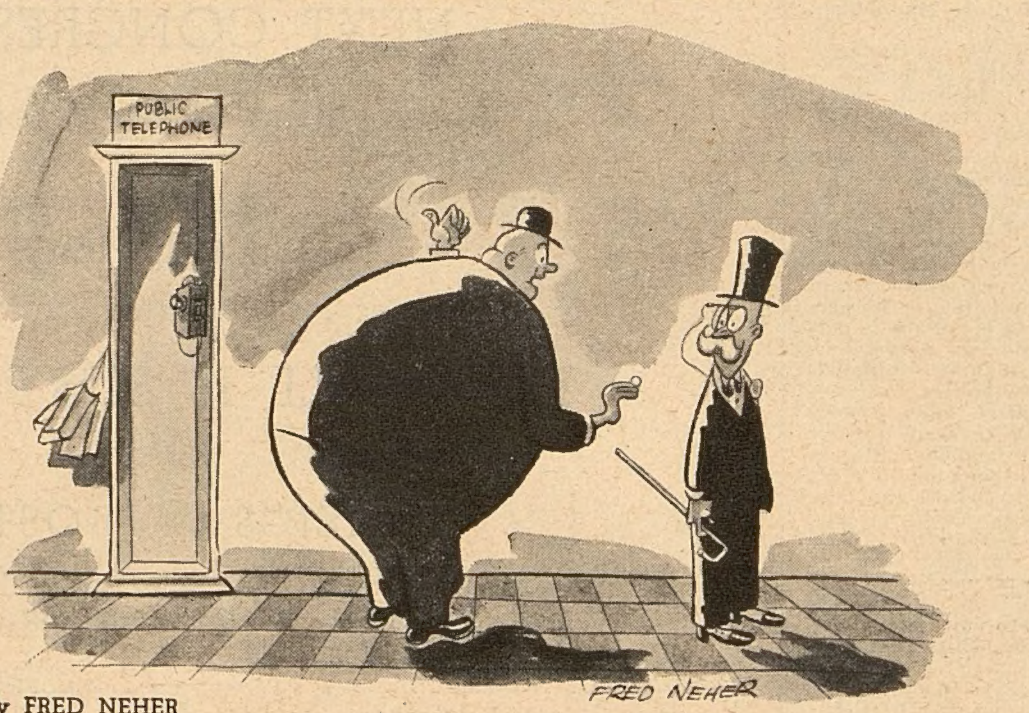
THERE IS SPACE ON THIS PAGE—WHO WILL START IT?

Denver, Colo.—Emmett Butler's letter in September 8 Vox Pop suggesting that Liberty conduct a department for the youth of the country is good. I know of no magazine in the United States that gives youth a break, and I am damn' sick and tired of reading articles written by old fogies and old maids who probably never were in a speakeasy. They crab about everything.

Give youth some space in Liberty where it can say, "To hell with conventions!" and really discuss events and situations that concern youth. — *William C. Duer.*

A BRIDGE TO CROSS?

Ariel, Wash.—How about a little space in Liberty for contract bridge?—*H.W.Schmidt.*



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York }
County of New York }ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Orr J. Elder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Fulton Oursler, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, William Maurice Flynn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications, only.) O. J. ELDER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1934.
(Seal) WESLEY F. PAPE.
(My commission expires March 30, 1936.)

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WILL ROOSEVELT HOLD THE NEXT CONGRESS?

A revealing election forecast

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Don Wharton

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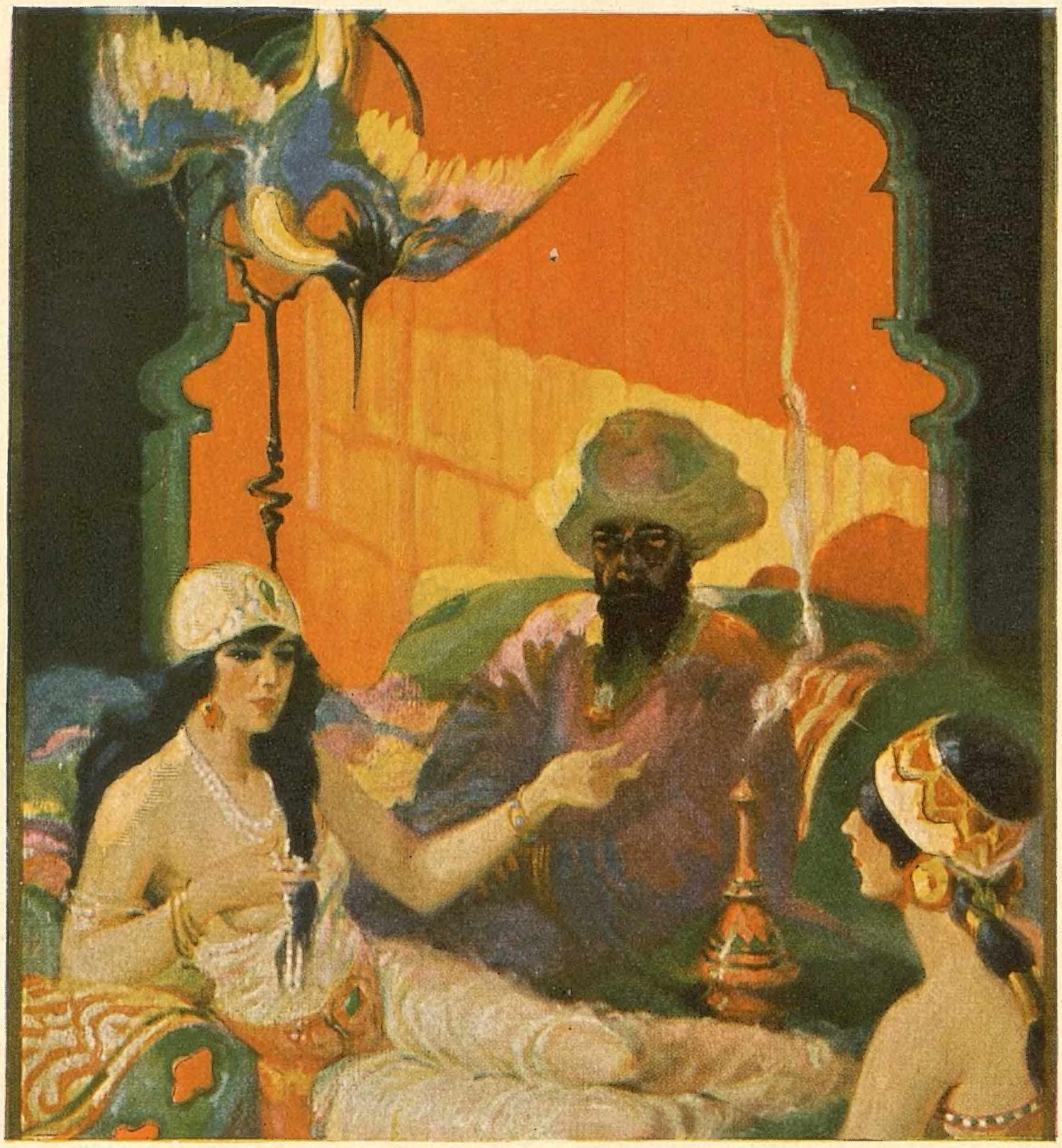

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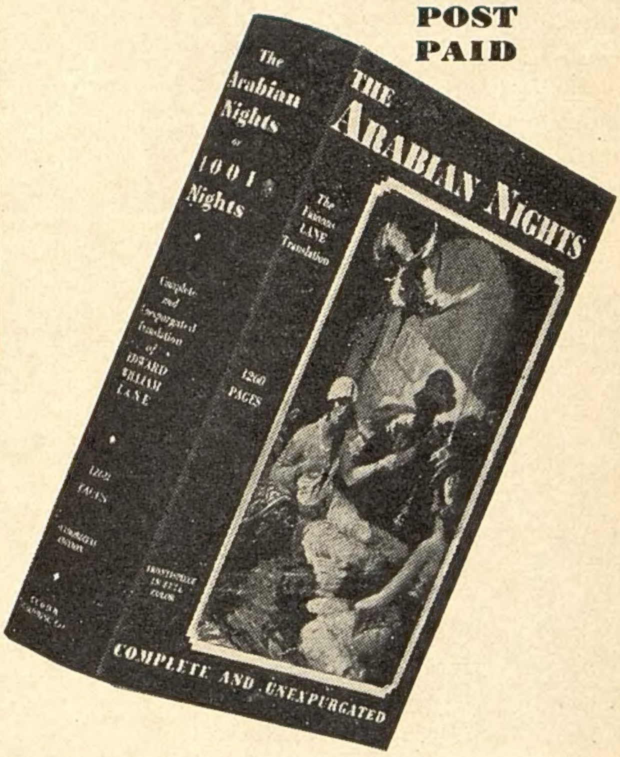
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